



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series, {
Vol. XI., No. 5, }

MAY, 1870.

{ Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols.

Edinburgh Review.

MR. FROUDE'S HISTORY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.*

THE longer we travel in the company of Mr. Froude, the more unwilling we are to part from him, and we learn with regret from the concluding pages of these volumes that he has relinquished his original intention of carrying on the narrative to the death of Elizabeth. The execution of Mary Queen of Scots and the destruction of the Spanish Armada are the two great events which terminated the struggle for the independence of the crown of England against its internal and its external enemies; and Mr. Froude regards this catastrophe as the appropriate termination of his work. Much indeed remains to be told of heroic interest and of imperial splendor. A history of the reign of Elizabeth, in which the great names of Coke and

Bacon, Essex and Raleigh, Spenser and Shakspeare, find no place, is necessarily but a fragment. But Mr. Froude's view of history is tragic rather than epic. He traces the course of an idea, rather than the course of events. He took up the tale of England's greatness at that period of the reign of Henry VIII. when the king, moved by passion, by the ardent desire of an heir, and by the spirit of the Reformation, broke with Rome, divorced his queen, and slew to new and most unhappy nuptials. From that moment the cause of the Reformation and of the crown in England became one. The independence of the nation was at stake; and a struggle commenced which severed this country from the politics of continental Europe, and at length, by its success, established the power and greatness of the English monarchy. That term of fifty years' duration is, therefore, the most momentous period of our annals. It was

* Art. 1.—History of England from the fall of Wolsey to the defeat of the Spanish Armada. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Reign of Elizabeth. Vols. V. and VI. London. 1870. New York: Scribner & Co.

marked by the most extraordinary vicissitudes of good and evil fortune, by crimes and intrigues of matchless intricacy, by innumerable acts of violence, by foreign and domestic wars; but it was crowned by final success, and when that consummation was reached by the total overthrow of the designs of Spain and of the Catholic party, the dramatic interest of the Tudor dynasty may be said to end.

This we conceive to be the proper theme of Mr. Froude's work; and although it does not square with the ordinary divisions of historical time, it wants nothing in completeness to make it one of the most striking historical records in the language. With this object in view, Mr. Froude has worked upon the vast materials, which his industry has collected or brought to light from the archives of past ages and foreign countries, with consummate art. He unravels the plots of conspirators and cabinets with infinite patience and ingenuity. Every trait of character, every incident of fortune, finds a place on his canvas. His labor reminds us of a weaver in tapestry, who produces a work of art by combining innumerable colors on the wrong side (as it is termed) of the picture; it is not till we have the whole result before us that we can judge of the skill with which the general effect is created. Not a hue is obscured, not a touch is wasted, and at last we find ourselves in face of a grand delineation of an historic pageant which produces on the mind the impression of life.

Mr. Froude nowhere claims the merit of judicial impartiality, nor does he care to weigh evidence in the calm and even scales which determine the value of conflicting testimonies and contested facts. He is himself carried away by the passions of the age he is describing as strongly as if he had lived in it. He rushes to his conclusions, not by argument, but by intuition. His object appears to be to produce the strongest possible effect by an art not dissimilar from that of a great dramatist. The personages who figure in this history are invariably presented to the reader in the form they have assumed in Mr. Froude's own conception of them—their virtues are heightened, their crimes are palliated, their acts are justified or condemned

by the strong light he throws upon the stage. He cares not to apply to them any rigorous objective standard or rule of right and wrong, of justice and injustice; they appear to him as actors in the great plot of human affairs destined to achieve a given object, and he remains indifferent to the means by which it is accomplished. At the end of all, he sees before him on the one hand the glorious spectacle of a free and powerful nation, crushing its enemies, vindicating its laws, and establishing forever the cause of liberty in the world—on the other hand, the dark and sanguinary agents of Rome and of Spain, more hateful for the cause they were vainly endeavoring to defend than for the crimes committed in defence of it. His choice from the first page to the last is made. His sympathies are declared. It would cost him as much to acknowledge the virtues of an enemy, or to shed one drop of compassion over his merited fate, as it would to admit that even the good cause was often served by unrighteous and oppressive means.

It is a remarkable indication of the absorbing interest felt by Mr. Froude in the great conflict of the age, that he never in these volumes so much as adverts to the internal administration of England during the reign of Elizabeth, nor does he notice any of the laws or events of the time unconnected with the plot of his drama. Thus we find but a passing allusion to the Parliament of 1586, and no allusion to the manly conduct of Mr. Wentworth in that assembly, no unworthy precursor of the patriotic commoners of the next century. The omission is to be regretted, and the more so, as in his former volumes Mr. Froude had paid especial attention to the condition of the people and the progress of liberty in the House of Commons. Nor was this a matter foreign to his subject. The real strength of Elizabeth lay in the faithful allegiance and general contentment of her English subjects. The social insurrections which had marked the preceding reigns entirely ceased. The law was enforced with ease and regularity. The taxation of the country was light; the policy of the reign was pacific; and, except the divisions caused by differences of religion, England was never more united or more attached to the crown. But Mr. Froude

prefers to pass lightly over these tame and unexciting portions of his subject; and he reserves his strength for those scenes which he describes with so much eloquence and power.

We have had occasion, in criticising the former volumes of this history, to point out the consequences of this impassioned style of writing. It renders Mr. Froude bold to paradox and pitiless to severity. In his eyes, Henry VIII., stained by a thousand acts of brutality, avarice, and lust, becomes the "Sun of the Reformation," and Acts of Parliament dictated by every excess of despotic will are made to plead the cause of the founder of a power unrsed by the Tudors into greatness. In his eyes, again, Mary Stuart, the nursling of the Court of France, and the martyr of the Catholic creed, becomes the most wanton, wicked, false, and cruel of her species—a panther in human form, with the passions of an animal and the subtlety of a devil. With the tools and instruments of the false creed and the bad cause Mr. Froude wages internecine war. He is not unwilling that their infernal secrets should be torn from them by the rack, and that they should expiate their crimes by being cut down before the hangman's office was done, and disembowelled half alive before the people. Let us take the following examples. In December, 1580, seven or eight young priests were arrested, and required to denounce the Catholic gentlemen at whose houses they had been received. They refused, and "it was thought just and necessary to use other means to force them to speak."

"The Tower rack stood in the long vaulted dungeon below the armory. Under a warrant signed by six of the Council, and in the presence of the Lieutenant, whose duty was to direct and moderate the application of the pains, they were laid at various times, and more than once, as they could bear it, upon the frame, the Commissioners sitting at their side and repeating their questions in the intervals of the winding of the winch. A practice which by the law was always forbidden could be palliated only by a danger so great that the nation had become like an army in the field. It was repudiated on the return of calmer times, and the employment of it rests as a stain on the memory of those by whom it was used. It is none the less certain, however, that the danger was real and terrible, and the same causes which relieve a commander

in active service from the restraints of the common law, apply to the conduct of statesmen who are dealing with organized treason. The law is made for the nation, not the nation for the law. Those who transgress do it at their own risk, but they may plead circumstances at the bar of history, and have a right to be heard." (Vol. v. p. 327.)

And then follow some of the vile excuses employed by Walsingham's agents to justify their lawless barbarity.

Again, in describing the execution of Babington and his associates, Mr. Froude states that "they were all hanged but for a moment, according to the letter of the sentence, *taken down while the susceptibility of agony was unimpaired, and cut to pieces afterwards, with due precautions for the protraction of the pain.*" This abominable atrocity elicits from Mr. Froude the following remarks:—"If it were to be taken as part of the Catholic creed that to kill a prince in the interests of the Holy Church was an act of piety and merit, *stern English common sense caught the readiest means* of expressing its opinion both of the creed and its professors." We should blush for English common sense if to hack living men in pieces had ever been a practice approved by the English people. But the charge as regards the nation is happily unfounded. It was Elizabeth herself who had, in a paroxysm of revenge and terror, required that the execution of Babington and his confederates should be carried into effect with circumstances of peculiar cruelty. Mr. Froude says, "Elizabeth forbade a repetition of the scene on the following day." The truth is that the bloody spectacle had so strongly excited the disgust of the people that it was thought unsafe to repeat it.

One more example of this fierce disposition of an historian who is otherwise in all things the most humane and amiable of men, and we have done with this unpleasant part of our task. Our readers may imagine with what fervor and skill Mr. Froude repeats the oft-told tale of the execution of Mary Stuart. It is the counterpart of his celebrated description of the murder at Kirk o' field; nor does the spectacle of that tremendous passion, borne, as he admits, with a majestic dignity and faith not unworthy of the martyr's crown, elicit from him one line of compassion or regret. The associations

awakened in the mind of Mr. Froude by this scene are those of the stage. "It was the most brilliant acting throughout." But there is one touch in this passage peculiarly his own. Queen Mary, as is well known, was not allowed in that supreme hour of her fate to have access to her chaplain and confessor. The last sacraments of her Church were denied her. As she approached the block "she kissed Melville, and turning, asked for her chaplain Du Preau. He was not present. *There had been a fear of some religious melodrama which it was thought well to avoid.*" When it is remembered what the office of the Catholic priest is to the departing soul, we cannot call to mind any sentence more pregnant with a painful meaning than this is.

"*Væ victis*" might be the motto of Mr. Froude's history, as it is of all the writers of the school of Mr. Carlyle. The chivalrous sympathy for weakness and sorrow, which holds that great sufferings may mitigate the judgment of history on great offences, finds no favor in their eyes. Mr. Froude's opinion of the execution of Mary Stuart is simply that "the political wisdom of a critical and difficult act has never in the world's history been more signally justified." Be it so, if he will. Let all mercy, forbearance, kindness, and moderation be blown to the winds. Let every one have their deserts, and the fight be fought out by these poor half-blind mortals to the bitter end. But if these things are to be done with impunity on the one side, are they to be condemned without appeal on the other? Mr. Froude does not appear to remember that the same contempt of the rights of humanity, the same unrelenting intolerance of the adverse cause, was precisely the plea used by Philip II. and the Spanish inquisitors to justify their barbarous policy, their secret assassinations, their judicial murders, and their sanguinary wars. They, too, were sincere. They, too, held that no faith was to be kept and no measure observed in dealing with the heretic. However else they might differ, both parties in this fierce struggle agreed in this, that no falsehood was too base, no artifice too subtle, no act of authority too sanguinary to be used against their respective enemies. There is some inconsistency in judging the crimes of one party with so

much severity and the crimes of the other party with so much forbearance.

For ourselves, we confess that we feel more confidence in writers less highly gifted with dramatic power, who judge men by their motives, rather than by their success. Weighed by the eternal laws of truth, humanity, and tolerance, both parties must be equally condemned; and we are not disposed to extenuate their guilt, either by contrasting it with that of their respective antagonists, or by exulting in the successful termination of their policy. But no doubt Mr. Froude has caught in a very high degree the spirit of the present age. He presents the narrative of these events in a form pre-eminently calculated to excite interest, to rouse sympathy, and to revive the passions of the times in which they occurred. And he deserves the highest credit for the minuteness and extent of his researches, which have enabled him to add a large amount of detail to the record of events which have been incessantly canvassed for the last three hundred years. Upon the whole, we think that these volumes are the most successful and elaborate portion of his whole work, with the exception of the volume devoted to Edward VI. and Queen Mary, which we still regard as his masterpiece. The difficulties of historical composition are enormously increased by the profuse disclosures of contemporary evidence which have recently taken place. To hunt down a fact amidst the intricacies of diplomatic correspondence, between agents, who were as often employed in concealing the truth as in imparting it, is no easy task; and there is a perpetual danger of being misled by apparent discoveries, which more complete investigation shows to be delusions. In those portions of this history which concern the trial and execution of Mary Stuart and the Spanish Armada, Mr. Froude has been to a considerable extent anticipated by the researches of Mr. Tytler for his history of Scotland, and of Mr. Motley for his history of the United Provinces. These were the crowning incidents of a conflict of twenty years' duration; but the infinite details of that protracted struggle have never before been investigated with the minuteness, or combined with the skill, which Mr. Froude has brought to bear upon them.

The person and the figure of Queen

Elizabeth are, as might be expected, the most prominent and striking objects in these volumes. Mr. Froude has drawn a Queen, as she is still represented in some of the fanciful portraits of her time, without shadow and, we might add, without a veil. However severe he may be to those personages who are opposed to his own political creed, he has not treated the worst of them more harshly than he has treated Elizabeth. The result is that whilst he is an ardent advocate of her cause, and triumphs in her success, every page, every line of these volumes seems written to show how ill she deserved it. He denies her political ability, by showing that on every occasion the lesser and meaner motive outweighed the public and generous end; so that opportunities without number were allowed to slip by which, fitly used, would have relieved her at once from her difficulties and made her the greatest Princess in Europe. He denies her Protestantism, maintaining that all her own sympathies were with the old religion; that she preferred to be surrounded by Catholics, in spite of their never-ending conspiracies against her; that she refused or neglected to put the laws in force against them; that she scorned and abhorred the Church of England and her own bishops; and that the only tie which bound her to the Reformation was that of her own birth. To deny the lawfulness of her father's divorce from Catherine and the Church, was to bastardize herself. On the great questions of religion the Queen is believed by Mr. Froude to have been purely indifferent: "despising fanatics, Puritan or Papist, with Erasmian heartiness;" content "with outward order and conformity, with liberty to every man to think in private as he pleased;" altogether free from dogmatic preferences and convictions, and cherishing in fact a theory of absolute toleration and indifference which was "two centuries before its time." This view of the Queen's policy and opinions is, the reader will observe, to a great extent a novel one.

Of her personal character Mr. Froude has drawn a frightful picture, but one which we fear is less open to controversy. "Sir Francis Walsingham," he says, "not once only, but at every trying crisis of her life, had to describe her conduct as 'dishonorable and dangerous:' dishon-

orable, because she never hesitated to break a promise when to keep it was inconvenient; and dangerous, from the universal distrust which she had inspired in those who had once relied upon her." Her reign and her life were one long tissue of deceit, practised alike on her friends and on her foes. She never had an ally whom she did not abandon or betray in the hour of need; she never had an enemy whom she did not seek to cajole rather than to brave. "Todo," said Philip II., "es embuste y entretenimiento."

No sovereign was ever served by wiser or more devoted Ministers; no Ministers were ever used with more ingratitude, avarice, and deceit by their sovereign. Yet men like Cecil, Walsingham, Paulet, and Drake would have risked not only their lives, but their souls in her service; while she gave at least an equal share of her confidence and favor to creatures like the hireling Crofts, who betrayed every secret of the Court to his employer the Spanish Ambassador, or the fop Hatton—a butterfly of the presence chamber. The ladies of her household were friends of Mary and sometimes pensioners of Spain.

Oddly enough, Queen Elizabeth enjoys in popular estimation the glory and the fame of having done precisely what she refused to do. She might have placed herself at the head of a Protestant League of invincible power in Europe—she might by a small effort have terminated the contest in the Low Countries—she might at one time have turned the scale in favor of the Protestants of France—she might have given an immediate ascendancy to the Kirk of Scotland and its champions, which would have decided the vacillating character of James and fitted him to be her declared successor on the English throne—she might as Queen of England have encountered and defeated the fleets of Spain on the ocean and in either hemisphere, as in fact they were encountered by the private adventurers, who slipped away from her shores, and brought back with them, almost unawares, the treasures of the New World and the maritime supremacy of England. During great part of her reign, and in the crisis of her fate, her own safety and the existence of the kingdom depended on its naval power, and in Drake, Haw-

kins, and Frobisher, Elizabeth had the best seamen in the world. Yet nothing was done to support the fleet. The navy did not exist as a profession. The entire force of the Queen's ships in 1588 consisted of thirteen ships of 400 tons, and of only thirty-eight vessels, including pinnaces, carrying the Queen's flag. The sailors who defeated the Armada were famished for want of rations, killed by sour beer, which the Queen compelled them to drink, and sent to sea with so little ammunition that they depended to serve their guns on what they took from the enemy. Even after the victory, the base and niggardly conduct of the Queen broke the hearts of her captains, and ruined in fortune the men who had equipped and commanded the fleet. Not a dollar would she spend, not a jewel would she part with, though the fate of her crown and kingdom depended on the sacrifice.

In point of fact not one of these things was done by Elizabeth, although the opportunities of action continually forced themselves upon her. Some of these results were actually accomplished—but without her countenance, and perhaps against her wishes. That which indeed was the darling object of her heart and of her policy was to avoid an open rupture with Philip, to remain at least nominally at peace with Spain, and to escape the charges and perils of open war, even though private war was incessantly carried on between the subjects of the two Crowns. In this peculiar respect the policy of Philip resembled her own. A Spanish expedition with a banner blessed by the Pope landed on the western coast of Ireland—abandoned and disavowed by the King of Spain, they were surrounded, captured, and executed, every man of them, as pirates. English volunteers in large numbers served under Orange in the Low Countries: it is true, some Catholic Englishmen were to be found serving on the other side. The crews of English merchantmen were carried off to the dungeons of the Inquisition on the charge of introducing the book of Common Prayer into Spain. Drake swept the ocean, pillaged Lima and Cartagena, and brought home the treasures of an empire in the hold of a smack. Every species of clandestine hostility was carried on by both parties. No re-

dress was ever afforded, though often asked, by either of them. Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador, remained at the Court of England during the whole period, although it was notorious that he was the centre of countless plots, some aimed at the Queen's life. The British ambassador sent to Madrid had, on the contrary, been received with insult and compelled to depart. This strange situation lasted for upwards of twenty years. During the whole of this time peace was in name preserved—peace above all with Spain—and Elizabeth was satisfied. It was not until the Spanish Armada had entered the Channel that war could be said to be declared. A sovereign of true determination and energy would not have endured to lead a life of practices and fetches, served by spies, encompassed by conspiracies, when a single bold stroke would have shattered the spell and delivered her from bondage. According to Mr. Froude, Elizabeth entirely lacked that energy and determination. He represents her as vacillating and irresolute whenever a great decision was to be taken—credulous when a lure was offered to her avarice or her hopes of peace—covetous whenever it was possible to increase her private hoards of jewels and of gold, and reluctant to give out a stiver of this accumulated wealth to save her soldiers from want, or to enable her servants to execute her orders, which they were frequently compelled to do at their own cost. The only virtue popularly ascribed to Queen Elizabeth, which Mr. Froude does not contest, is her undaunted courage: but even her courage arose rather from an apparent insensibility to danger than from a resolution to meet it. When danger arrived all was confusion and hesitation. Nothing was done to-day that could be done to-morrow. And we are more inclined to wonder at the amazing good fortune which dissipated so many conspiracies and perils, than at her own dauntless bravery in face of them. To this quality Mr. Froude adds others with which Elizabeth has not before been credited. He ascribes to her "a constant personal desire for moderation and forbearance"—a spirit of toleration foreign alike to her age and her position—a readiness to forget injuries and "lack of gall"—and a determination to "make men loyal in spite of themselves

by persistently trusting them." We shall have occasion to discuss some of the instances given by Mr. Froude of these mild and gentle qualities; but for the present we can only say that we have failed to discover them in any passage of her life. In another place he has more accurately described her, when he says, "she talked of mercy, and she made violence inevitable."

One of her peculiarities was her eagerness to shift upon others the blame which properly attached to her own mistakes. Mr. Froude stretches a point to assimilate this artifice to the non-responsibility of the sovereign under a limited constitution. "The principle," he says, "is inherent in the conditions of a limited monarchy, it was latent before it was avowed; and Elizabeth, anticipating awkwardly the authorized theory of a later age, permitted measures to be taken which the safety of the State rendered necessary, which at the same time she declared loudly, and often without hypocrisy, not to be her own." We can admit of no such plea of incompetence in favor of Elizabeth. If ever there was a sovereign whose will was law paramount, and who treated with scorn every attempt to direct or control it, she was that sovereign; and in the attempt to exonerate her, at the expense of her Ministers, we should commit the supreme injustice of holding them responsible for measures they opposed but were unable to resist. The doctrine of the Tudors was not that of ministerial responsibility, but of implicit obedience: and no statesman would have served Elizabeth long, or lived long to serve her, who presumed to thwart her will, or even to resist her ever-varying caprices. On these terms alone, Cecil and Walsingham held office; and they knew it. But if the Queen is to be held responsible for the crimes and errors committed in her name, so also she is entitled to a higher degree of praise than Mr. Froude is disposed to award to her successes. If she had been no more than the prevaricating hypocrite whom he describes, those successes would have been impossible, for she would present the incredible example of a woman, disfigured by the most odious and contemptible qualities, who reigned nevertheless for half a century, to be enshrined in the grateful memory of her people

and feared by the rest of the world. We agree therefore rather with the larger view of her character taken by Lord Macaulay in the pages of this Journal when he said, 'Yet surely she was a great woman. Of all the sovereigns who exercised a power, which was seemingly absolute, but which in fact depended for support on the love and confidence of her subjects, she was by far the most illustrious. It was not by looking at the particular measures which Elizabeth had adopted, but by looking at the general principles of her government, that those who followed her were likely to learn the art of managing intractable subjects. Firm, haughty—sometimes cruel and unjust in her proceedings towards individuals and towards small parties—she avoided with care, or retracted with speed, any measure which seemed likely to alienate the great mass of the people.' With that fine instinct of the national will and the national interest which is the most rare and precious quality of great rulers of men, her heart beat in unison with the heart of England; and even her personal weaknesses never weakened her hold on the country.

Mr. Froude takes a far lower view of her character; but he describes in the following striking passage the perils, which in the year 1580 surrounded her throne:—

"Incurably convinced of her own supreme intelligence she would take no more of Cecil's counsel than such fragments as necessity enforced upon her, and these fragments, backed by the energy of a splendid nation, carried England, and Elizabeth with it, clear at last of the threatening breakers. The calamities of unprosperous reigns are charged upon sovereigns; and sovereigns therefore, it is but just, should be credited with their people's successes; but the personal contribution of Elizabeth to the final victory of Protestantism, was but in yielding at last to a stream which she had struggled against for thirty years. She believed in kings, and she possessed skill to hoodwink kings less able than herself; but there was a volcanic energy in Europe, as she was about to feel, beyond the reach of her diplomacy, passions deep as the hell which the Popes mistook for heaven, which were proof against paltry artifices, and could be encountered only with other passions preternatural as themselves. Philip might 'loiter in the ford' or halt upon his foot of lead. The Valois Princes and their mother might play with Huguenot and Papist, and fish for fortune or

safety in the troubled waters; but the European Catholics were no longer to be trifled with.

"Acute as Cecil was, he did not see the precise form in which the danger was approaching. He expected political coalitions; he had to encounter an invisible influence stealing into the heart of the realm; a power which, when it took earthly form, appeared in the shape of pale ascetics armed but with their breviaries, yet more terrible than the galleons of Philip, or the threatened legions of the Duke of Guise, England was considered on the continent to be the heart of heresy. It was in England that French, Flemings, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, fugitives for religion, found home and shelter. It was in England that the patriot armies recruited themselves; and the English Protestant congregations supplied the money that supported them. So long as England was unconquered, the Reformation was felt to be unconquerable, and it was the more exasperating because the English Catholics believed that, had they received the smallest practical assistance at Elizabeth's accession, they could have compelled her to remain in the Roman communion. Every year that had been allowed to pass had made recovery more difficult. Of the Catholic nobles some were dead, some were landless fugitives. The creed survived as a tradition, but the exercise of it was dying out. The more impetuous of the priests had gone abroad. Many had conformed; many had adhered to the faith, and said mass with the connivance of the Government in private houses. But they were dropping off, and the vacancies were not replenished. The old ceremonial was not yet forgotten, but was more and more faintly remembered. The longer the invasion was delayed the fainter the support which could be looked for in England itself, and the refugees, sick of pleading with Philip, had appealed with more success to the Pope and the Church. A new and passionate impulse had been given to the Catholic creed by St. Teresa and Ignatius Loyola. The Carmelite and Jesuit orders had revived something of the fervor of ancient Christendom, and personal and family ambition came to the help of religious enthusiasm. The Guises, as the leaders of the French Catholic aristocracy, intended, if the house of Valois failed, to snatch the crown from heretic Bourbons. The Guises' chance of success would be multiplied a hundred-fold if they could revolutionize England in the interests of Mary Stuart; while the singular fortune of that world-famed lady, her wild story, her exile, her imprisonment, her constancy to the faith of which she was the supposed martyr, set on fire the imaginations of half the youths in Europe. Philip it seemed would do nothing till the ground had first been broken by others. Well, then, others should break it. The refu-

gees at Rheims were in the closest intercourse with Guise. Sanders and many others of them were forever on the road between Brussels, Paris, Madrid, and the Vatican. A beginning had been made in Scotland. It had failed, but it could be attempted again, and the secret Catholic correspondence of the time reveals henceforward a connected and organized scheme, in which many different constituents were part of a single movement, the last issue of which was to be the entrance of the Duke of Guise into England over the Scotch Border." (Vol. v. pp. 167-9.)

The triple attack thus directed against her was marked by the successful efforts of the Guises to secure their ascendancy in Scotland over the mind of the youthful James, in which they were marvelously served by the influence and intrigues of Esmé d'Aubigny, afterwards Duke of Lennox, which cost the Regent Morton his life; by an incursion of Popish priests and Spanish and Italian adventurers on the coast of Ireland; and by a systematic attempt of the Jesuits to reconquer England to the Catholic faith.

No English historian has written of Ireland and the Irish in a more kindly and sympathizing spirit than Mr. Froude. He evidently likes that country and loves its warm-hearted inhabitants. Accordingly many of his most glowing pages are devoted to the wrongs of that unhappy people, and he denounces them with a severity he does not always inflict on deeds of bloodshed. In 1575 the Earl of Essex was reluctantly engaged in the harassing and cruel work of crushing Irish disturbances. He did his task with the same species of unrelenting indifference to life which has been exhibited in our own days by French commanders against the tribes of Kabylia, and may have been shown against insurgent Sepoys or New-Zealand savages—a detestable service detestably performed, which leads men to forget that their enemies are their fellow-creatures. One scene of this fearful warfare we must extract, for it is a masterpiece of tragic narrative:—

"On the coast of Antrim, not far from the Giant's Causeway, lies the singular Island of Rathlin. It is formed of basaltic rock, encircled with precipices, and is accessible only at a single spot. It contains an area of about 4,000 acres, of which a thousand are sheltered and capable of cultivation, the rest being

heather and rock. The approach is at all times dangerous; the tide sets fiercely through the strait which divides the island from the mainland, and when the wind is from the west, the Atlantic swell renders it impossible to land. The situation and the difficulty of access had thus long marked Rathlin as a place of refuge for Scotch or Irish fugitives, and besides its natural strength it was respected as a sanctuary, having been the abode at one time of St. Columba. A mass of broken masonry on a cliff overhanging the sea, is a remnant of the castle in which Robert Bruce watched the leap of the legendary spider. To this island, when Essex entered Antrim, Macconnell and the other Scots had sent their wives and children, their aged, and their sick for safety. On his way through Carrickfergus, when returning to Dublin, the Earl ascertained that they had not yet been brought back to their homes. The officer in command of the English garrison (it is painful to mention the name either of him or of any man concerned in what ensued) was John Norris, Lord Norris's second son, so famous afterwards in the Low Countries, grandson of Sir Henry Norris executed for adultery with Anne Boleyn. Three small frigates were in the harbor. The summer had been dry, hot, and windless. The sea was smooth; there was a light and favorable air from the east; and Essex directed Norris to take a company of soldiers with him, cross over and kill whatever he could find. The run up the Antrim coast was rapidly and quietly accomplished. Before an alarm could be given the English had landed, close to the ruins of the church which bears St. Columba's name. Bruce's castle was then standing, and was occupied by a score or two of Scots, who were in charge of the women. But Norris had brought cannon with him. The weak defences were speedily destroyed, and after a fierce assault, in which several of the garrison were killed, the chief who was in command offered to surrender, if he and his people were allowed to return to Scotland. The conditions were rejected; the Scots yielded at discretion, and every living creature in the place except the chief and his family, who were probably reserved for ransom, was immediately put to the sword. Two hundred were killed in the castle. It was then discovered that several hundred more, chiefly mothers and their little ones, were hidden in the caves about the shore. There was no remorse, not even the faintest shadow of perception that the occasion called for it. They were hunted out as if they had been seals or otters, and all destroyed. Surleyboy and the other chiefs, Essex coolly wrote, had sent their wives and children into the island, 'which be all taken and executed to the number of six hundred.' Surleyboy himself, he continued, 'stood upon the mainland of the Glynnnes

and saw the taking of the island, and was likely to have run mad for sorrow, tearing and tormenting himself, and saying that he there lost all that ever he had.'

"The impression left upon the mind by this horrible story is increased by the composure with which even the news of it was received. 'Yellow-haired Charley' might tear himself for 'his pretty little ones and their dam,' but in Ireland itself the massacre was not specially distinguished in the general system of atrocity. Essex described it himself as one of the exploits with which he was most satisfied, and Elizabeth in answer to his letters bade him tell John Norris, 'the executioner of his well-designed enterprise, that she would not be unmindful of his services.' But though passed over and unheeded at the time, and lying buried for three hundred years, the bloody stain comes back to light again, not in myth and legend, but in the original account of the nobleman by whose command the deed was done; and when the history of England's dealings with Ireland settles at last into its final shape, that hunt among the caves at Rathlin will not be forgotten." (Vol. xi. pp. 184-6).*

There is a ring of hatred in these last words which makes us wish they had not been written. For the welfare of Ireland it is far more to be desired that such deeds as "the hunt among the caves at Rathlin" *should* be forgotten. If blood is to call for blood, who is to sum up the dreadful account? On which side would the balance lie? We care not to inquire. But certainly, in Mr. Froude's own pages, the most active and treacherous agent of Irish strife are the Irish chieftains themselves. A Desmond and a Geraldine were enemies as fierce as ever Saxon and Celt; and in justice to the Government of Ireland by Elizabeth during this part of her reign, it should be remembered that after the deliberate invasion of the country by Sanders had been defeated in Smerwick Bay, the rebellion was crushed, and the country enjoyed comparative peace under the government of Sir John Parrot for many

* The only authority for this touching story is to be found in Essex's own despatches to Walsingham and to the Queen—the latter in the Carew Papers. They are written in a dry soldier-like manner, with entire unconsciousness that anything more had happened than the usual fate of a place taken by assault. The graphic skill of the historian has given to these dead bones life, and added one more pang to the sorrows of Ireland.

years. In the following passage Mr. Froude does justice to the conquerors and to the conquered:—

"So ended a rebellion which a mere handful of English had sufficed to suppress, though three-quarters of Ireland had been heart and soul concerned in it, and though the Irish themselves man for man were no less hardy and brave than their conquerors. The victory was terribly purchased. The entire province of Munster was utterly depopulated. Hecatombs of helpless creatures, the aged, and the sick, and the blind, the young mother and the babe at the breast, had fallen under the English sword, and though the authentic details of the struggle have been forgotten, the memory of a vague horror remains imprinted in the national traditions.

"Had no Saxon set foot on Irish shores, the tale of slaughter would have been as large or larger. To plunder and to kill, to massacre families of enemies, and to return to their dens with the spoil, while bards and harpers celebrated their triumphs, was the one occupation held in honor by the Celtic chiefs, and the Irish as a nation only began to exist when English rule at last made life and property secure. But England still pays the penalty in the hearts of an alienated race for the means by which it forced them into obedience. Millions upon millions of Celts have been enabled to exist, who, but for England, would never have been born—but those millions, not wholly without justice, treasure up the bitter memories of the wrongs of their ancestors." (Vol. v. pp. 259, 260.)

After this painful contest the name of Ireland appears no more in this history until the wrecks of the Armada were scattered along the coasts of Sligo and Connemara.

We now approach a transaction which raises a very interesting question as to the fundamental principles of the policy of Elizabeth towards the Catholic Church, and here Mr. Froude takes a view opposed to that of some of the best modern authorities, though consistent with the declarations of her own agents. As we have already remarked, he starts from the position that Elizabeth was in religious matters essentially latitudinarian and tolerant of speculative differences as long as the laws of the realm were obeyed. Such, he thinks, was her spirit; it showed that "even in the sixteenth century there were minds which theology had failed to calcine." She declared to the Spanish ambassador that "in spiritual matters she believed as they did." Barring the supremacy of the

Pope, which interfered with her own, Mr. Froude conceives that her sympathies were Catholic rather than Protestant. Thus he affirms:—

"Elizabeth boasted with justice that no Catholic had as yet suffered in England for his religious opinions. The laws against the Catholic services were technically severe; but for twenty years they had been evaded with the frank connivance of the authorities. The Queen had repressed sternly the persecuting zeal of her own bishops. Priests of the old sort were still to be found in every part of England, though in diminished numbers, saying mass in private houses, while justices of the peace looked away or were present themselves. Nuns were left unmolested under the roofs of Catholic ladies, pursuing their own devotions in their own way, and were denied nothing but a publicity of worship which might have provoked a riot. Whatever had been the Queen's motive, she had refused to let the succession be determined, and the Catholics could look forward to seeing again a sovereign of their own creed. She required nothing but political obedience and outward submission to the law, and with the average Englishmen of native growth and temperament, loyalty was an article of faith which the excommunication had failed to shake." (Vol. v. p. 306.)

If these were her real opinions, she obtained but little credit for them among the Catholics either at home or abroad; and, in fact, Mr. Froude overlooks in this passage some of the most important measures for the establishment of Protestant uniformity which he has previously recorded. It was a frequent boast of the Queen and of Burghley (who wrote two very disingenuous pamphlets in support of the assertion) that no Catholic had suffered persecution in her reign for his religious faith, apart from political disaffection. This statement has been repeated by Camden, and in our own time by Southey ("Book of the Church," vol. ii. p. 285), and it is accepted by Mr. Froude. Yet we are convinced that it is substantially untrue, and we oppose to these assertions the weighty argument of Mr. Hallam, who discusses and disposes of the question.* Nor is the plea of much avail even if it were true: to persecute from religious zeal is a misconception of the law of God and an outrage on the rights of conscience; but to foment religious zeal where

* Constitutional History, chap. iii.

none exists, for the purpose of justifying and arming political persecution with religious pretences, is yet more odious and criminal. Yet if Elizabeth were, as Mr. Froude supposes, cased in a philosophical indifference to creeds and points of faith, this would be her real offence.

It is true that the Act of 1562, which imposed on all the Queen's subjects the oath of supremacy, subject, in the event of refusal, to the penalties of high treason, was not rigorously enforced for several years. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the bull of Pius V. against the Queen, provoked a more active hostility to the Catholics, and the Act 13 Eliz. cap. 2, extended the penalties of high treason to any person reconciling another to the Romish Church or concealing such offender. To hear mass was made the subject of inquisition, and sometimes punished even by torture. In 1581 the course of legislation grew more intolerant: the penalties of recusancy, that is, of absenting one's self from church, were made more severe. But already, in 1577, one Mayne was hanged at Launceston without any charge against him except his religion, and there are other examples of direct persecution.* The State Papers are full of warrants for the investigation of theological opinions of all sorts and conditions of men; in the inns of court, at the universities, and amongst the common people.

Such was the state of the law and the policy of the Government when, in 1581, a party of youthful Catholic zealots, originally trained at Oxford, but subsequently removed to Rheims, and professed Jesuits, formed the design of a spiritual incursion or mission into the hot-bed of the Reformation.

It deserves observation that Mr. Froude has prefixed to the narrative, on which he is now about to enter with his wonted fervor, a short account of a

visit made to the Vatican by *two other* young English Jesuits, Tyrrell and Ballard, towards the end of the pontificate of Gregory XIII., which he conceives to be "a fit introduction to the invasion of Parsons and Campian." Tyrrell and Ballard desired to learn from the lips of the Pope himself whether any one who, for the benefit of the Church, attempted to destroy the Queen of England, should have for the fact his pardon. They saw Pope Gregory, and, if Tyrrell's subsequent confession (probably given under torture) is to be believed, the Pope assured them that, as for the taking away of that impious Jezebel, the act would be not only worthy of approval, but the doer of it would deserve canonization. Tyrrell and Ballard lived to apply these precepts and to suffer for them, for they were implicated in the Babington conspiracy and put to death on that occasion.

But, as Mr. Froude goes on to inform us, the "fit introduction" took place "*four years later* than the events now to be detailed:" that is to say, that whereas a plot against the life of the Queen was organized in 1586 by Tyrrell and Ballard, who were Jesuits, with the consent of the then Pope, it may be inferred that other Jesuits who came to England several years before for a different purpose, were really intent upon the same design, or in other words, that Campian and Parsons were no less justly executed for high treason than Tyrrell and Ballard. A most unusual and illogical inference, which begs the whole question in dispute.

The Catholic priests who founded the English seminaries of Douay and Rheims had been persons in authority at Oxford in the reign of Queen Mary. They were not hastily driven out by her successor, but, after Leicester became Chancellor of the University, it assumed a more Protestant character; the oath of allegiance and subscription to the Articles was exacted from them, and they withdrew for conscience' sake to the Continent. Mr. Froude says, "They preferred their creed to their country," as if that were an offence. But when the Pilgrim Fathers of America preferred their creed to their country, it was held to be, as it is, a title to glory.

Among these Fathers, Edmund Campian and Robert Parsons found a congenial refuge. They were young men

* Mr. Froude, alluding to this case, states that Cuthbert Mayne was taken with copies of the Bull of Pope Pius about him, and therefore hanged for high treason. To which he adds the following remark:—"This, and similar executions are now held to have been needless cruelties. But were a Brahmin to be found in the quarters of a Sepoy regiment scattering incendiary addresses from Nana Sahib, he would be hanged also." Does this illustration imply that the state of the kingdom of England under Elizabeth in 1578 was as the state of India in the mutiny of 1857?

of singular talent and ardent faith, with courage to encounter death in the cause of their Church and of their Catholic fellow-countrymen. In entering the Order of Jesus they dedicated their lives to a work of which they perfectly knew the cost. If the soldiers of the army of Loyola were to live up to their profession and to wage continual war on heresy, nowhere more than in England had they adversaries to encounter, friends to support, and a cause to save. The conversion of England was the eager object of their ambition: but it was some time before the superior of the Order, aware of the certain destruction which awaited them, would allow any Jesuit missionaries at all to be sent to this country. Yet the call of the Church was urgent, for Mendoza reports to Philip in 1578, that "till lately there were but few priests left in England, and religion was dying out for want of teachers." These young men, disguised as laymen, threw themselves into the breach, travelled about, administered the sacraments, preached, and accepted martyrdom with cheerful fortitude when it was required of them. The immediate result was such a revival of Catholic zeal as had not been witnessed since the accession of Elizabeth. If, as Mr. Froude admits, about half the population of England was at this time Catholic, by what other means than by such missions as these could Catholics be admitted to the rites of their Church? To proscribe an entire priesthood was a strange mode of tolerating a creed. It was the duty of the Church abroad to supply at all risks ministers to this deserted flock; and, to their eternal honor, men have never been wanting to tread the fiery path of duty, when they conceive that the cause they have in hand is the cause of God. Mr. Froude says that these ex-students of Oxford were "saturated with sentimental devotionism," that "the poison of asps was under their lips;" and that "though there was something lamblike in the disposition of more than one of them, even the lamb, when infected by theological fanaticism, secretes a virus in his teeth, and his bite is deadly as a rattlesnake's." These metaphorical illustrations (which are not in good taste) only prove how differently men may judge of human motives and actions. We have as little sympathy as

Mr. Froude with the Jesuits or the doctrines of the Romish Church. But when we are told that these priests were eager and resolute to lay down their lives in the service of their Church and their order, for the purpose of rescuing the souls of their countrymen from what they believed to be a mortal error—when we see them following, not figuratively, but really, in the steps of their Divine Master to a painful and ignominious death, rather than forego one tittle of the faith they professed, we feel that whatever may have been their errors or delusions, the sincerity of their lives and the heroism of their deaths might at least save them from insult. "My soul," said Campian in a letter still preserved in our Records, "is in my own hands ever. Let such as you send take count of this always: the solaces that are intermeddled with the miseries are so great that they not only countervail the fear of what temporal government soever, but by infinite sweetness make all worldly pains seem nothing." The object of many an action may be mistaken or unworthy, yet the inward impulse of the soul—the spirit of self-sacrifice—the passionate desire to do the will of God, which seem to dictate that action, still dignify the life of man, and shed an imperishable glory round the head of the martyrs. Judged by human laws alone, not a few of those who have laid down their lives for mankind and for the faith which was in them may have committed treasons. Weighed by its results, the sum-total of human action is often very small, false, and miserable; judged by the lofty spirit in which such actions may be undertaken, there is, even in the worst of them, something divine.

But it is now time to put the question, which, as it appears to us, Mr. Froude does not answer—Were these Catholic emissaries guilty of any crime or offence whatever, beyond an infraction of that monstrous Statute of the 13 Elizabeth above referred to, which visited a reconciliation with Rome with the penalties of high treason, and virtually drove the priests out of the country? They were tried, however, not under that Statute, but under the Statute of Treasons of Edward III., and the charge against Campian and fourteen others was for having conspired to deprive the Queen

of her style and dignity, with having come to England to seduce her subjects from their allegiance, and with having attempted to induce strangers to invade the realm. The offence charged against them was therefore purely political; the acts they had committed were purely religious; and because they were falsely convicted on the political charge, we are told that they were not persecuted for religion's sake. Mr. Froude has with perfect candor and truth stated the true object of Campian's mission:—

"It was essential that the mission should bear the character of a purely religious crusade, that those who became martyrs should appear as martyrs for their faith, without note or taint of treason on them. To make converts would be entirely sufficient for the purposes of the intended insurrection. Enthusiastic Catholics (and converts were always enthusiastic) could be relied on with confidence when the army of liberation should appear. Campian, therefore, was directed to keep strictly to the work of conversion, not to mix himself with politics, to avoid all mention of public matters in his letters to the General, and never to speak against the Queen except in the presence of persons of known and tried orthodoxy." (Vol. v. p. 314.)

His conduct in England was answerable to this design. He preached, he argued on matters of faith, whenever the occasion was vouchsafed to him; he sought to confirm the weak—to convert the doubtful. His success was considerable. His "Ten Reasons" threw Oxford and the Catholic world into enthusiasm. Popularity attached itself to this mysterious apostle of Rome. Elizabeth herself was anxious, after his arrest, to see him.

"Neither the Queen nor Leicester had forgotten the brilliant youth who had flattered them at Oxford. The Earl sent for him; and being introduced into a private room, he found himself in the presence of Elizabeth herself. She wished to give him a chance of saving himself. She asked whether he regarded her as his lawful sovereign. The relaxation of the Bull allowed him to say that he did. She asked whether he thought that the Bishop of Rome could lawfully excommunicate her. A distinct declaration of loyalty, a frank repudiation of the temporal pretensions of the Pope, were all that was required of him. He would not make either. He said that he was no umpire between parties so far above him, he could not decide a question on which the learned were divided. He would pay her Ma-

jesty what was hers, but he must pay to God what was God's. He was returned to the Tower with directions that he should be kindly treated; but Burghley's determination prevailed over Elizabeth's good-nature." (Vol. v. p. 346.)*

Elizabeth's good-nature, however, consigned him six days afterwards to the rack; and when the rack failed to extort a confession of political plots, of which we have just been told he was wholly ignorant, needles were run under the nails of his toes and fingers. The wounds were visible on his broken bleeding corpse after his death. A few weeks afterwards he and his companions were arraigned. Campian was unable to raise his arm to plead, for it was broken at the joints. A verdict of guilty followed, and as the Duc d'Alençon had just returned to England to marry the Queen, "it was considered that the punishment of the Jesuits during his stay in London would quiet the apprehensions of the country." Campian was the first to suffer. Criers were employed to bawl in his dying ears that the crime for which he was about to die was not religion but treason. He replied in his last moments on the scaffold, "We are come here to die, but we are no traitors. I am a Catholic man and a priest. In that faith I have lived. In that faith I mean to die. If you consider my religion treason, then I am guilty. Other treason I never committed any, as God is my judge."

A bystander exclaimed—and Mr. Froude says *justly*—"In your Catholicism all treason is contained!" and he further adds:—

"The mere execution of these Jesuits, if political executions can be defended at all, was as justifiable as that of the meanest villain or wildest enthusiast who ever died upon the scaffold. Treason is a crime for which per-

* Campian's singularly elegant and interesting "History of Ireland," written in 1571, was dedicated to Leicester as High Chancellor of Oxford, and he refers particularly to the kindness he had received from his patron. "How often at Oxford, how often at the Court, how at Rycot, how at Windsor, how by letter, how by reports, you have not ceased to furnish with advice and to countenance with authority, the hope and expectation of me a single student." Campian was therefore well known to Leicester and doubtless to the Queen.

sonal virtue is neither protection nor excuse. To plead in condemnation of severity, either the general innocence or the saintly intentions of the sufferers, is beside the issue; and if it be lawful in defence of national independence to kill open enemies in war, it is more lawful to execute the secret conspirator who is teaching doctrines, in the name of God, which are certain to be fatal to it." (Vol. v. p. 360.)

But if the religion of these priests was not held to be a crime meriting death, there is not a shadow of proof that they deserved to be regarded as "secret conspirators" at all. All the spies of Burghley and Walsingham, backed by all the terrors of the torture-room in the Tower, had failed to bring home to them one single action more reprehensible than their defence of the tenets of their Church. Mr. Hallam, who reviews the case with his wonted impartiality, declares that "nothing I have read affords the slightest proof of Campian's concern in treasonable practices, though his connections as a Jesuit render it by no means unlikely." But are men to be tortured and put to death because suspicion attaches to their order and their creed? or is it any justification of this judicial murder that Philip was intriguing against the Queen; that the last Pope had deposed her by a powerless Bull; that the Guises had recovered their influence in Scotland, and sent Morton to the scaffold; or that the Duc d'Alençon had obtained from Elizabeth a false promise of her hand? We have entered in some detail upon the particulars of this dreadful case, because it is eminently characteristic of the spirit which pervades this history. To argue, in the words of Mr. Froude, that "it is *more* lawful to execute the secret conspirator who is teaching doctrines fatal to national independence than it is to kill open enemies in war," is to subvert the very foundations of law and justice. Nay, that is the very doctrine by which the Inquisition attempted to justify its most abominable crimes, and by which every act of lawless tyranny committed in the world might be defended. The facts, as related by Mr. Froude, appear to us to dispose conclusively of the monstrous pretension that Catholics under Elizabeth did not suffer for their creed, but for their political crimes. The truth is that

under her reign about 200 Catholics were put to death; fifteen for denying the Queen's supremacy, 126 for exercising their ministry, and the rest for being reconciled to the Romish Church.

It is a relief to turn from these scenes of bigotry and bloodshed to the matrimonial adventures of the Queen with the Duc d'Alençon. The farce comes after the tragedy, and the humors of Elizabeth are related by Mr. Froude with great spirit and hilarity. The time was passed when it could be hoped that the marriage of the Queen would secure the succession by giving a direct heir to the English throne. A union between a Princess of forty-six and a Catholic Prince young enough to have been her son was odious and offensive to the nation. Alençon himself was "a small, brown creature, deeply pock-marked, with a large head, a knobbed nose, and a hoarse croaking voice, but whether in contradiction, or from whatever cause, she professed to be enchanted with him." She called him her "frog"—a frog-prince beneath whose hideousness lay enchanted, visible only to a lover's eye, a form of preternatural beauty.

Whatever may have been Elizabeth's real intentions, and we believe she always intended to make a dupe of him, the project of this marriage suited her political convenience. In spite of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the duplicity of Catherine de Medicis, and the profligacy of Henry III., she had contrived to remain on good terms with the Court of France. Common enemies made them friends. The Guises and Philip II. were dreaded and detested alike at Greenwich and at Blois. The fixed policy of Elizabeth was to play off the French against the Spaniards, and, if possible, to engage them in war with each other, without herself taking part in it. The vision of a marriage with herself was the lure she used, with indifferent success, for this purpose. Henry III. had refused to give active assistance to the insurgents in the Low Countries, but Alençon, hoping to turn the Netherlands into a kingdom for himself, or to annex them to France if he succeeded his brother, proposed to assist Orange for two months with 12,000 men, at his own charge. The expedition was one of the strange volunteer enterprises

of the time—but stranger still, Elizabeth privately sent word to Alençon that she would in a sort consent to his enterprise and concur in it, if he would act with herself and under her direction. It would be too long to trace the innumerable windings of these intrigues, in which the Queen betrayed every one in turn; but she had thus made herself a partner in Alençon's speculations, to an extent which eventually cost her large sums of money, and the marriage treaty with which she flattered his vanity and ambition, was probably only a part of the scheme to keep him in her power. In November, 1581—

"Alençon was again in England without the knowledge and against the wishes of his brother, who did not wish to be made increasingly ridiculous. He slipped across in disguise from Dieppe. An escort waited for him at Rye, and at the beginning of November he appeared in London. The enchanted frog of the fairy tale was present in all its hideousness, and the lovely lady was to decide if she would consent to be his bride. Walsingham, who detested the whole business, concluded now, like Burghley, that having gone so far she must carry it to the end. He praised Monsieur to the Queen. He said that he had an excellent understanding; his ugly face was the worst part of him. 'Then, thou knave,' she said, 'why hast thou so many times said ill of him? Thou art as changeable as a weathercock.' The analogy suited better with herself. On his first arrival little seems to have been said about the marriage, the Queen trying to lay him under obligations to her in other ways, which could not be spoken of in treaties. He was heir to the French crown. The Guises and the enemies of religion interfered with his legitimate influence and threatened to obstruct his succession. If he would maintain the edicts, 'her Highness promised all her power to support him and impugn his contraries.' He had 'taken on him the protection of the Low Countries.' 'Her Majesty would aid and succor him as far as she might with the contributions of her realm and people.' But if this would satisfy Alençon it would not satisfy France. Since the Duke had chosen to come to England, the French Government desired to be informed of the probable results of his visit, and three weeks after his arrival Mauvissière waited on the Queen to learn what he might write to his master.

"It was the 22d of November. She had settled for the winter at Greenwich. She was taking her morning walk in the gallery with Alençon at her side, and Leicester and

Walsingham behind, when Mauvissière was introduced. He put his question with a Frenchman's politeness. 'Write this to your master,' she answered: 'the Duke will be my husband.' With a sudden impulse she turned upon Monsieur, kissed his brown lips, took a ring from her finger and placed it herself on his hand. She sent for the ladies and gentlemen of the household and presented Monsieur to them as their future master. She despatched a messenger to tell Burghley, who was confined to his bed with the gout. He drew a long breath of satisfied relief. 'Blessed be God,' he exclaimed; 'her Majesty has done her part; the realm must complete the rest.' Letters were sent out to summon Parliament immediately. Couriers flew to Paris with the news, and for a few days every one believed that the subject of such weary negotiations was settled at last.

"But Burghley and all others were once more deceived. Not only was nothing settled, but Elizabeth neither meant anything to be settled nor even believed at the time that she meant it. Hatton, her 'sheep,' as Mendoza ascertained, came to her afterwards with tears running down his cheeks: well as he knew her, the gift of the ring had frightened him, and he bleated about the grief of her people. Leicester asked her sarcastically whether they were to consider her as betrothed. She assured them both tenderly that they had nothing to fear. She meant to demand concessions to which the French King would not consent. Leicester thought she had gone dangerously far. Hatton asked how she would extricate herself if the King did consent. 'With words,' she answered, 'the coin most current with the French: when the field is large and the soldiers cowards there are always means of creeping out.'" (Vol. v. pp. 445-7.)

Having gone thus far, the next thing was to get rid of so importunate a lover.

"But how to shake off Alençon? The Queen had brought him over, and now both with herself and the Council the first object was to rid the realm of him. It was represented to him, that his honor was suffering through Parma's conquests, that the marriage at all events could not take place immediately, and that his presence was required at Antwerp. The Queen promised him unlimited supplies of money, a promise however which, if Simier was to be believed, she hoped to escape from keeping. In public she affected the deepest sorrow at the Duke's compelled departure. In private she danced for joy at the thought that she would see him no more. Struggling and complaining, the victim of her caprices submitted to be pushed along. He said it was but too clear that she did not love him, and that his own devotion deserved a

better return. She swore that her desire that he should go rose only from her anxiety for his welfare. He said he could not go. He had her word, her letter, and her ring, and he would not leave her till she was his wife. She set Cecil upon him, who for very shame was as earnest for his departure as herself. She availed herself of the Spanish leanings of the Council. She thought, according to Simier, of declaring publicly that she was going over to the Spanish side in the hope that Alençon would be recalled at once by the French Court. He was told that he had better go before the 1st of January or he would have to make a New Year's present to the Queen. Anything to be quit of him. That was the necessity of the present hour; the next might care for itself.

"Her changes had been so many and so violent that Burghley once more asked her if she was really and finally decided. She said she would not be Alençon's wife to be empress of the universe. If this was true, the longer he remained the greater the danger; and Burghley again urged him to be gone. He said he had only meddled with the Provinces in the hope of marrying the Queen; if she would not have him, he would concern himself no further with them; he would complain to every prince in Christendom of the wrong which he had suffered, and his brother would see him avenged. Burghley could prevail nothing. The Queen took him in hand herself. She said she could not marry a Catholic. He swore he loved her so that he would turn Protestant for her sake. She told him she could not conquer her disinclination; she was sorry, but such was the fact. Might she not be a friend and sister to him? In a tumult of agitation he declared that he had suffered anguish from his passion for her. He had dared the ill opinion of all the Catholics in Europe. He had run a thousand risks for her, and sooner than leave England without her, he would rather they both perished.

"The Queen, agitated or professing to be agitated in turn, exclaimed 'that he must not threaten a poor old woman in her own kingdom; passion not reason spoke in him,' she said, 'or she would think him mad. She begged him not to use such dreadful words.'

"No, no, Madame,' croaked the poor Prince, 'you mistake; I meant no hurt to your blessed person. I meant only that I would sooner be cut in pieces than not marry you and so be laughed at by the world.'

"With these words he burst into tears. The Queen gave him her handkerchief to wipe his eyes with, and in this charming situation the curtain drops over the scene." (Vol. v. pp. 449-51.)

Yet this was not all.

"Alternately worried and cajoled, the un-

fortunate Prince at last consented to go, on condition that the Queen would so far compromise herself as to give him money to pay an army of Germans; that Leicester and Howard should accompany him to Holland, and that he might look forward to returning in a few months to claim her hand. Words cost her nothing. She promised faithfully to marry him as soon as circumstances allowed. To part with money was a hard trial, but she dared not refuse. She gave him thirty thousand pounds, with bills for twenty thousand more; the bills, however, were not to be immediately cashed, and she left herself time to cancel them if she altered her mind.

"She accompanied him to Canterbury, lavishing freely, as he was really going, her oaths and protestations that she would be his wife, Lord Sussex listening with disgust to what he knew to be falsehood and absurdity. She bade him write to her, and address his letters as to his wife the Queen of England; while to France she sung the same tune, swearing that she would do anything that Henry wished when immediate fulfilment could be no longer demanded of her. The English lords conveyed their charge to Flushing, where they left him, as Leicester scornfully said, stranded like a hulk upon a sandbank. He was installed as Duke of Drabant, and the States took an oath of allegiance to him, Leicester jesting at the ceremony as a pageant and idle illusion. The Prince of Orange intimated that he was accepted by the States only as a pledge that England would support them; if England failed them, they would not trust their fortunes to so vain an idiot; while in affected agony at his loss, she declared that she could not bear to think of her poor Frog suffering in those stagnant marshes, and that she would give a million to have him swimming in the Thames again." (Vol. v. pp. 453, 454.)

The Babington conspiracy was the last and the most formidable of the great plots intended to overthrow the Protestant throne of England by foreign invasion, by restoring Mary Stuart to power and liberty, and as a preliminary step, by the murder of Elizabeth. The principal persons implicated in this audacious attempt were convicted on the clearest evidence, which was confirmed by their own mutual denunciations and confessions, and is now further corroborated by the correspondence preserved in the archives of Spain. The plan was to despatch the Queen first, and afterwards Cecil, Walsingham, Hunsdon, and Knollys. This being done the sanguine Mendoza, who was then in Paris, cognizant of all, thought the revolution would be

accomplished on the spot. Philip II., delighted that Mary had bequeathed to himself her right of succession to the crown, to the exclusion of her heretical son, authorized Mendoza to give the Catholics the most positive assurances of his active support, and even ordered the Prince of Parma to sail instantly for the shores of England on hearing that Babington had accomplished his object. Within a few months of this time the Prince of Orange had been "taken off" by similar means, no doubt the danger of Elizabeth was extreme, and the ruffians and fanatics who had contrived the plot richly deserved the fate which overtook them.

But the principal interest of the Babington conspiracy lies in the fact that it cost, not Queen Elizabeth, but Queen Mary, her life: that it was deliberately and designedly used by the Ministers of Elizabeth to bring her rival to destruction, and that although Walsingham certainly did not originate the plot of Babington, he encouraged, directed, and even assisted it for the purpose of turning it to the total ruin of its authors. Mr. Froude calls this counterplot of Walsingham's "an ingenious plan to obtain political information;" whilst he reserves for his opponents the remark, "that human obligations are but as straws before the fascinations of theology; but there is no villany which religious temptation will not sometimes elevate into the counterfeit of virtue." But the fact is that theology and religion have nothing to do with the matter. Walsingham acted no doubt from patriotism and loyalty to his sovereign. But high motives sometimes render men only the more insensible to the wickedness and infamy of the means they employ. That was the accursed doctrine of the Jesuits, which hurried them into a thousand crimes. But we are at a loss, on grounds of truth and morality, to distinguish from the worst of their practices the final practices of Walsingham and Elizabeth against Mary Stuart.

The scheme was to obtain such a command over the secret correspondence of the imprisoned Queen, without her suspecting it, that she might gradually be led on to furnish under her own hand evidence of a conspiracy sufficient to bring her within the provisions of the

Statutes of Treason. We shall describe the method taken to effect this object in Mr. Froude's words:—

"There was one way, and perhaps only one, by which all these questions could be answered. The Queen of Scots must be again enabled to open a correspondence which she and her friends could believe to be perfectly safe, and her letters and theirs must be passed through the hands of Walsingham. Round her, so long as she lived, conspiracy, whether European or English, necessarily gathered. Nothing had been done in the past, and nothing had been projected, on which her advice had not been first asked and taken. She had agents at every Court, who took pains that at least to her every fibre of the truth should be known. Political correspondence throughout her residence in England had been the occupation of her life. So long as she resided with Lord Shrewsbury her servants had been under loose surveillance. They walked and rode where they pleased. They visited their neighbors and received visits in return. Both they and their mistress required their wardrobes to be replenished, their libraries to be supplied with fresh volumes from London and Paris. Luxuries and necessities came continually to Sheffield, and sometimes letters were enclosed in the frames of the boxes, or concealed beneath the linings or between the planks. Sometimes a small roll of paper was sewn into the hollowed heel of a new shoe or boot. Sometimes a set of handkerchiefs from the milliner would be written over with invisible ink, or again, ciphers intelligible to herself or her secretary were noted on the margins of new books." (Vol. vi. pp. 210, 211.)

After her removal to Tutbury under the stricter jailership of Sir Amyas Paulet, the control over her correspondence was more severe. It was therefore necessary to afford to the Queen a special mode of carrying it on, which she should deem impregnable secret, but which should all the time place her most private thoughts in the hands of her accusers.

"Delicate contrivance was necessary. It would be unsafe to admit the castle officers into the secret, and the usual inspection therefore would have to continue, and be in some way evaded. Her own suspicions, also, would be excited if access to her was suddenly made easy. One letter or one packet would not be enough. What Walsingham wanted was a sustained, varied correspondence with many persons, protracted for an indefinite time—with the Pope, with Philip, with her son, with the Arch-

bishop of Glasgow, with Guise, Mendoza, and the English refugees. In possession of this, he could either convince his mistress of her own unwisdom, or satisfy himself that she was right, and that the treaty might safely go forward. But the problem was an extremely difficult one. He must find some one who could obtain the confidence of all these persons, and induce them to trust him with their letters. He must in some way or other enable this person to convey the letters to the Queen of Scots and convey back her answers. He dared not venture the experiment without Elizabeth's permission. She gave it, and she kept the secret to herself." (Vol. vi. p. 212.)

The plan was this. A double-dyed scoundrel was found by Walsingham, who, whilst he belonged to the honorable Catholic family of Gifford, and had been brought up a seminary priest, nevertheless offered his services to the English Government to betray the party to which he belonged. He had every qualification to inspire confidence to his victims, and every gift of baseness to adapt him to the purpose of his employers. Even his father's house had the advantage of adjoining the estates of Chartley, to which Mary had now been removed, and he knew the locality like a school-boy.

"At once there dropped upon her, as if from an invisible hand, a ciphered letter from her faithful Morgan. Paulet had been taken into confidence, with Philipps, Walsingham's secretary, an accomplished master of the art of cipher, and one other person whose assistance Philipps had secured—a brewer at Burton who supplied Chartley with ale. A separate cask was furnished for the Queen of Scots' ladies and secretaries; a hint was in some way conveyed to Nau to examine it closely, and when the ale was drawn off there was found at the bottom a small watertight box of wood, in which was Morgan's packet. It contained an introduction of Gilbert Gifford, as 'a Catholic gentleman, well brought up in learning,' on whom the Queen of Scots might thoroughly depend, and with whose assistance she might correspond with himself and with her other friends in England and elsewhere. The cask came in weekly. The box re-enclosed in the empty barrel would carry out her answers, and the chain of communication was at once complete.

"The brewer had been purchased by high and complicated bribes. He was first paid by Walsingham; next he was assured of lavish rewards from the Queen of Scots, which to secure her confidence it was necessary to per-

mit him to receive. Lastly, like a true English scoundrel, he used the possession of a State secret to exact a higher price for his beer. Philipps came to reside at Chartley under the pretence of assisting Paulet in the management of the house. Every letter conveyed to the Queen of Scots and every letter which she sent in return was examined and copied by him before it was forwarded to its destination, and Morgan's introduction of Gifford, which betrayed her into Walsingham's hands, was the first on which he had to exercise his skill." (Vol. vi. pp. 218, 219.)

Thus accredited and introduced, Gifford became master of the Queen's correspondence, and other agents skilled in the base arts of deciphering and unsealing letters were sent down to Chartley to avoid all suspicious delay in the transmission of the papers. The copies of these deciphered letters which were made for Burghley, Walsingham, and Elizabeth, are still in the State Paper Office.

It must be remembered that at the time this detestable expedient was invented to entrap Mary into dangerous disclosures, no conspiracy was in existence. Mary was removed to Chartley in September, 1585. Gifford was introduced to her as a trustworthy agent in October. No doubt Mary corresponded with the Catholic Powers: she was eagerly intent on the recovery of her freedom and on the interests of her party throughout Europe. But was there anything criminal or treasonable in her correspondence? That was the question. It was fully six months after the letters of Mary were systematically stolen, broken open, and re-copied by the agents of Walsingham, that the Babington conspiracy first gave signs of its existence in England. Ballard, the prime mover in it, was one of those fanatics, mentioned by Mr. Froude for another purpose, who had obtained the sanction of Gregory XIII. to the crime of regicide. Six young men of family were associated with him, and bound themselves by vows and oaths to commit the murder.

Mr. Froude justly remarks, that "if there was a person from whom the conspiracy ought most carefully to have been concealed, that person was Mary Stuart," except as regarded her own deliverance from captivity. Nevertheless Morgan, her agent in Paris, had the folly

to introduce Babington to her as a person who might be trusted, and to place them in communication by sending them copies of the same cipher. Babington addressed letters to Mary full of mysterious hints, and Morgan himself had the imprudence to tell her in a post-script, "There be many means in hand to remove *the beast that troubles all the world*." Elizabeth, too, read the words, and endured the danger in order, says Mr. Froude, "to test her kinswoman to the bottom." But as yet Mary had only vouchsafed to Babington a few lines of courteous recognition. On the 12th July, Babington wrote again to the Queen, giving her full details of the intended plot, and adding: "For the dispatch of the usurper from the obedience of whom they were by the excommunication of his Holiness made free, there were six gentlemen, his private friends, who, for the zeal they bore to the cause and her Majesty's service, were ready to undertake that tragical execution."

"The interest grew deeper. Babington's letter was given immediately to Gifford; it was examined by Walsingham before it left London, and was forwarded by the usual road; and Philipps, who had been in London and had there deciphered it, returned to Paullet at Chartley to watch the effects. Mary Stuart knew Philipps by sight; a spare, pock-marked, impassive, red-haired man, something over thirty. She had been already struck by his appearance. Morgan had suggested that he might not be proof against a bribe. She had tried him gently and without success, but she had no particular suspicion of him. He knew the moment when the letter reached her. He knew that she had read it. When she drove out in her carriage afterwards she passed him and he bowed respectfully.

"I had a smiling countenance," he said, but I thought of the verse—

"Cum tibi dicit Ave, sicut ab hoste cave."

Some remorse he could not choose but feel. She was in his toils, and he was too certain that she would be meshed in them. Another letter from her and the work would be done: "We attend," he wrote, "her very heart at the next." (Vol. vi. p. 238.)

To this letter, five days afterwards, Queen Mary's answer was returned. It was written, as afterwards appeared by the confessions of her secretaries, in the usual manner in which she conducted her secret correspondence. She dictated in

French to Nau the substance of what she wished to say; Curle translated it into English and ciphered it. On this occasion she wrote to Charles Paget, to Mendoza, to the French ambassador in London, to Madrid, letters expressing her conviction that arrangements had been made for her own escape, and that, with the aid of Spain, the rebellion which would ensue must succeed. Lastly, she answered the letter of Babington in a manner which showed her entire knowledge of the plot. "When all is ready," she said, "the six gentlemen must be set to work, and *you will provide that on their design being accomplished, I may be rescued from this place, &c.*" That letter, which was written and sent in spite of an express remonstrance from her own secretaries, cost Mary her life. The arrest of the conspirators, the transfer of Mary to Tixall, the seizure of all her papers at Chartley, the resolution to bring her to trial on this evidence, and her condemnation, immediately followed.

Looking at this question judicially, it is to be regretted that in this, as in the former instance of the inquiry into the murder of Darnley, the most decisive points of the evidence against the Queen do not exist, and were not produced, in an incontrovertible form, but as copies.* The Queen's letter to Babington of the 11th July was perhaps burnt, as she enjoined on him: at any rate it was not produced at the trial. The document which was produced was the deciphered copy in the possession of Walsingham.

* The same remark applies to the Casket letters, which were the most damnable portion of the evidence produced against Queen Mary before the Commissions at York and at Westminster, and the doubt attached to their authenticity is still the great argument used by Mary's defenders. This argument has been revived with considerable ability by Mr. Hosack, in a volume lately published under the title "Mary, Queen of Scots, and her Accusers," which we have read with much interest. Mr. Hosack's theory is that the Glasgow letters, written in English or Scotch, and undoubtedly addressed to Bothwell, were forgeries, and that the French letters in the same collection are genuine, but were in fact addressed not to Bothwell, but to her husband. We confess, however, that we think this ingenious mode of dealing with the evidence is unsubstantial, and that it is rebutted by the overwhelming and undoubted fact that Mary knew Bothwell to be the murderer of her husband, and yet immediately afterwards married him.

But the secondary evidence in support of it is very strong. It was admitted by Nau and Curle, the Queen's two secretaries, to be the letter they had ciphered by the Queen's command. Nau's minutes of it were found, and the letter was also acknowledged by Babington to be the same he had received. The Queen herself denied it—but she denied having written to Babington at all or received a letter from him. When the copies were produced, she said they were the work of her secretaries, but that nothing proved they were dictated by herself: they might have been composed by Walsingham. That reproach was probably false, but after the course Walsingham had taken, his conduct is obnoxious to the worst suspicions. He had surrounded Mary with double-faced agents, spies, false means of correspondence, and every engine to tempt her on to her destruction; he was eagerly watching for the success of his nefarious plot, which was but too probable: and certainly a man who would go these lengths to obtain evidence against a suspected person, before the offence was committed, is himself open to the suspicion of tampering with the evidence so treacherously obtained.* It is impossible to doubt that Walsingham's deliberate intention was not only to save Elizabeth, but to render the destruction of Mary inevitable; and though he had the sanction of his own sovereign for what he did, perhaps she did not foresee as clearly as her wary Minister the point to which he was leading her. Mary Stuart might

have been proceeded against capitally—at least in Scotland—for the murder of Darnley; she might have been brought to trial in England for high treason for the part she undoubtedly took in the Northern rising and in the Duke of Norfolk's rebellion. These offences were condoned. When, after nineteen years' captivity, she was condemned to die, the acts which brought her to that pass were the acts of others rather than her own—she had no power to originate or prevent them—the conspirators, on the contrary, intended to use her for their own purposes—her crime was an assent given to a scheme she had not framed, and that assent was obtained by the diabolical ingenuity of the man who accused her. Even Burghley was ignorant of the plot. It was Walsingham who struck the blow; but having struck it, and having laid bare the dangers that surrounded the throne and the country, it was undoubtedly very difficult to stop short of the execution of Mary and the completion of his design. Great as we believe the guilt of Mary Stuart to have been in many passages of her life, there are incidents in the life of her great rival which may be not unfairly compared with her own offences; and the transactions for which she laid her head on the block were neither the most clearly proved nor the most criminal of her practices. We cannot by any means acquit her; but neither can we accept, with Mr. Froude, the means which were employed to bring her to her end. It was not for the particular offence, but on the general charge of popery and hostility to England, that the voice of the nation was loud against her. "She was poisoned with popery," said the address of the Lords and Commons, "and was burning to destroy the Gospel in England and everywhere. She was a canker corrupting the minds of the people." In this popular cry of "Execute her! execute her!" there was also not a little of those "fascinations of theology and religious temptations which sometimes counterfeit virtue."

If then the legal view of the question is adverse to Mary, what are we to think of the policy of her execution? Are we to agree with Mr. Froude that "the political wisdom of a critical and difficult act has never in the world's history been

*The alternative of Mary's ignorance of the intention of Babington to kill the Queen, on the supposition that her own secretaries had used her cipher without her knowledge, or that Walsingham had contrived to forge the letter received by Babington from Mary, is discussed with great fairness and sagacity by Hume in a note to the chapter xlii. of his history. He arrives at the conclusion that these suppositions are in the highest degree improbable, but he suspects Walsingham of forging the postscript to the letter in which Mary asks to be told the names of the conspirators. We see no ground to support this accusation. Mr. Froude has followed the course of the narrative given by all preceding historians, from Camden; and he has added little to it. The only additional point in the evidence is the avowal of Mendoza to Philip II., that the Queen of Scots had told him in a letter that "she well knew the whole business." This is to be found in Teulet's collection, vol. v.

more signally justified"? It cannot be said that the execution of Mary diminished the dangers which surrounded the throne of Elizabeth at that moment, by removing any of the causes which threatened to embroil the Queen in war—that war which she so long dreaded and deferred, but which was now inevitable. It deserves to be remarked that the measures taken by Walsingham to entrap Mary into the avowal of some fatal design, coincided exactly in point of time with a decided change in the foreign policy of Elizabeth. In September, 1585, measures were taken for the removal of Mary to Chartley, which was an indispensable preliminary to Walsingham's scheme; and before Christmas in that year she was established in the trap. In August, 1585, the Queen of England had agreed to the treaty with the Low Countries, which caused some thousand English troops to be sent under Leicester to their relief, and she occupied Flushing. In September, 1585, Drake sailed on his second expedition to the Spanish Main, in which he plundered Vigo, attacked Cartagena and St. Iago, and again brought back the spoils of the western hemisphere. These were acts of war. In spite of the hesitation and prevarication of Elizabeth, it was impossible to dissemble their meaning and effect: and it is probable that the certainty of the impending struggle disposed both herself and her Ministers to deal more harshly with the Queen of Scots than they had hitherto done. Philip, on his part, was equally aware that the time for action was come. The preparations of the Armada were almost completed. Negotiations were opened at Rome to obtain pecuniary aid from the Pope, which was promised, but never given. On both sides the conflict was felt to be inevitable. It may therefore have been a stroke of sound policy to crush the hopes of the Catholic party in England by the destruction of the Catholic heir to the crown, and by binding Scotland more closely to the Protestant cause. But certainly the death of Mary did nothing to avert the danger of war. On the contrary, it rendered it more inevitable by the blood of the Catholic hostage Elizabeth had so long held in her power. The failure of the Spanish Armada and the deliverance of England were brought

about by totally different causes, over which the life and death of Mary Queen of Scots had no perceptible influence.

Mary was beheaded on the 18 February, 1587; and Philip, if he had kept to his purpose, would have invaded England before the close of the same year. He was already to a great extent prepared; England was totally disarmed.

"The crusade against England had been preached from pulpit and platform, and the chivalrous Castilians, whose creed was not yet a cant, and in whom the ardor of the crusade had been kept alive by the wars of the Moors, had come forward with enthusiasm to draw their swords for God and for the Virgin Lady of their devotion. Every noble family in Spain had selected one or more of its sons to represent it. Country hidalgos, of whom Cervantes was only the finest type, whose great-grand-fathers had fought in Grenada and Naples, and whose fathers had brought home scars from Lepanto, had volunteered as if for the war against the Saracens.

"The damage done by Drake, enormous as it was, had been repaired swiftly by the enthusiasm of the country, and by the beginning of the winter the most powerful fleet ever seen in Europe was floating ready for sea in the Tagus. Twenty thousand Spanish soldiers, and as many seamen and galley slaves, were collected in and about Lisbon, and at their head was the veteran Don Alvaros de Baçan, Marquis of Santa Cruz, whose boyhood went back into the wars of Charles V., who had destroyed Strozzi and the French privateers at Terceira, and had won Lepanto for Don John.

"The army of the Prince of Parma had been simultaneously reinforced. The gaps made in it by the siege of Sluys had been filled. In the November following he had thirty thousand Spaniards, Italians, and Germans, disposed at various points along the coast. He had collected an infinite number of the large flat-bottomed river barges for transports, and had taken them down to Dunkirk and Nieuport. He had a few armed hoys besides, and large boats for landing, and in addition, but unfortunately in the Scheldt at Antwerp, and therefore useless so long as Flushing was in the enemy's hands, 'thirty-one brave ships of war,' carrying each twenty or thirty brass guns. The army was kept together, apparently threatening Ostend, and the Prince reported that he was ready at any moment to transport the entire force to England if the fleet could hold the Channel while he crossed.

"Delayed as he had been by Drake, Philip had not parted with the hope that he might try the great experiment in the present year. He had arranged his plans in September, and

had prepared Parma for the immediate arrival of the fleet. He was then, he said, waiting only for the arrival of a few ships from the Mediterranean to send orders to Santa Cruz to sail. God, it was to be hoped, would take care of the weather; but the Channel being a dangerous place, and there being no harbor on the French or Flemish coast where large ships could ride in safety, the Armada was to proceed immediately to the mouth of the Thames and anchor off Margate. In that position they would hold perfect command of the Straits. No English vessels could show upon the water, and Parma could pass in safety and land in Thanet. Santa Cruz would bring with him sixteen thousand Spanish infantry, six thousand of the best of which Parma was to select and take with him, and he and the Marquis must then arrange their future plans. No time was to be lost, for the deeper the winter the more difficult would be the voyage; and the King therefore told him to expect to see Santa Cruz within a few days of the arrival of his letter. He was to hold himself ready to embark at a few hours' notice; every day that the fleet lay exposed would be an additional and unnecessary peril, and the consequences of a disaster might be most serious. He professed unbounded confidence, however, in Parma's prudence and judgment, and he did not doubt that with God's help all would go well.

"At that particular moment all conditions had been favorable. Henry III. and Guise were on the Loire, occupied with the Reiters. Elizabeth was obstinately refusing to hear of anything but peace, and was dreaming that she might tempt Parma to disavow his allegiance and set himself up as Duke of Burgundy. Her army in Flanders was falling to pieces, and shiploads of starving wretches were flocking back to England to clamor at the Council doors. No danger was anticipated from Spain, at soonest, before the following summer. The few ships which had been held in commission after Drake's return could no longer keep the seas without repair. The rest were lying unrigged in the Medway. Had Santa Cruz sailed before the end of September, as Philip intended, not a ship could have been brought out to encounter him. Parma, beyond question, would have crossed the Channel, and the battle of English liberty would have been fought not at sea but on shore." (Vol. vi. pp. 394-7.)

This first delay was in truth fatal. Before the next year Santa Cruz, the only seaman of Spain capable of commanding so great a fleet, had died. The forces of Parma had dwindled away on the sandhills of Dunkirk. Above all, the enemy was no longer unprepared.

The story of the Spanish Armada has

in countless forms been told. In the exquisite terseness of Hume's narrative, in the polished prose of Mignet, in the glowing pages of Motley, in the heroic strains of Macaulay. It will be told again in countless forms to every English child, and as long as the sea beats upon these cliffs or the English language is spoken in the world, the tale will stir the heart like the blast of a trumpet. But it has never been told with greater splendor of language, with a more majestic rhythm, or with more patriotic fervor than by Mr. Froude. Take as a mere example of his style, and as a living picture of the scene, the following exquisite sentences:—

"The scene as the fleet passed out of the harbor must have been singularly beautiful. It was a treacherous interval of real summer. The early sun was lighting the long chain of the Gallician mountains, marking with shadows the cleft defiles, and shining softly on the white walls and vineyards of Coruna. The wind was light, and falling towards a calm; the great galleons drifted slowly with the tide on the purple water, the long streamers trailing from the trucks, the red crosses, the emblem of the crusade, showing bright upon the hanging sails. The fruit boats were bringing off the last fresh supplies, and the pinnaces hastening to the ships with the last loiterers on shore. Out of thirty thousand men who that morning stood upon the decks of the proud Armada, twenty thousand and more were never again to see the hills of Spain. Of the remnant who in two short months crept back ragged and torn, all but a few hundred returned only to die." (Vol. xii. pp. 454-5.)

But the large draughts we have already made from his pages forbid us to extend these citations, and the narrative must be read as a whole.

Meanwhile, to whomsoever the glory of the defeat of the Armada may belong, it cannot belong to Queen Elizabeth. The wonder is that her marvellous fortune and the heroic gallantry of her servants prevailed over dire neglect, inexorable avarice, stupid incredulity, habitual irresolution, and the choice of an incompetent favorite, Leicester, to command the land forces of Britain. Had Parma landed at the head of his Spanish veterans, then the best infantry in Europe, we doubt not the native courage of the land would at last have hurled back the invaders; but it would have

gone hard with the raw bands of English volunteers under such a general as Leicester, who must first have encountered him. Mr. Froude says that "100,000 men, well officered and appointed, were ready at a day's notice to fall into companies and move wherever they were wanted." We wish we could think so. But if the men existed, what supplies were prepared to maintain them? how were they armed? where was their ammunition? what was the plan of the campaign? To judge by the state of the fleet, everything was wanting. In September, 1587, when Philip first sent orders to Santa Cruz to sail, there was not a vessel in the Channel carrying the Queen's flag larger than a pinnace. Drake's ships had been paid off and dismantled at Chatham. The Queen hoped that in six weeks peace would be re-established. Drake was ordered to lie at Portsmouth with three small vessels, and Lord Henry Seymour to cruise in the Channel short-handed. No victuals were in store. When the fleet again collected in Plymouth Roads, four weeks' food were served out and no more. The ships went to sea on half-rations. Drake and Howard ordered wine for the sick sailors, and had to pay for it out of their own purses. Powder there was—in the Tower; but it was not allowed to be used, and after a day's heavy firing into the Spanish galleons, the British ships were compelled to haul off, unless they had the good fortune to capture a few barrels of Spanish ammunition.

Nevertheless, who knows not with what consummate valor and seamanship the battle was fought? The mighty vessels of the Armada slowly ploughed their way up Channel, infested by a swarm of light antagonists, which poured into them torrents of fire and disabled many of them; and when they reached Calais roads, and were in direct communication with Parma, the daring tactics of Drake and Howard cut them off from the shore with fireships, and drove them forth in the teeth of the storm and the enemy to brave the terrors of the Northern Ocean. Nothing was wanting to complete their discomfiture; and when the baffled and shattered squadron endeavored to force its way round the Orkneys and to regain the Atlantic by the west, their ruin was

completed by shipwreck on the wild coast of Connemara and Donegal, where the wretched fugitives were wrecked, and robbed, and slain by their former allies, the "Irish wolves," who hurried down from their mountains to feast upon their spoils. On Philip II. the effect of these calamitous tidings, which came in day by day, was for the time crushing: "He shut himself up in the Escorial, and no one dared to speak to him." The game was played out, and he had lost it past redemption.*

At this point, then, Mr. Froude, somewhat abruptly, terminates his history. The dramatic interest of the period he has described is here, as we remarked at the commencement of this article, complete. The gallant and the free triumph, the wicked die like Mary and the Guise by the axe or the dagger, and the arch-plotter of all mischief shrinks back confounded in his gloomy cell. History, however, in reality knows of no such sudden breaks. The catastrophe of to-day is the parent of a new birth to-morrow; and no sooner does one actor vanish from the scene than another replaces him. The judgments of history are to be read, not so much in the fate of individuals as in the growth or fall of nations and in the long course of time.

We have not concealed some differences of opinion which separate us from Mr. Froude, and indeed it would be a bad compliment to so great a work to abstain from a critical examination of it. It breathes, to our mind, too fiery a spirit of partisanship, and justice and truth must sometimes suffer when they are exposed to so fierce a heat. But this quality only renders the work more interesting and attractive to the reader;

* In a recent number of "Notes and Queries" (November 20, 1869), Mr. Russell Martineau relates a curious tradition of which he has discovered traces in the Shetland Isles that the Duke of Medina Sidonia, commander-in-chief of the Armada, was wrecked on the east coast of Fair Isle, and spent the following winter there. Very probably some such accident befell one of the Spanish vessels, but there is abundant evidence that the Duke returned to Santander with his ship, that he shut himself up in his room, and as soon as he could move fled and hid himself in his country house. The tradition of his wintering in the Shetland Isles no doubt exists there still, but it is a mistake; some other Spanish officer of rank was probably mistaken for the commander-in-chief.

and if Mr. Froude is indeed resolved to lay down his pen for the present, and to leave the remaining years of the reign of Elizabeth untold by him, we hope it will not be long before he resumes his labors in some other branch of English

history or English literature; and we beg to offer him our best thanks for the industry, the eloquence, and the power which he has devoted to the task he has now accomplished.

Fraser's Magazine.

MR. MILL ON THE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN.*

BY SIR HENRY TAYLOR, K.C.M.G., D.C.L.

TAKING Mr. Mill's essay as the work of a philosopher applying himself on this occasion, not to an act of investigation, but to an act of advocacy, I cordially share the admiration generally bestowed upon it. Mr. Mill is of course intellectually incapable of overlooking, were he willing to perceive, much that lies beneath his argumentation and much that stands over against it; and his language of confidence and conclusiveness must be understood as belonging to the art of advocacy, dictating, for the moment and for the purpose, its own limitations to the reach and scope of his philosophic mind. He knew that to produce the effect he desired upon popular sentiments there must be no word, or but one word here and there, of doubt or hesitation, and that the most arduous and complex questions which human history and human life can present, must be dealt with by a bold, rapid, and decisive handling; and he knows also that this forensic suppression of half the question, and bogtrotting evasion of the difficulties, is perfectly justifiable in a philosopher when treating of a subject on which counter-advocacy is certain to be provoked; being indeed nothing else than the subdivision of labor in the cause of truth. †

But there is a third method of treatment which, though less popular, may not be without its use; and a sceptic who neither affirms nor denies many of Mr. Mill's conclusions may be allowed to cast his weak and wavering glances here and there upon two or three of them:

Some will object that a comparison cannot fairly be made between the government of [by ?] the male sex and the forms of unjust political power [political forms] which I have adduced in illustration of it; since these are arbitrary and the effect of mere usurpation, while it, on the contrary, is natural. But was there any domination which did not appear natural to those who possessed it?

And according to Mr. Mill what *is* natural is, that man should not arrogate, nor woman undergo, any rule of the one over the other.

If Mr. Mill's antagonists shall play upon the surface of the subject in the way he thus supposes, it may suit his advocacy to play with them, and I can understand how it comes that such a shuttlecock of a word as the word "natural" should be thus tost backwards and forwards. Had it suited Mr. Mill's purpose and his plea, he would have denounced the word as, in this application of it, either unmeaning or demanding divers developments in one direction and limitations in another to give it significance. He knows that whatever is (miracles excepted), is natural, and that that which is natural may just as well be evil as be good. Of course, if the word is to indicate any-

* *The Subjection of Women*, by John Stuart Mill. Longmans.

A Bill, entitled "An Act to Amend the Law with respect to the Property of Married Women," brought from the House of Commons 22d of July, 1869, and ordered by the House of Lords to be printed.

† It is observed by Miss Julia Wedgwood in her very admirable essay on female suffrage, that, "It is not the act of a partisan, but of an earnest seeker after truth, to contemplate any large subject for a time steadily from one side."—*Woman's Work and Woman's Culture*, p. 247. Perhaps, however,

it should rather be said that, whether it be or not the act of a partisan (for it is only in rare and exceptional cases anything else), it may be, and often is, conducive to the establishment of the truth.

thing that is relevant to the issue, it must have reference to something in nature so elemental, stable, and durable, that, whether it be good or evil, time and circumstance will find it indestructible,—something which, if evil, cannot be helped, and not only cannot be helped in time present, but never can be helped in this world's hereafter: it must mean that woman's subjection,—as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,—arose not merely out of variable operations of nature, which would make it natural in one sense, but out of an universal and perdurable law of nature, which would make it natural in quite another.

Taking the word in this latter sense, his arguments from assumed political analogies,—the conditions of slavery, of military subjugation, of civil despotism,—all mutable and perishable,—are misdirected. Russia subjugates Poland, and the subjugation and consequent subjection is natural, but natural only in the sense of being a result of nature variably operant through variable circumstances. It is according to nature that, in the main, governments should be the results of peoples. But peoples are subject to time and change. The people of Poland were, at the time of their subjugation, a people to whom anarchy and faction were natural. In this their condition, subjugation by a foreign power, and the consequent subjection, was natural;—natural, not by an immutable law of nature, but by a terminable operation of nature. The question is in which of these senses the subjection of woman to man is natural. Mr. Mill assumes that it had its origin in mere inferiority of physical strength; and could I concur with him in his assumption, I should so far concur with him in his inferences as to perceive that, if there is no other reason for it than that, the intention of nature might very possibly be that it should come to an end. Nature does not often mean what she begins with; and nothing is more natural than that physical strength, except in so far as it ministers to intellectual energies and mental health, should play a continually diminishing part in civil and social relations. It is, or seems to be, a permanent law of nature that woman should be inferior to man in physical strength; but the physical strength of man operates

powerfully or faintly according to circumstances. In savage tribes, and in the lower classes of civilized communities, it operates powerfully; and if the subjection of women were found in these alone, the inference might be that it was natural only as belonging to nature's fugitive operations; for savages may cease from the earth, and the lower classes may be raised to the level of the higher. But the subjection of women not only reaches to the classes in which the influence of physical strength is evanescent, but it is derivatively from those classes that the principle has found its footing in our jurisprudence; for it is by those classes that our common law was originally constructed, and has been from time immemorial administered, and in its administration, though modified and controlled by equity jurisdictions, yet essentially and in its general operation maintained. The reasonable presumption seems to be therefore that, both in times long past and more recently, some other ground-work than physical strength must have existed for the laws and customs giving predominance to man over woman. Does this ground-work, whatever it be, exist still, and will it exist always? Is the predominance to be sought in nature's grants to man in perpetuity or in her long leases? It is in the upper classes that nature commonly gives the earliest indications of a mutable purpose. It is they that first begin to float. For about two hundred years the Courts of Equity have found means to protect the property of married women of the upper classes by the device of marriage settlements, and thereby in some degree to detract from marital predominance; and in some countries, especially in the United States and in Canada, the common law by which the rights of property were denied to married women has been abrogated by legislation, and in this country there has been a current of opinion running in the same direction, and new legislation is in progress. Nor is it at all improbable that changes affecting man's predominance in marriage will proceed much faster than they have hitherto and much farther than the point which has now been reached. But it is precisely this accelerated movement of innovation and change in public opinion which is apt to hurry the minds

of some philosophers and project them into larger inferences of subversion to come, than a reasonable survey of the past and present may be found to warrant. If a modifying spirit is now at work, and may be expected to continue at work till much greater improvements have been made in the relations of the sexes than any yet in operation or likely to be immediately entertained by the Legislature, it is nevertheless not to be forgotten that for long ages, and in all countries, and in all classes of all countries, law, custom, and opinion have universally sanctioned and enforced some more or less predominance of man over woman; and it is reasonable to presume that had there not been a foundation less unstable than social circumstance for the predominance to rest upon,—had not the predominance been supported by some immutable law of nature,—nature's onward operations would have long ago, in one time or another, in one country or another, landed the sexes in *legal* equality at least, and, amongst the classes in which physical strength stands neutral, in social equality also.

More or less connected with the question how far the subjection of women is natural, in one sense or another, is the question whether any such subjection is expedient and just, and whether in one degree or another it will be so always. And here, again, I may follow Mr. Mill's example of adducing political analogies, and revert to my former illustration. If I have allowed myself to say that the subjection of the Poles to Russia is natural, using the word in its loose and popular sense, what I meant to convey was, not certainly that the government of Russia was good government. The quality of the government was not in question. But from the fact of its being natural we may infer the possibility that, bad though it be, it may be better for them than any other that is practicable. And as to the question whether it is just, we may have no doubt that it involves much and very cruel injustice, but whether it is on the whole favorable or unfavorable to justice will depend on the answer to another question,—whether there is more injustice perpetrated by Russians upon Poles than, in the absence of Russians, would be perpetrated by Poles upon each other; and if so in the

past, whether it will be so in the future, —whether, for example, in the course of time the cause of justice may not be promoted by the emancipation of Polish serfs as a result of Russian rule; and upon that comes the question whether Polish subjection may not cease, and whether, through the consolidation of classes or other regenerative processes, the Polish race may not attain to a fitness for political independence, and through the fitness to the fruition. And so of the subjection of woman to man. If it were natural only because women are not at present all that they should be and might be made, it should be regarded as good and just only in so far and for so long as women shall not be fit for independence; and we should be at liberty to admit that the time might come, or may be now at our heels, when it may be natural and fit that neither sex should rule the other, which is Mr. Mill's ideal of fitness; or that woman should rule man, which hitherto does not seem to be any one's ideal. But if the question is to be determined by the reference to history and political analogies to which Mr. Mill invites us, the conclusion seems to be that at which he has *not* arrived. For whereas the ground of difference between nations and organized communities, and even the ground of difference between races, is manifestly a shifting ground, and the history of all ages is a history of conquerors and conquered and of degeneracy in one race and invigoration of another, the difference of sexes, according to the same universal history, would seem to be a perennial difference, and the relations of supremacy and subjection arising out of it to admit of modification indeed, but not of reversal or overthrow. And if the historical argument be assumed to show that Poland may one day be fit for independence, and that independence may one day conduce, not to anarchy and strife, but to the cause of justice and to more of happiness for Poland, the same argument tends to show that that day will never arrive for woman.

The argument from history is, no doubt, as Mr. Mill asserts, in one sense one-sided. As history contains no record of woman released from man's control, we cannot form any notion from history of how she would demean herself, or

what would happen to her, if she were released. And thus, Mr. Mill argues, we have hitherto no measure of her capabilities. Let her loose, and then we shall know more about her:

I consider it presumption in any one to pretend to decide what women are or are not, can or cannot be, by natural constitution. They have always hitherto been kept, as regards spontaneous development, in so unnatural a state that their nature cannot but have been greatly distorted and disguised; and no one can safely pronounce that if women's nature were left to choose its direction as freely as men's, and if no artificial bent were given to it except that required by the conditions of human society and given to both sexes alike, there would be any material difference, or perhaps any difference at all, in the character and capacities which would unfold themselves.

And again (p. 117) he affirms, not only that in the absence of opportunities given we cannot know whether women could not do the same things that men do fully as well on the whole, but that he "sees not the smallest reason to doubt it." It is true that we cannot know from experience what women would be capable of should opportunities be given which have not been given. But what we do know is this,—that the opportunities which have not been given to women, women have not been hitherto capable of taking. Opportunities are the result of capabilities; more than capabilities of opportunities; though each is in turn, and to a certain extent, the result of the other.

Upon the ground of his supposed equality of capacities Mr. Mill proceeds to demand for women "equal justice," "equal rights," and other equalities,—always as something founded in nature; and he affirms (p. 79) "that society in equality is its normal state."

Let us listen, however, to a greater philosopher (and few are they that are greater) than even Mr. Mill. "*Intellectus humanus ex proprietate sua facile supponit majorem ordinem et æqualitatem in rebus quam invenit; et cum multa sint in naturâ monadica et plena imparitatis, tamen affingit parallela et correspondentia et relativa quæ non sunt.*"* And where in truth shall we find equality to be the condition presumable in the order of nature? Nature

renounces equality in races, renounces it in individuals, renounces it both in themselves as they are born into the world and in the fortunes that attend them. Breeds differ, and men of the same breed are by birth unequal in all sorts of attributes,—in stature, in health, in beauty, in understanding, in moral susceptibility, in energy, in passion. Of one man you can affirm little more than that he is not a monkey; of another little less than that he is not an angel. So are they born, and being born, the fate that awaits them is as diverse. One is rich, and his feet are set in a large room from the first; another is poor, but has it in him to become rich; a third inherits, and a fourth achieves, social or political predominance; a fifth becomes intellectually pre-eminent: whilst the multifarious multitude ranges through every variety of fortune allotted by nature to strength or weakness, stupidity or shrewdness; and through every variety also which is tost to the hand of one man or another by the chances of life. And amidst this nature's world of inequality, what is it that is meant by "equal justice," and has justice much to do with equality? Mr. Mill will say, no doubt, men are unequal, but let them have equal opportunities, and, freed from all artificial hindrances, be the agents and arbiters of their own destinies. If this be good for mankind, as is quite possible under certain conditions of society, let it be the object of our endeavors accordingly; and if Mr. Mill pleases, let it be called by the name of "justice;" but equal opportunities to unequal forces will by no means tend to insure equality of freedom or equality of fruits. Give all opportunities of aggrandizement to wealth, and will not wealth become an instrument of oppression? Give physical force all opportunities, and will it not revel in the pride of power? Remove all hindrances out of the way of intellect, and what tyrant on earth will be more insolent and aggressive? But "equal justice," it will be said, means indeed equal opportunities and equal freedom of action to all, but only so far forth as no wrong is done by one free agent to another free agent; that is, it means no more than that the shield of civil and criminal jurisprudence should

* *Novum Organum*, xlv.

be thrown over all alike. If this and no other equalization were meant, though it is a very sorry approximation to real and practical equality, yet there is a strong presumption in favor of it;—stronger, however, in respect of criminal than in respect of civil law; for the right to protection of the person is very large and general in its scope, if not universal, whereas property is the creature of law and expediency. But when we are further called upon to include in equal justice equality of social and political power, a much bolder advance is made into the region of hypothetical expediency, and we are brought amongst the equalities of which all that I will affirm at present is, that "Nature" and "Justice" have very little to say to them. Political power, as derived from political franchises, *may* be necessary to women in order to secure their personal protection. May or may not be necessary. Probably any amount of social influence which would suffice to procure the political power, would suffice, without the political power, to procure all the legislation required for the personal protection. And it never should be forgotten that power, in itself and for itself, is not, either in man or woman, a legitimate object of desire; nor is the lust of power at all the more legitimate because in our days that ancient siren so often takes the name and counterfeits the virtues of

The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.

Men may lawfully woo the siren for access to the nymph; but even men may only do so if they are fitting suitors. And if women demand a political franchise, they should remember that, if demanding it as something to be *enjoyed*, they show themselves *ipso facto* to be unfit for it; inasmuch as it is a function not a fruition, a trust and not a gift,—and a trust to be vested in those only, be they male or female, who are likely to conduce by their exercise of it to the well-being of the beneficiaries;—to the greatest happiness of the greatest number,—if that is the formula most acceptable to Mr. Mill—(always provided that the lesser number are not so tormented as to give suffering a preponderance in the total result). And when Mr. Mill demands the franchise for

women on the ground that they are equally competent with men, his inference is, in my apprehension, insufficiently supported. He should extend his ground and say that they are more competent than men, or that (if not more competent on the whole) they have elements of competency which are wanting to men. A constituency identical in competency will do no better for being doubled in number.

It is hard for any one not accustomed to form his opinions by jumping into the air, to come to any assured conclusion as to what sorts of people are competent to exercise political franchises. Theoretically and at first sight, one would say only those few who are qualified by high education and considerable gifts of intelligence to judge of political and legislative questions. Practically we know that the politically wise few are not morally good enough to exercise their judgment disinterestedly for the benefit of the many, unless controlled by the many. It becomes necessary, therefore, to give franchises to large numbers who are wholly incapable of forming a just judgment of their own upon political questions. They are quite as little disinterested as the wise few, and they are not more good; it is their being interested, and their being many, which makes them a desirable element of power. But the interest of large numbers is often opposed to the interest of other large numbers, and also to the interests and just rights of small numbers; and moreover the devotion of large numbers to their own interests is apt to be a blind devotion, tending to the destruction of the interests which they desire to cherish, as well as of those they desire to destroy. What seems expedient therefore, is, not so much that the many should give their attention to political questions and strive to do that which for the most part it is impossible that they should do,—form a just judgment respecting them,—as that they should perceive and acknowledge their own incurable ignorance and incapacity, and seek the guidance of the persons within their reach whom they may have reason to think at once capable and trustworthy. Many can judge of a man who cannot judge of a question; and the presump-

tinuousness of ignorance is less to be anticipated in forming the one judgment than in forming the other. Now, in applying these views to the question of women's eligibility for the suffrage, I think there is a good deal to be said for women's eligibility. Women are,—and I think justly,—generally supposed to have a gift of truer insight into the characters of men than men have; they have for the most part a higher value for goodness in men; and having more humility and a juster sense of their own incompetency to judge of politics and political questions, they may be more confidently expected, first, to seek for the guidance they need, and second, to know where to find it. Possibly they might be more open than men of the same class to what is called corruption; that is, knowing no reason why they should vote for one incomprehensible policy more than another equally incomprehensible, and knowing that £5 would enable them to provide medical attendance for a sick child or a less squalid and unwholesome lodging for the family, they would be more ready to indulge their domestic affections and commit one of those statutable offences which, in their eyes, does not wear the appearance of an offence against natural morality. But this I should scarcely regard as any serious evil. On the whole, therefore, if I were given to make wild guesses, (for on such subjects what opinion can be formed which deserves a better name?) I should incline to agree with Mr. Mill as to the expediency of giving the suffrage to women, though I should by no means agree with him as to the grounds for giving it.

We are now to pass from the grievances of married women as such, to those of women generally, suffered through legal disability or otherwise. And it would have been convenient if Mr. Mill, or some one of the able and thoughtful essayists whose views are to be found in the volume edited by Mrs. Butler,* had treated separately of the disabilities created by law, specifying the particular provisions of common or statute law to which they take exception. And further, in this as in many other cases in which

existing law is found fault with, a material advance would be made if the promoters of change were to reduce their notions to the form of such statute or statutes as they would propose should be enacted. If a man desires to know what he wants, and if he desires to enable others to know what he wants, and if he desires to know also, and to make known, what it is possible that law should give him, the best thing he can do is to draft his Bill.

All trading occupations are already open to single women, and will be open to married women if Mr. Russell Gurney's Bill should become law. Of the learned professions, the Law and the Church are closed against women. Medicine is not absolutely and imperatively closed by law; but under the law the medical schools and a medical board have it in their power to deny what the law renders indispensable. Women are excluded by law from being members of parliament, magistrates, jurors, mayors, aldermen, or common councilmen, members of vestries, and guardians of the poor. They are generally excluded by law or custom from holding municipal offices, or offices or employments of trust under the crown.

Now if all legal disabilities were removed, there is room for doubt whether women would occupy themselves much otherwise than they do at present: and whether they would or would not, I see no reason to deprecate the removal of most of these disabilities. It is a sort of case in which custom, when founded in what Philosopher Square calls "the eternal fitness of things," can dispense with legal sanctions—custom so founded being stronger than law; and if the custom be *not* founded in the fitness of things, then there would seem to be no good reason why it should be upheld.

As to facts of fitness, it may require some exercise of what may be called practical imagination, so to forecast the career of a woman in those of the learned professions not hitherto attempted by women, as to form a correct judgment of the difficulties she would have to overcome. In the Church we have abundant experience of women, as the wives of clergymen or otherwise, performing some of the more important of a clergyman's duties more effectively than men

* *Woman's Work and Woman's Culture.*

can perform them. "Sacerdos per Hic et Hæc olim declinatur," was said by a poet* of the twelfth century of the priest in the ages before he was condemned to celibacy; and since he has been redeemed from celibacy we may say it again. And if a clergyman and his wife make, not only one flesh, but not seldom one minister of the Gospel, I cannot affirm with confidence that there is any reason in the nature of things—whatever reason there may be derivable from Scripture—why there should not be a female clergy. It is hard to say whether some of the ministering functions for which women are better qualified than men should not be as highly estimated as the *officiating* duties of clergymen; and it may be a question whether some of these even might not be quite as well performed by women of a high order and an age more than merely mature, as they are by many of our clergy. About preaching probably more difficulty would be made. Women's preaching did not find favor with Dr. Johnson—"Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all." But in Johnson's time learned or cultivated women were much more rare than they are now, and they are now more rare than they may in no long time become, and in the proportion borne to learned and cultivated men, indeed, than they were 300 years ago. Nicholas Udall's account of the women of Henry the Eighth's time (given in his Epistle to Queen Katharine) describes a prevailing female proficiency which is more than we can quite claim for the present generation, but not more than we may hope to see attained in the next, when the class of women who now read more widely than average men of the same class, may come to read also more deeply. It may then come to be said once more—

What a number is there of noble women, especially here in this realm of England, yea, and how many in the years of tender virginity, not only as well seen, and as familiarly traded, in the Latin and Greek tongues as in

their own mother language, but also both in all kinds of profane literature and liberal arts, exacted, studied, and exercised; and in the Holy Scriptures and theology so ripe, that they are able, aptly, cunningly, and with much grace, either to incite or translate into the vulgar tongue for the public instruction and edifying of the unlearned multitude! Neither is it now a strange thing to hear gentlewomen, instead of most vain communication about the moon shining in the water, to use grave and substantial talk in Latin or Greek with their husbands of godly matters.

Now in women who have attained, or in process of time shall attain, to this measure of knowledge and intelligence, and who shall have ceased from vain communications about the moon, why, it may be said, should the gift of preaching be wanting? and from those who have it, why should the opportunity of employing it be withholden? And even if they should be unable to preach good sermons of their own, is there any reason why they should not preach those of others? Bishop Bull advised young clergymen not to preach sermons of their own writing; and probably there are few hearers of sermons who would not wish that the same advice should be given and taken in the case of very many clergymen, both young and old.

If I am asked, then, why there should not be a female clergy, I repeat that I know of no reason *in the nature of things* why not. But, on the other hand, I am far from confidently maintaining that there ought to be a female clergy. I am not convinced that I can understand the nature of things in matters hitherto unattempted and untried. Custom and customary sentiment is strongly against it. I am very far from being disposed to be servile to custom:

What custom wills in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique Time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heaped
For truth to overpeer—

But old and unbroken custom is, as far as it goes, a presumption in favor of what it supports; not only because old custom may be assumed to have proceeded out of a fitness (fugacious possibly, but not impossibly permanent); but also because it makes a fitness where there was none. Old custom is the parent of adaptations and conformities, often of

* Walter de Mapea. He translated from the Latin into French, at the instance of Henry II., the romance of the *Saint Graal*.

an enduring, sometimes even of an hereditary character. A generation of flax-spinners in Belgium who can count no forerunners, competes at a disadvantage with the last of successive generations in Lancashire; for want of the hereditary hand to manipulate. The minds of men have their transmitted aptitudes as well as their hands; and this teaches us that some old customs should be rather left to be undermined than sought to be overthrown. To speak "as one having authority," belongs, in the present generation, to man rather than to woman. A long time must elapse and a change of opinion on the matter in question be slowly brought about (if it can be brought about), before any change of law can be contemplated.

Mr. Mill does not mention the Church as a career to be thrown open to women. Perhaps he does not think it worthy of them. He does mention the law; whereas I, on my part, am disposed to think, that this is one of the learned professions which is unworthy of women; and also that there is a special unfitness on the part of women to undertake it. It was called by Serjeant Maynard, "*ars bablativa*." If it were so, it would be quite as little suited to highly educated women as to intellectual men. But it is not so, and it is from another point of view that I object to it. Mr. Mill affirms (p. 95) that if he can show that women should be admitted to public functions, it ought to be granted that they are admissible to all other occupations. But when he has to meet objections to "girls in their teens," and "young wives of two or three and twenty," he says these are not the persons in question, but rather "widows or wives of forty or fifty" (p. 185). But I would ask Mr. Mill how a widow or a wife of forty or fifty is to jump into practice at the bar without having been brought up to the bar from her early girlhood? "Commencez par le commencement, Belier, mon ami," and let us in the first place follow the small foot of our law pupil to the chambers of the Special Pleader, who is her tutor, and see what happens. There we behold her seated,

Among the blest, the chosen few
(Blest if their happiness they knew),
Who for three hundred guineas paid
To some great master of the trade,

Have, at his rooms, by special favor,
His leave to use their best endeavor,
By drawing pleas from nine till four
To earn him twice three hundred more;
And after dinner may repair
To 'foresaid rooms, and then and there,
Have 'foresaid leave, from five to ten,
To draw the 'foresaid pleas again.*

At ten o'clock at night, therefore, after a day spent with a company of assiduous young gentlemen, distinguished by that modesty and backwardness which guarantees success at the bar, we are to trace the small footstep back through Holborn or the Strand to her confiding parents, or her solitary lodgings, as the case may be. A year or two having been so passed without adventures, and the young lady having kept her terms at the Temple or Lincoln's Inn, she hires convenient chambers and half a clerk, and receives attorneys and others who may have occasion to transact business with her. Then come the circuits and the attendance in courts, civil and criminal, where she acquires a daily familiarity with all the villanies that are done under the sun, and all the vices that mix themselves up with indictable offences or lead to litigation. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," may have been the admonition conveyed to her mother or her grandmother when they were girls, and remembered even when they were "widows or wives of forty or fifty;" but it is the business of our learned friend to handle everything, making the most or the least of each atrocious or scandalous offence, according to the part she is called upon to take in attacking or defending it. Mr. Mill (p. 117) "sees not the smallest reason to doubt" that she would perform her task fully as well as a man; and therefore we may expect to see her in due season mount the bench (whence, unless by that time a feminine or emasculated majority in Parliament shall have

* Anstey, *Pleader's Guide*.

† I quote the passage in which the general proposition is contained, of which I make here a specific application. "Like the French compared with the English, the Irish with the Swiss, the Greeks or Italians compared with the German races, so women compared with men may be found on the average to do the same things, with some variety in the particular kind of excellence. But that they would do them fully as well on the whole if their education and cultivation were adapted to correcting, instead of aggravating, the infirmities incident to their temperament I see not the smallest reason to doubt."

abolished punishment by death), we may hear her, after duly exchanging her wig for the black cap, sentence a prisoner at the bar to be taken to the place whence he came, and be hanged by the neck until he is dead. Looking at this career, in its several steps and stages, from one end of it to the other, I am of opinion that a good girl would rather herself be hanged by the neck than undertake it.

Of the learned professions there remains medicine. In this some experiments have been already made, and more are in progress; and I think they ought to have a fair trial, and that the Act of 1858, and any other obstructive provisions of law, should be so amended as not to empower public medical authorities to refuse the right to practice to women whose qualifications are the same as those which entitle men to practice. In some branches of practice, female practitioners, if competent—and I see no reason why they should not be competent when duly instructed—would be manifestly preferable to male. In other branches, anatomical studies, and the necessity of dissection, would be stumbling-blocks on the threshold; and there may be some difficulties—shown, however, in the essay of Miss Gex Blake,* not to have been insurmountable in other ages and countries, and which, it may be hoped, will not be found wholly so in ours—in the way of opening medical schools to female pupils. No one, it is true, would desire to see girls of our time explore such fields of physiology as were treated by Abella and Trotula in the middle ages (if the work ascribed to the latter was really hers); and whatever limits should be assigned to lecturers and teachers, the mixing of male and female pupils would seem to be, in our time and country at least, undesirable. In our medical schools those of the students whose nature is not its own prophylactic are said to take a taint of hardness and coarseness in the crude season of their early professional training which it requires some years of maturer life and the humanities of their calling to correct. On the other hand, however, it may be said that feminine nature, if spared all unnecessary contact with masculine in the process, is in itself so much less corruptible in this kind, that

it may be better fitted for the trials to be encountered; and though most women will probably shrink from such trials, there may be not a few with pure minds and brave hearts who will not; and if a new vocation shall be provided for these, and one of an order and quality so high and beneficent a great object will be gained for mankind. But at first, and unless and until medical schools exclusively female can be constituted, the difficulties to be met with must be real and formidable; and when we find Miss Gex Blake making light of them, we cannot but think that she attributes to women generally some qualities, some powers, and some immunities which are exceptional and rare, if not peculiar to herself. Those women who can write as she has written may be able to command the respect which she commanded from the young students in medical schools, whether English or foreign. But the women who can write as she has written are assuredly not many.

Leaving the learned professions we come next to employments in the public service. Mr. Mill would have women to be considered eligible for all such employments, from the cabinet minister's to the clerk's. And, of course, he would have them to be eligible for seats in Parliament.

Now as to clerkships and employments in the public service of that class and kind, before the Government is called upon to give girls and women appointments in public offices, it would be well to inquire why they are not employed in similar capacities in the counting-houses of bankers or merchants, or the offices of railway companies. It is not, I think, because they are considered incompetent to the transaction of the business usually transacted by clerks. They are employed by retail dealers; and they do the book-keeping of shops, if not as well as men, yet well enough. I can only account for their exclusion by ascribing it to the inconvenience of mixing the sexes in the transaction of such business as is to be transacted in rooms, not, like shops, open to public view; and to the reluctance of employers to assume the serious responsibility of looking after girls and women in matters of conduct and character. Men are left to take care of themselves; the care

* *Woman's Work and Woman's Culture*, p. 114.

they do take is often not much; but if girls were left to take as little, the consequences would be what the world considers worse.

If the inconvenience of mixing the sexes is a sufficient reason for excluding women from the counting-houses of merchants and bankers, it is a reason more than sufficient for their exclusion from Government offices. The discipline of Government offices is necessarily much more lax than that of counting-houses. The clerk employed by the Government holds his office in these days, not so much during good behavior, as during what is not extravagantly bad behavior; for the misconduct must be flagrant and distinctly provable to induce heads of departments to face the difficulties attending a dismissal—difficulties possibly to include a grievous sacrifice of public interests by wasting the time of the House of Commons. Members of that House will sometimes inflict such a sacrifice on very slender grounds; and if they will do so in favor of a male delinquent who pretends that he has been hardly used, much more, and with much more chivalrous pertinacity, would they do so in favor of a female delinquent. Such being the lions in the path of the public employer, the private employer, on the contrary, has only to say, "You do not suit me: go elsewhere."

As we proceed upward in the scale of social rank and civil employments, difficulties increase; and the position of women called upon to exercise authority over men, and of men called upon to render obedience, presents new elements of incongruity. In shopkeeping life, men serve under women, as well as women under men; in domestic life, men servants obey ladies; but it may nevertheless be a question whether ladies could conveniently exercise authority over gentlemen, or gentlemen over ladies. Distinctions of class may be said to be conventional distinctions; but conventional distinctions are real distinctions. Under the operation of natural laws controlling the sensitive-rational imagination of man, conventional distinctions have their substantial and inevitable incidents; and of these it is but a juvenile philosophy that would refuse to take account. Should I be asked why, if a lady can exercise authority over her footman, a female Secretary of the Treasury should not

exercise authority over the clerks in that department, I answer that not only difference of education, but distance in social position, gives facilities in the one case which are wanting in the other; and this distance constitutes the irrelevancy of the example of queens adduced by Mr. Mill to show that civil authority can be fitly vested in women. If I am asked why, conversely, the gentleman filling the office of Secretary to the Treasury should not have young ladies under him as junior, and old ladies as senior clerks, the answer is the same: proximity of social position generates relations between ladies and gentlemen which are incompatible with the assumption of official authority by either sex over the other.

Seats in Parliament involve incompatibilities quite as forbidding. Mr. Mill says, "If the political system of this country is such as to exclude unfit men, it will equally exclude unfit women" (p. 97). As the political system of the country is not, and is not likely to be, such as to exclude unfit men, it is hardly necessary to inquire whether Mr. Mill is right in saying that, if it were, it would exclude unfit women; and the more pertinent inquiry is, whether unfit women would not be a worse element than unfit men; and whether the admission of the unfit of both sexes would not aggravate the unfitness of the unfit members of each. The rough treatment with which man meets man in debate could not be employed by man meeting woman, let the woman be ever so unfit; and if it were, the probability is that the woman would cry. The interference of the Speaker, if a man, could not be exercised towards women with the freedom with which it is exercised towards men, and yet the liberty of speech indulged by women in debate would probably be much larger than that usually permitted to men.

Having come to the end of his argument in favor of admitting women to posts and employments from which they are excluded, Mr. Mill is met by some questions as to how they prosper in some of the higher employments from which they are *not* excluded—in sciences, arts, and literature. He admits that in these kinds no production entitled to the first rank has been the work of a woman; and his endeavor is to account for this "with-

out supposing that women are naturally incapable of producing them" (p. 126). A series of causes are assigned for this state of facts; but from beginning to end of the series we have to ask what, if not natural incapacities, are the causes of those causes. It is only three generations since women have begun to bestir themselves (p. 127). Their inferiority in science and philosophy is from want of originality (p. 128). Their want of originality is from want of knowledge to bring them to the point from which originality takes its start, and their want of knowledge is from want of education (pp. 128, 130, 136). Their inferiority in literature is owing to men having created a literature before women wrote, so that women became imitators of men as the Romans of the Greeks (p. 132). Their inferiority in the fine arts is because they have not pursued them professionally (pp. 133-4). They do not desire fame, nor

Scorn delights and live laborious days;

and this is "only the natural result of their circumstances," and society has so ordered things (pp. 140-1). Throughout this array of reasons we have to ask at every step, why is it thus? What are the reasons of those reasons? Why did not women go to work sooner? why did they not find their way to education and knowledge and originality? why did they let men create a literature, and not take care to be in at the creation? why have they not pursued the fine arts professionally instead of superficially as amateurs? Why should society, which is male and female, have placed its one moiety more than its other equally capable moiety in circumstances unfavorable to lofty aims? Surely the one cause causative of all these proximate causes is not to be found in man's superior strength of body; and yet, from one end to the other of Mr. Mill's treatise, dig and delve as we may, no other root of doctrine is to be reached.

And here I come to a curious evolution of Mr. Mill's in his contention for the claims of women. He rebukes with scorn the "silly panegyrics" on the superior moral nature of women offered by those who depreciate their intellectual nature, and he instructs us that such

empty compliments must provoke a "bitter smile from every woman of spirit;" seeing that there is "no other situation in life in which it is the established order, and considered quite natural and suitable, that the better should obey the worse" (pp. 142-3). I hardly know by what spirit "a woman of spirit" should be said to be animated, who should resent the opinion that women are morally superior to men, even when entertained by a person who ventures to think that they are intellectually unequal. For myself, though I do not positively deny the intellectual equality, I see some reason to doubt it; and as I might easily be betrayed into the panegyric in question (if an estimate ascribing a specific superiority is to be styled a panegyric), I feel as if I might at any moment be confronted by the formidable "woman of spirit" and withered by her smile. But, in truth, the difference between Mr. Mill and me has a deeper source than any mere difference in our estimates of the intellects and capabilities of women. His language, which seems so strange at first sight, is the language of indignation at those usages and doctrines by which he conceives that women suffer the loss of independence; and the deeper difference between him and me is in our respective views of the nature and value of the independence they lose. In taking stock of the benefits to ensue on redeeming women from subjection, he says:—"It would be a grievous understatement of the case to omit the most direct benefit of all, the unspeakable gain in private happiness to the liberated half of the species. . . . After the primary necessities of food and raiment, freedom is the first and strongest want of human nature. . . . the freedom of action of the individual—the liberty of each to govern his conduct by his own feelings of duty, and by such laws and social restraints as his own conscience can subscribe to. . . . He who would rightly appreciate the worth of personal independence as an element of happiness, should consider the value he himself puts upon it as an ingredient of his own. . . . Let him rest assured that whatever he feels on this point, women feel in a fully equal degree" (pp. 178-9). I desire to ask;—first, is this a just estimate of the value of independence to men; sec-

only, is it a just estimate of its value to women; and thirdly, whether it be so or not, is it well that it should be so? Freedom and independence are not one, but diverse in kind and quality. One kind of freedom, which has its value no doubt in our eyes, is that of a man who is free to sell his independence; and many are the men who sell it in large measure for a small price,—not to provide themselves with “the primary necessities of food and raiment,” but to provide “le superflu, chose si nécessaire,”—very secondary necessities indeed. Another much valued freedom and independence is that which relates to politics and civil organization, and this has its uses in their construction, control, and conservation; and very noble uses they are, and yet the consequences thence proceeding are mixed. Mr. Mill says (p. 182), that “the love of power and the love of liberty are in eternal antagonism,” and that “when there is least liberty, the passion for power is the most ardent and unscrupulous.” If he means the antagonism whereby the love of power in one man is controlled and suppressed by the love of liberty in another, I agree with him. But if he means (and this is, I think, what he does mean), that the man loving liberty for himself does not also love power over others, I totally differ from him. And as of individual men, so of classes and combinations of men. In my judgment, the love of liberty is in almost all men, and in absolutely all classes and combinations of men, liable to pass into the love of power, to become blended with it, and ultimately, if no correction shall be met with, to be absorbed by it. I have been accustomed to think that there is no corruption of the passions to which human nature is more subject than to this.

But civil freedom, even when itself uncorrupted, is far from being one and the same with personal independence: the former is a poor possession in comparison with the latter; and the former is far from being in all its consequences and concomitants propitious to the latter. Personal independence is a high moral and spiritual attribute,—like other such attributes, in some measure subject to circumstances, and capable of being impaired; and it is, I think, a mistake to

suppose that civil freedom, conferring equal rights and equal opportunities of advancement on all men, does thereby cherish and promote in each man this precious possession of an independence seated in the heart. What it does promote is ambition, the mother of restless desires and disquieting apprehensions, and the very step-mother of independence, pursuing it “*novercalibus odiis*.” He whose natural wants are satisfied as he is, and to whom no opportunities of rising present themselves, if his lot be moderately easy, will be contented with it; whereas he who sees a path ascending from summit to summit always before him, will be tempted to pass his life in striving and struggling, and through uneasy aspirations to forfeit the true independence which walks hand in hand with contentment.

And again, “The only school of moral sentiment,” says Mr. Mill, “is society between equals” (79). If it were so, there would be no such thing as a school of moral sentiment; for, as I have observed already, there is no such thing as equality. But if there were such a thing and such a school, there are some of the moral sentiments which would not be taught in it, even if there were not some of the more or less immoral sentiments which would. “Let not the strong man despise the weak; and let the weak see that he reverence the strong.” That injunction is contained in the “False Gospels,” but it would not have been unworthy of a place in the true. Perhaps, however, all that Mr. Mill means is equality in the eye of the law. This there may be, and there ought to be, and in the main in this country there is; and where there is not, the effect is much the same; for the spirit out of which the legal equality has issued is sure to operate more powerfully in society than the law itself can operate, and there will be pretty nearly all the social equality that nature will permit (which is not much), and the school of moral sentiment will be nature’s school and not Mr. Mill’s. For, in truth, nature, which has made men differ from women, and has also made them differ from each other—differ in age, differ in health, in animal spirits, in energy, in personal attractiveness and in intellect, has provided such a school of moral sentiment as

could never be found in relations of equality. And nature furthermore, inasmuch as she has given men an imagination susceptible of impressions from birth, rank, wealth, pomp, and circumstance, has provided yet another school of moral sentiment through social and adventitious inequalities. These are said to be artificial because their derivation from nature is less direct than some other inequalities; but this makes but little difference; for, as in the case of Perdita's "streaked gilliflower"—

O'er that art
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes—

And what is it that is taught in these schools? Not only patience, forbearance, humility, charity, generosity; but, I will say also, if Mr. Mill will allow me, personal independence. There is, in truth, no purer independence than that of the man who, being contented with his own lot, is contented also to recognize superiority in another, be it of what is inborn, or be it of what is social and extrinsic; and there is nothing that strikes at the root of personal independence more than the jealousies of plebeian pride. We have this truth constantly before our eyes in our own country, for men's fear of being accounted by others of less importance than they account themselves, is the counterpart of the hope to rise above equals and to reach the level of superiors; and these hopes and fears are the necessary growth of our free institutions; and thus freedom, with all its progeny of virtues, is the parent of one vice, and that a parricidal vice: for the pride which is begotten of freedom preys upon its vitals. "The proud man, who is the poor man, braggeth outwardly but beggeth inwardly," says St. Jerome; and those who set most store by their independence are commonly those by whom independence is unknown; and who, moreover—by an inhibition issuing from their own nature and dispositions—let them rise to what position they may, can by no possibility achieve it. They are, and always must be, in want and in fear. Thus it is that free political institutions, whilst they may be relied upon to make a nation great and rich, and may be expected in

some ulterior result, let us hope, to make it, what is more important, good and happy, yet in the meantime and on some natures, perhaps on many, have a mixed operation, not more equivocal in relation to any of the virtues than to that of personal independence. The most perfect liberty of action and development may indeed

Of inward slave make outward free—

but that outward freedom is but a low step on the ladder of our outward progress; and it may be well, by way of counteraction to some accompanying influences of merely civil freedom, that the female half of human kind should be placed in a position more favorable than that of men for preserving the nobler and purer independence in which many are born, but which, in this country at least, not so many as one would desire are enabled to carry with them through the struggles of an active and eager life.

It is more than a quarter of a century since I have been out of England, and the continent as it is now and as Mr. Mill knows it, must present social aspects other than those with which I have been acquainted; but when I knew it, the looks, manners, and deportment of the middle classes in Germany and Italy seemed to express more of independence (in its natural combination with courtesy and contentment) than those of my own countrymen. Unequal classes met upon more equal terms. This I was disposed to attribute, partly no doubt to a temperament through which happiness was sufficient to itself and advancement in life was no great object, but partly also to the few openings upward in the social scale making some sorts of advancement impracticable, and *therefore* not an object at all. Perhaps no indication of the condition and character of a people is more significant than the human aspect of a street. It expressed to my eyes abroad, ease and independence, at home care and haste. When I look in the faces of men and in the faces of women, I seem to recognize a difference of the like purport in favor of the latter.

I will end as I began, with some notice of the general tone and tenor of Mr.

Mill's essay. I have spoken of the large measure in which matter of opinion is represented as matter of indubitable truth, ascribing it to the art of the advocate renouncing for a season the exercise of philosophic circumspection. But perhaps I should have allowed something also for the ardor of the man impelling the philosopher to overleap scientific restraints. And in this ardor I seem to recognize what is not new to me, except as what was old becomes new after many years—that incandescent philosophy so characteristic of Mr. Mill's school of philosophers, when I had the never-to-be forgotten privilege and delight of meeting them, some forty or five and forty years ago, face to face in debate. I find in undecaying energy after all this efflux of years the vigor of the intellectual athlete, the logical subtlety, and the gift of luminous exposition by which the school was distinguished; and along with these, I find traces yet left of a still happier gift which belonged to these philosophers

then, and which it might have been supposed would have faded away out of sight when their youth was past. Their felicity was that they knew not to doubt. Whilst other minds wandered in a purgatory of perplexities, a paradise of certainties was theirs. I envied and admired the clearness, the intrepidity, the bright and imperious decisiveness with which some of them delivered themselves of whatever doctrines they taught. Yet delighted and dazzled as I was, I sometimes felt that my faith in their doctrines would have been more if theirs had been less. And whilst I surrender no scintilla of my old admiration, the other feeling has rather grown upon me; I appreciate more and more that element of justness in opinion which consists in gradations of confidence or diffidence; and when opinions are flashed upon me without these pencillings of light and shade, I feel that there is something wanting to place them in the first rank of authority.

Dublin University Magazine.

THE PALACE OF THE CÆSARS.

"THE history of the whole world attaches itself to this spot, and I reckon a new birthday from the day I entered Rome," said Goethe in 1786; adding, "one may study history here differently from what one can in any other spot. In other places one has, as it were, to read oneself into it from without; here one fancies that he reads from within outwards. All arranges itself around you, and seems to proceed from you." Truly and wisely said; for standing on the Palatine, the most famed of Rome's seven hills, the great world drama mentally passes in review before you, like an actual pageant of to-day; and you feel that this was the fitting theatre for great deeds. And so vividly does the imagination, amid such surroundings, recreate the past, that the place itself seems thronged with the presence of those who live in classic story. The struggles, the triumphs, and the crimes of Rome are no dead letter of history to him who looks on the enormous ruins of the *Porta Romana*, or treads the marble ban-

queting-hall of the Cæsars. The presence of these material objects gives a wonderful tangibility to the past; the events which have happened there become henceforth a part of yourself; and somehow you feel that centuries of existence have been added to your own individual life. The reality which hope gives to the future, imagination lends to the past, and with Tennyson's "Ulysses," you exclaim, "I am a part of all that I have met."

Filled with this sort of personal interest for the old days, I went, during a late visit to Rome, again and again to the Palatine. On this spot tradition points out the site of the rude cabin of Romulus, and here are the extensive ruins of the sumptuous palace of the Cæsars—witnesses at once of the birth and the maturity of greatness. As Ampère has well observed, "the history of the Palatine is the history of Rome;" and he adds, "I see upon this mount a little seed, thrown by chance, as it were, but endowed with such singular vitality,

that it drew to itself all the surrounding elements necessary for its support; and fortified by this powerful assimilation, grew and threw out its branches, till at length it became an immense tree which covered the world.* The site of the Pelasgian fortress is no doubt in the midst of the enclosure where we now admire the gigantic ruins of the imperial palace.*

We are indebted to the Emperor Napoleon for rescuing this sacred spot from further obliteration and decay. His majesty purchased what was then called the "Farnese Gardens," from the Neapolitan Bourbons in 1861, for ten thousand pounds; and he now spends annually a considerable sum in excavating those vast ruins.

All students of archæology and lovers of art must feel grateful to the Emperor for the aid he has thus afforded them in the prosecution of their researches. Signor Pietro Rosa, the chief director of the works, is an antiquarian of first-rate ability; and in making him "the Conservator of the palace of the Cæsars," the Emperor has shown that he can distinguish and reward real merit from amidst a crowd of importunate claimants. Signor Rosa is working at a topographical map of the environs of Rome, which will be, when finished, a most valuable addition to the resources of the student. The geological character of the surface of the Campagna, and the surrounding hills is admirably given in this chart. I was favored with a site of it, and also received some verbal explanations from the author, which helped me greatly in forming an idea of this interesting class of country.

Before examining the progress of the excavations which have laid open

"Choked-up vaults, and frescoes steep'd
In subterranean damps,"

I will beg my reader to ascend with me the steps of a small tower, built as a look out in the Farnese Gardens. This elevation commands an admirable view

* We climbed up to the heights of these wondrous ruins, and stood at the broken window at which we fancied Nero stood fiddling while Rome was burning—an impressive scene. We eat delicious grapes in the gardens.—*Editor of the Eclectic.*

of modern Rome, embracing also many of the most remarkable monuments of antiquity. Before you is the Basilica of Constantine, and the *Via Sacra*, where of old Horace walked meditating his satires. To the right is the arch of Titus, and the Coliseum, and the picturesque fragment of the Temple of Venus and Rome. To the left is the Forum Romanum, and the arch of Septimius Severus: above it towers the Capitol, with its world history. The ill-omened birds of Mont Aventine fly over our heads: but away with all presage of evil, nothing can mar the delight of such a prospect—the sunlight of that hour has photographed the picture on my memory. The scene I thirsted after for years is fixed on my mind indelibly—the time-worn ruins—the modern palaces—the picturesque costumes—the sacred places, and the wide-spreading Campagna, glowing with every hue of color, bounded by the blue hills. The distant prospect recalled another state of things connected with that remote geological past which is not counted by centuries, but measured approximately by epochs of change. One is visibly reminded of the submarine volcanoes which produced the rounded hillocks of the Campagna, and which formed the *tufa* that constitutes the substratum of the district. It does not require any great stretch of fancy to realize the condition which obtained when the waves of the sea covered this part of the country. The Campagna is now not unlike a green ocean rippled into waves, from which the lonely Soracte rises as an island, and the Alban Hills as distant headlands

"Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte."

The physical phenomena, however important, fade in interest before the human sympathies which invest such a scene as this. The wilderness which surrounds Rome fascinates the imagination with an indescribable charm; the towers, tombs, and arches scattered over the wide plain serve to repeople the scene whose beauty, though present, has no life but in the past. In fancy one may behold again the glancing spears of the veteran legions, returning with the spoils of victory; or one may recall a cold

gray morning, and a solitary traveller on foot leaving Rome by the Appian Way—the street of tombs. The self-exiled Cicero, for he it is that my fancy has invoked, turns again, and yet again, to take a last look at the Palatine, where he has left all that is dear to him—his beautiful home—his beloved daughter.

I never see the *Via Appia* without picturing to myself that solitary figure, walking with hasty, irregular steps, and with arms tightly folded across his breast, crushing down bitter feelings of hatred, wounded pride, baffled ambition, and poignant regret.

There are common incidents at Rome which recall the past almost without an effort of the fancy. Who that has seen a funeral procession, with long files of Capucins bearing their wax tapers, but has thought of Virgil's description of the funeral of Pallas, son of Evander:—

'Lueet via longo ordine flammæ.
VIRG. *Æn.* xi.

Here we are reminded of the great antiquity of the custom of carrying funeral torches—a custom as ancient as the period when human sacrifices were first abolished; and thus the symbols and usages of our own day unite us with a remote paganism, forming sympathetic links, as it were, in the chain of humanity.

The name of Evander recalls the traditions of the early pastoral tribes, their wanderings, and their settlement. Virgil, in describing these simple Arcadians, the first inhabitants of the Palatine, contrasts their rude camp with the luxurious abode of the Cæsars, which in his time crowned the Imperial Mount. This palace then contained all that was rich and rare from the Far East, from beyond the snowy Alps, and from Greece, the home of art. Earth and sea had been rifled of their treasures to adorn the dwelling-place of the world's master.

The very name of this gorgeous residence on the *Palatium* has passed into modern language as the descriptive word for princely dwellings.

We, in our day, behold another change on

"This mountain whose obliterated place
The pyramid of empires pinnacled."

Generations of destroyers and centuries

of decay have left a perfect chaos of ruin, which it is the self-appointed task of another imperial master to restore to order, or at least to recognition; and already a mass of interesting facts have been brought to light.

During the process of unearthing the ruins, few objects of art, or articles of intrinsic value, have been found. The mutilated statue of a genius, and a gracefully-draped female figure, are amongst the most noteworthy. These are placed, together with, a variety of smaller things, such as coins, signa tegularia, and specimens of glass, in a museum on the spot, appointed for the reception of such art treasures and curiosities as may be found in course of excavation. In the last days of the empire, the Palatine must have been so repeatedly pillaged and sacked, that in all probability few portable objects of value ever will be found in the Palace of the Cæsars.

But the real interest lies in the identification of different historical sites; and whatever disagreement there may be amongst archaeologists respecting certain minor points, I think that there can be no doubt that Signor Rosa is right in attributing much narrower limits to *Roma Quadrata* than those ascribed by the antiquary Canina. The authority of a great name like that of the author of "*Indicazione Topografica di Roma Antica*" must not silence doubt or crush inquiry. Signor Rosa has evidently endeavored to disembarass his mind of foregone conclusions; and by close attention to the text of Livy, Ovid, Tacitus, and others who made reference to local facts relating to the old time which was before them, he has succeeded in throwing much new light upon the plan of the Palatine and its immediate surroundings. When the director considers that he has established his claim to the discovery of a sight, he places a large notice board on the spot, so that those who run may read; he further gives quotations and references to such ancient authorities as have assisted him in this work. The scholar may thus judge for himself the value of Signor Rosa's deductions.

It is only of late that the exact position of the *Porta Romana*, the *Porta Mugonia*, and the site of the cabin of

Romulus, have been thoroughly examined. We now know the whereabouts of the houses of Clodius and Cicero, and what is important, the *Clivus Palatinus*. This latter, ascending from the *Summa Sacra Via*, shows that a valley existed formerly which divided *Summa Velia*, on which stands the modern church of St. Buonaventura, from the ancient Palatine, extending from this valley to the Velabrum and the heights overlooking the *Circus Maximus*. This declivity, which in the early days of Rome divided the Palatine in two parts, has been mainly filled up by the débris from the vast ruins of the palace. Everywhere the modern city is many feet above ancient Rome; the effect of which change of level is damaging to the importance of the far-famed seven hills; but, like many things at Rome which at first seem commonplace and disappointing, the hills resume their pristine dignity when viewed through an historical medium and not through the dull eye of sense. After a residence of some time, I found a mental transformation going on within me respecting my impression of Rome; outward objects became a sort of index to my own fuller ideal conception, and the creation of my brain was to me more real than the reality. Other places are fairer, brighter, happier; but Rome once seen, you feel you must see again ere you die; and it is said if you drink by moonlight of the waters of the *Fontana di Trevi* that you surely will return. Who would not quaff the magic cup, drinking to united Italy?

The very name of the Eternal City has its root in the times of demigods and heroes—a time far anterior to that of Romulus. In Latin *Roma* is without meaning, but in Greek it signifies *Force*, which naturally leads us to attribute the name to a Pelasgian origin. Accepting this explanation, we see in the very name of their capital the characteristic features of the Latin race. In modern times the Anglo-Saxons, above all others, unquestionably inherit that gift of dominating power, that vitality which assimilates, that *force* which subdues; and standing by the wall of Romulus, I confess to an almost Pagan reverence for the very name which foreshadowed the triumphs of a race.

It is not many years since the wall of

Romulus was discovered; it is of stony tufa, and closely follows the plan of the Palatine. Near the point where the brazen plough, drawn by white oxen (according to the sacerdotal usage of the Etruscans), probably completed the circuit of the wall, viz., near the arch of Titus, Signor Rosa has discovered the steps of the Palace. This side was always the principal entrance, the *Porta Palatii*, as described by Ovid:—

"Inde petens dextram 'Porta est' ait ista Palati,
Hic Stator, hoc primum condita Roma loco est."

Not far from this spot was found the altar of a nameless deity who guarded the city. Ampère observes, "Olympus is always a reflection of the earth; and if you want to understand the man, consider the gods which he has made for himself." He further observes that the worship of Fortune, that unknown power which controlled the various accidents, changes, and chances of human destiny, was the true religion of the Romans; but this interesting matter must not tempt us from the more immediate subject of this paper—the excavations on the Palatine.

At Rome, where you suffer from mental repletion caused by guide books and other indigestible matter, there is always a great difficulty in keeping one's self to a particular subject. I was rightly rebuked by a Scotch professor to whom I made some remark about the Coliseum. "I am studying Rome chronologically," said he, "and as I have not yet finished the kingly period, I have not even looked at the Coliseum."

Let us return, then, to the subject-matter in hand. Signor Rosa has found some considerable fragments of the *Porta Palatii*: this entrance to the palace is identical with the ancient *Porta Mugonia*, so called from the sounds of the lowing cattle, as they passed out to drink at the waters of the Velabrum. Of the other great gate, the *Porta Romana*, there remain enormous blocks of ruin.

Near this spot we remained long in contemplation of the fragment of a beautiful white marble balustrade. We descended to this place through an immense arch, the grand framework of which, enclosing a portion of the blue

sky, produced a singularly picturesque effect. The intensity of the coloring contrasted admirably with the deep shade of the gigantic vaults and corridors into which we were descending.

The substructions of this mighty ruin of the palace are truly wonderful; they are so vast, so massive, that they seem as if built by men to whom the present race are but pigmies. The construction is clearly Etruscan, and would well serve as foundations for a later erection. Signor Rosa holds that he has discovered considerable masses of masonry which belong to the kingly period. It was at this spot that Caligula caused to be erected his famous bridge. It was thrown obliquely over the Forum, connecting his palace with the Capitol, for the purpose of enabling Caligula to converse conveniently with his colleague Jupiter!

There have been several chambers exposed to view in this part of the ruins, containing many interesting fragments of fresco and stucco decorations. Portions, also, of the pavement of the *Clivus Victoris* are here preserved.

I believe there are no acknowledged remains of the temple erected to the mother of the gods; but it was situated in this immediate vicinity, near the imperial palace. This edifice is known to have been round and surmounted by a cupola, on which, as Martial tells us, were represented in fresco Corybantes dancing in honor of Cybele:—

“—Quæ madidi sunt tecta Lycon
Et Cybeles picto stat Corybante domus.”
MART. *Ep.* i. 71, 9.

In our endeavor to re-create the Palatine of the old days, this edifice must not be forgotten, because its architecture was striking and the position commanding. Before Rome possessed permanent theatres of stone, it was before this temple that plays were very frequently performed. Here the people listened to the favorite pieces of Plautus and Terence. Here probably the well-known line—

“Homo sum; humani nil a me alienum puto,”

was heard and applauded for the first time. We may imagine the reiterated thunders of applause, which, history tells us, welcomed a sentiment so simply yet

so nobly expressive of man's independence. The shouts of approval were likely to be the result of honest and heartfelt conviction; for this was an age when the whole tendency of political progress was towards strengthening and consolidating the conquest of equality. When, recently, we celebrated the centenary of the poet who wrote—

“The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that,”

the popular voice echoed the feeling of republican Rome in her best days.

Speaking of a time anterior to the imperial possession of the Palatine, it may be interesting to recall certain facts relative to the houses of Cicero and Claudius—the sites of which have been identified in the course of the recent excavations. Cicero's house was upon the level space bordering on the *Sacra Via*. It had originally been built for Drusus. The architect, it may be remembered, boasted that he would so construct it that no one should overlook the inmates. To this Drusus gave the well-known answer, “Rather arrange it that all my life may be open to all eyes.” It was in a covered walk behind this house where Drusus received his death-blow from a mysterious and unknown hand. Some years later Cicero purchased the house from one of the Crassi, into whose family possession it had fallen after the assassination of the first owner. Cicero made it one of the most beautiful dwellings in Rome. He filled it with books, pictures, statues, and the richest furniture—one table alone is reported to have cost £4000. The principal façade of the mansion was towards the south—a desirable position even at Rome in the winter. But his windows severally commanded the most important and the most frequented parts of the city. He might occasionally see the pale-visaged Catiline pass by, returning to his home—also on the Palatine “walking,” as Sallust describes him, “now precipitately, now slowly, with the air of a madman.” The site of the celebrated conspiracy was afterwards absorbed within the limits of the Augustan Palace.

On one occasion, according to Roman usage, Cicero was appointed to lodge a royal guest, the son of the King of Armenia, in his magnificent house. We

may conclude that Cicero capped his house with an additional story, when he observed tauntingly to Clodius, "I raise my roof, not for the sake of looking down upon thee, but to shut out from thee the sight of that city thou wouldst ruin."

Cicero's house was to him the symbol of political success; for when he left the financial quarter of the Carinæ, and took up his abode on the Palatine, he associated himself with some of the greatest families of Rome.

All that he loved and cherished he left behind him that cold gray morning, when he quitted Rome by the Appian Way—a solitary wanderer, forced to seek in exile that safety which ungrateful Rome no longer afforded. We all know how, in his banishment, he regretted "the skies of Rome, the Forum, and his house on the Palatine." The fate of his beautiful dwelling is briefly told: it was confiscated, pillaged, burnt, and destroyed; then, finally, rebuilt at the expense of a consistent public. We look down upon the spot, standing upon the ruined dwelling of Cicero's greatest enemy. There is a little anecdote rather characteristic of this same Clodius, in reference to exchange of titles and conveyance of property, which is worth repeating. He wanted to enlarge his premises, desiring with this object to buy an adjoining house belonging to one Sejus; and to avoid the awkward contingency of either party being reduced to forfeit their word, Clodius released Sejus from his dilemma by poisoning him! After his neighbor's death, Clodius bought the house under an assumed name; and the enlarged dwelling became celebrated for its magnificence even in that luxurious quarter. Amongst the mention of conspicuous houses on the Palatine, that of Catullus must not be forgotten; also in close proximity to Cicero's house. It was remarkable for its domed roof and triumphal portico, the latter ornamented with spoils won from the Cimbri.

In the same neighborhood rose that stately building called "The Venus of the Palatine," the abode of Licinius Crassus. It was so named because the *atrium* was decorated with columns of marble from Mount Hymettus. On the same level as the house of Cicero stood

the dwelling of the Pontifex Maximus—sometime inhabited by Julius Cæsar.

At this period the robberies committed by individuals, together with the spoiliations of the state, had literally filled Rome with statues and other work of Greek art, which, as Müller says, might have been counted by the hundreds of thousands. The houses of the opulent citizens became veritable museums of art treasures; while the temples were regarded as places of exhibition for the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Phidias and Praxiteles. What a sight these splendid houses on the Palatine must have been, thus adorned by the wealth of Rome and the genius of Greece!

It is true, that as the artistic feeling increased, religious sentiment faded out of belief; but the loosening and breaking up of old creeds is no subject of regret when regarded as a preparation of the human mind for the silent revolution of Christianity.

If such were the costly abodes of the citizens of Rome, we may well imagine the surpassing magnificence of the Palace of the Cæsars. As we all know, Augustus commenced the Imperial dwelling, raising the building on the site of the houses of Cicero, Hortensius, Catullus, and Clodius. Tiberius enlarged it towards that portion of the hill which overlooks the Velabrum, and Caligula extended it towards the Forum. The mad extravagance of Nero absorbed not only the whole of the Palatine within the limits of his palace, but extended it as far as the Esquiline to the gardens of Mæcenas. This erection was burnt to the ground in the great fire of Rome. Nero then commenced the "Golden Palace," which embraced the whole of the Palatine, the Velia, and the valley of the Coliseum, together with the heights of the Thermæ of Titus, extending near to the Esquiline gate. This monstrous pile of building was not finished at the time of Nero's death; Vespasian reduced the limits of the imperial abode to its original site on the Palatine. It was not, however, completed till the reign of Domitian, who exhibited his taste by filling the palace with many of the rarest and most beautiful works of art which wealth and power could command. Septimius Severus added his *septizonium*; succeeding emperors rebuilt and altered the

palace at different times, and at length it was suffered to fall into decay in the reign of Theodoric.

This is briefly the history of the vast edifice amid whose ruins we stand. Each day almost fresh excavations reveal something more of these interesting remains. A large portion of the ground-plan of the palace erected by the Flavian emperors is already laid open to view. The pavements of marble, and considerable portions of the marble-panelled walls remain; and as these apartments have been unearthed, you can walk from one room to another, distinguishing their proportions and general aspect. In some places the broken columns and finely-chiselled entablatures have been set up, and other judicious repairs effected, which serve to restore the idea of the building.

Taken in order, the apartments which have been exhumed are pretty much as follows:—The *Tablinum*, a large quadrangular space of noble proportions, which, to the right, opens upon the *Basilica*, the walls and apse of which latter are well preserved—the width of the nave is remarkable. Here justice was administered. The *Peristylum* lies beyond the *Tablinum*; and descending into the so-called baths of Livia, we find some of the massive substructions of a very early period, which Vespasian utilized as foundations for his palace. Some beautiful fragments of arabesque painting, and some portions of gilt stucco ornamentation, are here preserved on the walls and roof. These subterranean chambers disclose the existence of enormous rectangular blocks of tufa. Ascending again to the level of the *Peristylum*, we proceed to the *Triclinium*, where it is supposed the unfortunate Pertinax was found when the Prætorian guards thundered at the palace-gate. In this apartment a great deal of the white marble panelling remains, and the inlaid pavement is well preserved. The *Nymphæum* opens to the right. The white marble fountain, of exquisite form, fills the centre of this apartment. It is now crowned by a tangled mass of glorious wild-flowers, but the proportions are perfectly preserved, and many rare fragments of the sculptor's art are lying scattered about. The surroundings of this spot contribute to make it one of the most

beautiful bits yet excavated. Enough is left of the costly chamber to show what it was; enough has been added by the graceful hand of time to make it a perfect picture. The frescoed domes have long since crumbled into dust, but the blue vault of Italia's sky is better than the painter's art. The wild acanthus and the feathered fern fling their luxuriant foliage over prostrate capitals and fluted columns, turning desolation into joy, and ruin into loveliness, by the mere spell of natural beauty.

The *Bibliotheca*, which contained the celebrated Palatine Library, has also been uncovered, and is in close proximity to the *Academia*. It has the same form as that usually adopted in our own lecture-rooms.

Not far from this are some recently-discovered foundations which appear to belong to the republican period, and which it is supposed may have formed a portion of the temple of Jupiter Propugnator. Also a number of vaulted chambers have been exhumed, bordering on the ancient road which turns from this point towards the Velabrum. These were of a humbler order; there is evidence of the tessellated flooring having been prepared; the workmanship of the earliest is very rude, and probably very ancient. The rooms are mostly small, and without artistic adornment; but the plain stucco sides are not devoid of interest. Looking attentively, you will detect certain faint scratchings on the wall, which represent some of various emblematic figures employed by the early Christians, and familiar to all who have visited the catacombs or the Lateran Museum. It is impossible to pass by without hazarding a conjecture upon the origin of these rude etchings. In all human probability, the restless fingers of some Christian captive, waiting for death in the arena, traced those symbols of the faith for which he had lived and died. Not the paintings of Nicias or Polygnotus—did they still exist on the portico of Pompey's theatre—would have power to move us like these simple outlines; void of beauty as of art, the expression of an heroic soul though of an unlearned hand trembling visibly at the sounds of that voluptuous revelry which echoed from the tyrant's banquetting-hall to the prisoner's cell! What scenes have been en-

acted in this palace of the Cæsars! Dark and terrible memories haunt the ground we tread upon; vice, crowned and triumphant, here held rule; while superstition and impiety commingled their rites and orgies!

It was almost a relief to turn from the *Domus Tiberiana* to the edge of the precipice overlooking the *Forum Boarium*, for here other thoughts presented themselves, and imagination recalled those simpler Arcadian days when these fastuous halls were not. A small quadrangular space near this is pointed out as the site of the cabin of Romulus, the spot where first he dwelt when he settled on the Palatine; and not far off is the so-called staircase of Cacus. In endeavoring to identify these localities, we must confess ourselves to be in the debatable land of conjecture. I am not myself inclined to apply too severely the pruning-knife of criticism to these early

myths and fables which people the Palatine with an Arcadian race. Bonstetten says, "Ancient history, like a large mosaic, must be seen at a distance, and not examined too closely, or it disappears."

Right pleasant it is to dream of heroes and demigods while wandering amid these ruins at the setting of the sun. The changing hues of brilliant color palpitating in the sky flooded the earth with reflected glory, and I—standing on the heights which overlook the Vesta—remained transfixed while that wondrous play of light continued. But at length the gray twilight stole like the shadow of death upon the scene; and feeling the breath of the sirocco—the "lead wind," as Horace calls it—I hastened my return, passing again through the stupendous ruins of the Porta Romana, and here ended my circuit of the present excavations of the Palace of the Cæsars.

Fraser's Magazine.

ON DUST AND DISEASE.

BY JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D., F.R.S.,

PROFESSOR OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY IN THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Being asked for permission to publish this discourse in *Fraser*, I willingly gave it. I have gone through the proof, and made in it a few alterations and additions. A brief historic summary is also added.—J. T.

SOLAR light in passing through a dark room reveals its track by illuminating the dust floating in the air. "The sun," says Daniel Culverwell, "discovers atoms, though they be invisible by candlelight, and makes them dance naked in his beams." *

In my researches on the decomposition of vapors by light I was compelled to remove these "atoms" and this dust. It was essential that the space containing the vapors should embrace no visible thing; that no substance capable of scattering the light in the slightest sensible degree should, at the outset of an experiment, be found in the "experi-

mental tube" traversed by the luminous beam.

For a long time I was troubled by the appearance there of floating dust, which though invisible in diffuse daylight was at once revealed by a powerfully condensed beam. Two tubes were placed in succession in the path of the dust: the one containing fragments of glass wetted with concentrated sulphuric acid; the other, fragments of marble wetted with a strong solution of caustic potash. To my astonishment it passed through both. The air of the Royal Institution sent through these tubes at a rate sufficiently slow to dry it, and to remove its carbonic acid, carried into the experimental tube a considerable amount of mechanically suspended matter, which was illuminated when the beam passed through the tube. The effect was substantially the same when the air was permitted to bubble through the liquid acid and through the solution of potash. The core of the bubble does not touch the acid, and even the dust particles which come into contact

* On a day of transient shadows there is something almost magical in the rise and dissolution of the luminous beams among the scaffolding poles of the Royal Albert Hall.

with the acid require time to be wetted by it. When left sufficiently long in contact with the acid, the particles are destroyed.

Thus, on the 5th of October, 1868, successive charges of air were admitted through the potash and sulphuric acid into the exhausted experimental tube. Prior to the admission of the air the tube was *optically empty*; it contained nothing competent to scatter the light. After the air had entered the tube, the conical track of the electric beam was in all cases clearly revealed. This indeed was a daily observation at the time to which I now refer.

I tried to intercept this floating matter in various ways; and on the day just mentioned, prior to sending the air through the drying apparatus, I carefully permitted it to pass over the tip of a spirit-lamp flame. The floating matter no longer appeared, having been burnt up by the flame. It was therefore of *organic* origin. When the air was sent too rapidly through the flame, a fine blue cloud was found in the experimental tube. This was the *smoke* of the organic particles due to their imperfect combustion. I was by no means prepared for this result; for I had thought that the dust of our air was, in great part, inorganic and non-combustible.

Mr. Valentin had the kindness to procure for me a small gas-furnace containing a platinum tube, which could be heated to vivid redness. The tube also contained a roll of platinum gauze, which, while it permitted the air to pass through it, insured the practical contact of the dust with the incandescent metal. The air of the laboratory was permitted to enter the experimental tube, sometimes through the cold, and sometimes through the heated, tube of platinum. The rapidity of admission was also varied. In the first column of the following table the quantity of air operated on is expressed by the number of inches which the mercury gauge of the air-pump sank when the air entered. In the second column the condition of the platinum tube is mentioned, and in the third the state of the air which entered the experimental tube.

Quantity of Air.	State of Platinum Tube.	State of Experimental Tube.
15 inches.	Cold..	Full of particles.
15 "	Red-hot.	Optically empty.

The phrase "optically empty" shows that when the conditions of perfect combustion were present, the floating matter totally disappeared. It was wholly burnt up, leaving no sensible residue. The experiment was repeated many times with the same invariable result. From spectrum analysis, however, we know that soda floats in the air; these organic dust particles are, I believe, the *rafts* that support it, and when they are removed it sinks and vanishes.

When the passage of the air was so rapid as to render imperfect the combustion of the floating matter, instead of optical emptiness a fine blue cloud made its appearance in the experimental tube. The following series of results illustrate this point:

Quantity.	Platinum Tube.	Experimental Tube.
15 in., slow.	Cold.	Full of particles.
15 " " "	Red-hot.	Optically empty.
15 " quick.	"	A blue cloud.
15 " " "	Intensely hot.	A fine blue cloud.

The optical character of these clouds was totally different from that of the dust which produced them. At right angles to the illuminating beam they discharged perfectly polarized light. The cloud could be utterly quenched by a transparent Nicol's prism, and the tube containing it reduced to optical emptiness.

The particles floating in the air of London being thus proved to be of organic origin,* I sought to burn them up at the focus of a concave reflector. One of the powerfully convergent mirrors employed in my experiments on combustion by dark rays was here made use of, but I failed in the attempt. Doubtless

* According to an analysis kindly furnished to me by Dr. Percy, the dust collected from the walls of the British Museum contains fully 50 per cent of inorganic matter. I have every confidence in the results of this distinguished chemist; they show that the *floating* dust of our rooms is, as it were, winnowed from the heavier matter. As bearing directly upon this point I may quote the following passage from Pasteur:—"Mais ici se présente une remarque: la poussière que l'on trouve à la surface de tous les corps est soumise constamment à des courants d'air, qui doivent soulever ses particules les plus légères, au nombre desquelles se trouvent, sans doute, de préférence les corpuscules organisés, œufs ou spores, moins lourds généralement que les particules minérales."

the floating particles are in part transparent to radiant heat, and are so far incombustible by such heat. Their rapid motion through the focus also aids their escape. They do not linger there sufficiently long to be consumed. A flame it was evident would burn them up, but I thought the presence of the flame would mask its own action among the particles.

In a cylindrical beam, which powerfully illuminated the dust of the laboratory, was placed an ignited spirit-lamp. Mingling with the flame, and round its rim, were seen wreaths of darkness resembling an intensely black smoke. On lowering the flame below the beam the same dark masses stormed upwards. They were at times blacker than the blackest smoke that I have ever seen issuing from the funnel of a steamer, and their resemblance to smoke was so perfect as to lead the most practised observer to conclude that the apparently pure flame of the alcohol lamp required but a beam of sufficient intensity to reveal its clouds of liberated carbon.

But is the blackness smoke? This question presented itself in a moment. A red-hot poker was placed underneath the beam, and from it the black wreaths also ascended. A large hydrogen flame was next employed, and it produced those whirling masses of darkness far more copiously than either the spirit-flame or poker. Smoke was therefore out of the question.

What then was the blackness? It was simply that of stellar space: that is to say, blackness resulting from the absence from the track of the beam of all matter competent to scatter its light. When the flame was placed below the beam the floating matter was destroyed *in situ*; and the air, freed from this matter, rose into the beam, jostled aside the illuminated particles and substituted for their light the darkness due to its own perfect transparency. Nothing could more forcibly illustrate the invisibility of the agent which renders all things visible. The beam crossed, unseen, the black chasm formed by the transparent air, while at both sides of the gap the thick-strewn particles shone out like a luminous solid under the powerful illumination.

But here a difficulty meets us. It is not necessary to burn the particles to produce a stream of darkness. Without actual combustion, currents may be generated which shall exclude the floating matter, and therefore appear dark amid the surrounding brightness. I noticed this effect first on placing a red-hot copper ball below the beam, and permitting it to remain there until its temperature had fallen below that of boiling water. The dark currents, though much enfeebled, were still produced. They may also be produced by a flask filled with hot water.

To study this effect a platinum wire was stretched across the beam, the two ends of the wire being connected with the two poles of a voltaic battery. To regulate the strength of the current a rheostat was placed in the circuit. Beginning with a feeble current the temperature of the wire was gradually augmented, but before it reached the heat of ignition, a flat stream of air rose from it, which when looked at edgewise appeared darker and sharper than one of the blackest lines of Fraunhofer in the solar spectrum. Right and left of this dark vertical band the floating matter rose upwards, bounding definitely the non-luminous stream of air. What is the explanation? Simply this. The hot wire rarefied the air in contact with it, but it did not equally lighten the floating matter. The convection current of pure air therefore passed upwards *among the inert particles*, dragging them after it right and left, but forming between them an impassable black partition. This elementary experiment enables us to render an account of the dark currents produced by bodies at a temperature below that of combustion.*

Oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbonic acid, so prepared as to exclude all floating particles, produce the darkness when poured or blown into the beam. Coal-gas does the same. An ordinary glass shade placed in the air with its mouth downward permits the track of the beam to be seen crossing it. Let coal-

* This explanation has been found difficult. Why, it is asked, does not the current of hot air carry the particles up with it? I hope very soon to enter more fully into this question.

gas or hydrogen enter the shade by a tube reaching to its top, the gas gradually fills the shade from the top downwards. As soon as it occupies the space crossed by the beam, the luminous track is instantly abolished. Lifting the shade so as to bring the common boundary of gas and air above the beam, the track flashes forth. After the shade is full, if it be inverted, the gas passes upwards like a black smoke among the illuminated particles.

The air of our London rooms is loaded with this organic dust, nor is the country air free from its pollution. However ordinary daylight may permit it to disguise itself, a sufficiently powerful beam causes the air in which the dust is suspended to appear as a semi-solid rather than as a gas. Nobody could, in the first instance, without repugnance place the mouth at the illuminated focus of the electric beam and inhale the dirt revealed there. Nor is the disgust abolished by the reflection that, although we do not see the nastiness, we are churning it in our lungs every hour and minute of our lives. There is no respite to this contact with dirt; and the wonder is, not that we should from time to time suffer from its presence, but that so small a portion of it would appear to be deadly to man.

And what is this portion? It was some time ago the current belief that epidemic diseases generally were propagated by a kind of malaria, which consisted of organic matter in a state of *motor-decay*; that when such matter was taken into the body through the lungs or skin, it had the power of spreading there the destroying process which had attacked itself. Such a spreading power was visibly exerted in the case of yeast. A little leaven was seen to leaven the whole lump, a mere speck of matter in this supposed state of decomposition being apparently competent to propagate indefinitely its own decay. Why should not a bit of rotten malaria work in a similar manner within the human frame? In 1836 a very wonderful reply was given to this question. In that year Cagniard de la Tour discovered the *yeast plant*, a living organism, which when placed in a proper medium feeds, grows, and reproduces itself, and in this way carries on the process which we name fermentation. Fermentation was thus

proved to be a product of life instead of a process of decay.

Schwann, of Berlin, discovered the yeast plant independently; and in February, 1837, he also announced the important result, that when a decoction of meat is effectually screened from ordinary air, and supplied solely with calcined air, putrefaction never sets in. Putrefaction, therefore, he affirmed to be caused by something derived from the air, which something could be destroyed by a sufficiently high temperature. The experiments of Schwann were repeated and confirmed by Helmholtz, Ure, and Pasteur. But as regards fermentation, the minds of chemists, influenced probably by the great authority of Gay-Lussac, who ascribed putrefaction to the action of oxygen, fell back upon the old notion of matter in a state of decay. It was not the living yeast plant, but the dead or dying parts of it, which, assailed by oxygen, produced the fermentation. This notion was finally exploded by Pasteur. He proved that the so-called "ferments" are not such; that the true ferments are organized beings which find in the reputed ferments their necessary food.

Side by side with these researches and discoveries, and fortified by them and others, has run the *germ theory* of epidemic disease.* The notion was expressed by Kircher, and favored by Linnæus, that epidemic diseases are due to germs which float in the atmosphere, enter the body, and produce disturbance by the development within the body of parasitic life. While it was still struggling against great odds, this theory found an expounder and a defender in the President of this Institution. At a time when most of his medical brethren considered it a wild dream, Sir Henry Holland contended that some form of the germ theory was probably true. The strength of this theory consists in the perfect parallelism of the phenomena of contagious disease with those of life. As a planted acorn gives birth to an oak competent to produce a whole crop of acorns, each gifted with the power of reproducing its parent tree; and as thus from a single seedling

* Nobody is likely to infer from this language that the speaker lays any claim to the authorship of the germ theory.

a whole forest may spring; so, it is urged, these epidemic diseases literally plant their seeds, grow, and shake abroad new germs, which, meeting in the human body their proper food and temperature, finally take possession of whole populations. Thus Asiatic cholera, beginning in a small way in the Delta of the Ganges, contrived in seventeen years to spread itself over nearly the whole habitable world. The development from an infinitesimal speck of the virus of small-pox of a crop of pustules, each charged with the original poison, is another illustration. The reappearance of the scourge, as in the case of the *Dreadnought* at Greenwich reported on so ably by Dr. Budd and Mr. Busk, receives a satisfactory explanation from the theory which ascribes it to the lingering of germs about the infected place.

Surgeons have long known the danger of permitting air to enter an opened abscess. To prevent its entrance they employ a tube called a cannula, to which is attached a sharp steel point called a trocar. They puncture with the steel point, and by gentle pressure they force the pus through the cannula. It is necessary to be very careful in cleansing the instrument; and it is difficult to see how it can be cleansed by ordinary methods in air loaded with organic impurities, as we have proved our air to be. The instrument ought, in fact, to be made as hot as its temper will bear. But this is not done, and hence, notwithstanding all the surgeon's care, inflammation often sets in after the first operation, rendering necessary a second and a third. Rapid putrefaction is found to accompany this new inflammation. The pus, moreover, which was sweet at first, and showed no trace of animal life, is now fetid, and swarming with active little organisms called vibrios. Professor Lister, from whose recent able lecture this fact is derived, contends, with the strongest show of reason, that this rapid putrefaction and this astounding development of animal life are due to the entry of germs into the abscess during the first operation, and their subsequent nurture and development under favorable conditions of food and temperature. The celebrated physiologist and physicist Helmholtz is attacked annually by hay-fever. From the 20th of May to the end

of June he suffers from a catarrh of the upper air-passages; and he has found during this period, and at no other, that his nasal secretions are peopled by these vibrios. They appear to nestle by preference in the cavities and recesses of the nose, for a strong sneeze is necessary to dislodge them.

These statements sound uncomfortable; but by disclosing our enemy they enable us to fight him. When he clearly eyes his quarry the eagle's strength is doubled, and his swoop is rendered sure. If the germ theory be proved true, it will give a definiteness to our efforts to stamp out disease which they could not previously possess. And it is only by definite effort under its guidance that its truth or falsehood can be established. It is difficult for an outsider like myself to read without sympathetic emotions such papers as those of Dr. Budd, of Bristol, on Cholera, Scarlet Fever, and Small-pox. He is a man of strong imagination, and may occasionally take a flight beyond his facts; but without this dynamic heat of heart the stolid inertia of the free-born Briton cannot be overcome. And as long as the heat is employed to warm up the truth without singeing it over much; as long as this enthusiasm can overmatch its mistakes by unequivocal examples of success, so long am I disposed to give it a fair field to work in, and to wish it God speed.

But let us return to our dust. It is needless to remark that it cannot be blown away by an ordinary bellows; or, more correctly, the place of the particles blown away is in this case supplied by others ejected from the bellows, so that the track of the beam remains unimpaired. But if the nozzle of a good bellows be filled with cotton wool not too tightly packed, the air urged through the wool is filtered of its floating matter, and it then forms a clean band of darkness in the illuminated dust. This was the filter used by Schroeder in his experiments on spontaneous generation, and turned subsequently to account in the excellent researches of Pasteur. Since 1868 I have constantly employed it myself.

But by far the most interesting and important illustration of this filtering process is furnished by the human breath. I fill my lungs with ordinary

air and breathe through a glass tube across the electric beam. The condensation of the aqueous vapor of the breath is shown by the formation of a luminous white cloud of delicate texture. It is necessary to abolish this cloud, and this may be done by drying the breath previous to its entering into the beam; or, still more simply, by warming the glass tube. When this is done the luminous track of the beam is for a time uninterrupted. The breath impresses upon the floating matter a transverse motion, the dust from the lungs making good the particles displaced. But after some time an obscure disc appears upon the beam, the darkness of which increases, until finally, towards the end of the expiration, the beam is, as it were, pierced by an intensely black hole, in which no particles whatever can be discerned. The air, in fact, has so lodged its dirt within the passages to the lungs as to render the last portions of the expired breath absolutely free from suspended matter. This experiment may be repeated any number of times with the same result. It renders the distribution of the dirt within the air-passages as manifest as if the chest were transparent.

I now empty my lungs as perfectly as possible, and placing a handful of cotton wool against my mouth and nostrils, inhale through it. There is no difficulty in thus filling the lungs with air. On expiring this air through the glass tube, its freedom from floating matter is at once manifest. From the very beginning of the act of expiration the beam is pierced by a black aperture. The first puff from the lungs abolishes the illuminated dust and puts a patch of darkness in its place; and the darkness continues throughout the entire course of the expiration. When the tube is placed below the beam and moved to and fro, the same smoke-like appearance as that obtained with a same is observed. In short, the cotton wool, when used in sufficient quantity, completely intercepts the floating matter on its way to the lungs.

The application of these experiments is obvious. If a physician wishes to hold back from the lungs of his patient, or from his own, the germs by which contagious disease is said to be propagated, he will employ a cotton wool respirator. After the revelations of this evening

such respirators must, I think, come into general use as a defence against contagion. In the crowded dwellings of the London poor, where the isolation of the sick is difficult, if not impossible, the noxious air around the patient may, by this simple means, be restored to practical purity. Thus filtered, attendants may breathe the air unharmed. In all probability the protection of the lungs will be the protection of the entire system. For it is exceedingly probable that the germs which lodge in the air-passages, and which, at their leisure, can work their way across the mucous membrane, are those which sow in the body epidemic disease. If this be so, then disease can certainly be warded off by filters of cotton wool. I should be most willing to test their efficacy in my own person. And time will decide whether in lung diseases also the woollen respirator cannot abate irritation, if not arrest decay. M. Pasteur, for whose work in connection with this subject I entertain a very high admiration, has shown that the germs diminish as we ascend a mountain. By means of a cotton wool respirator, so far as the germs are concerned, the air of the highest Alps may be brought into the chamber of the invalid. Fifty different occupations might be named in which irritation of the lungs and injured health arise from the inhalation of dust. A properly-constructed air-filter of cotton wool would entirely abolish the evil. Such a filter, properly constructed, would also be found effectual in warming the air. Provision ought to be made for the frequent removal of the cotton, the cost of which is practically *nil*.

In a letter published subsequently in the *Pall Mall Gazette* one of the peculiarities of the method pursued in the foregoing lecture is pointed out. Reference is made to the blue color of the sky, which is, or may be, "produced by particles suspended in the air, and not only invisible to the naked eye but irreducible by the highest powers of the microscope. Hence, without seeing the individual particles, we may have indubitable evidence of their existence.

"This, indeed, is the point wherein the method pursued in the lecture differs from preceding ones, and is destined

powerfully to supplement them.* The microscope seeks for single particles; but they are here taken *en masse*, and their existence demonstrated by the light which they scatter after they have passed utterly beyond the range of the microscope."

Attention was drawn at the same time to the important report of Dr. Angus Smith, published in 1869, which was sent to Professor Tyndall subsequently to his lecture. Pasteur had previously counted the germs of Paris air, but the exceedingly ingenious method employed by Dr. Smith enabled him to concentrate the germs of a very large volume of air in a small quantity of water, and thus to enormously multiply their numbers in relation to the space which contained them:

"I have been favored," says Mr. Tyndall, "by Dr. Angus Smith with a copy of his fifth annual report, from which I glean some interesting facts regarding the air of Manchester. To catch in water the floating matter of the air, Dr. Smith places a small quantity of the liquid in a bottle and shakes it up with successive charges of air. In one instance he did this 500 times, and then handed over his bottle to an able microscopist, Mr. J. B. Dancer, for examination. The bottle had been shaken in the open air, through which, however, Dr. Smith could not see any dust blowing; at all events, if there were dust, it was only such as people are called upon to breathe. Here are some of the revelations of Mr. Dancer:

"*Fungoid Matter*.—Spores or sporidæ appeared in numbers, and, to ascertain as nearly as possible the numerical proportion of these bodies in a single drop of the liquid, the contents of the bottle were well shaken, and then one drop was taken up with a pipette. This was spread out by compression to a circle half an inch in diameter. A magnifying power was then employed, which gave a field of view of an area exactly 100th of an inch in diameter, and it was found that more than 100 spores were contained in this space. Consequently the average number of spores in a single

drop would be 250,000. These spores varied from 10,000th to 50,000th of an inch in diameter.

"For the purpose of obtaining a rough approximation to the number of spores or germs of organic matter contained in the entire fluid received from Dr. Smith, I measured a quantity by the pipette, and found it contained 150 drops of the size used in each examination. Now I have previously stated that in each drop there were about 250,000 of these spores, and as there were 150 drops, the sum total reaches the startling number of 37½ millions; and these, exclusive of other substances, were collected from 2,495 litres of the air of this city—a quantity which would be respired in about ten hours by a man of ordinary size when actively employed. I may add that there was a marked absence of particles of carbon among the collected matter."

"Apart from their other effects, the mere mechanical irritation produced by the deposition of these particles in tender lungs must go for something. They may be entirely withheld by a cotton wool respirator. In various dusty trades and occupations the respirator will also be found a comfort and protection."

The employment of cotton-wool on scalds and burns; its healing effect on wounds generally; the use of flour in erysipelas; even the binding up of wounds by sticking-plaster, and the covering of them by gold-beaters' skin, may all have their rational ground in the fact that they withhold, not the air, but the organic matter of the air.

The reader will bear in mind that as this subject is not one with which my own studies would have rendered me familiar, I may be uttering that which has been already expressed by others. A similar remark applies to the history of the subject, which, as might be expected, is by no means meagre. Nyander held that small-pox, measles, the plague, dysentery, and hooping-cough, are all caused by minute animals. Réaumur thought that the small clouds which sometimes seem to hug the earth in summer weather may be insect swarms. Cuvier speaks of the *richesse effrayante* of insect life. Sir H. Holland thinks that the outbreak of carbuncular boils which occurred some years ago in Eng-

* It is competent, for example, to give ocular evidence of the absence of germs in still air; and thus to prove the correctness of Pasteur's experiments on the air of the caves under the Paris Observatory.

land may have had its origin without the system, as a virus or some form of organic life. Ehrenberg, whose wonderful investigations have been heard of everywhere, speaks of the "*milky way* of smallest organization." The electric beam renders the figure admirably just. Henle maintained that the material of all contagious diseases is not merely organic, but matter possessing all the characters of parasitic life. Eiselt found pus corpuscles in a foundling hospital where the children were suffering from conjunctival blennorrhœa, and proved conclusively that such corpuscles spread the epidemic without contact with the infected persons. Pouchet, the able and ardent advocate of the doctrine of heterogenesis, has devised an instrument called an *aëroscope* to catch the microscopic particles of the air. This instrument was employed by Eiselt in the foregoing inquiry. Every Alpine man can testify to the correctness of De Saussure's remark that a deep blue heaven portends rain, while the air is rendered turbid by a succession of fine days. De la Rive ascribes this turbidity to organic germs which swathe the earth as a light haze. He has devised a photometer for determining the transparency of such air, and of connecting this with the other elements of meteorology. He also refers to the bearing of the subject on epidemic diseases.

The papers of Dr. Budd, in relation to contagious diseases, are full of interest-

ing facts, and marked by rare logical force. Professor Lister has brought to my notice an observation of his own, the sagacity of which is so strikingly demonstrated by the experiments on the breath recorded in the foregoing lecture, that I propose to give it special attention at a future time. In a pamphlet published in 1850, Mr. Jeffreys reveals some exceedingly unpleasant facts regarding the air of London. He had then ventilated a house with filtered air, and examined the strained matter. I refer to page 16 of his pamphlet for a statement of what that matter is. Dr. Angus Smith's researches on the air of Manchester have been already mentioned. Dr. Smith also experimented on the air of cow-houses and stables, and concluded that such air contains more particles than the air of the street. Mr. Crookes has sought to entrap the germs in infected places. Dr. Greenhow has examined the lungs of stone-workers, colliers, and potters, and found imbedded in them mill-stone dust, silica, alumina, and iron. The important researches of Dr. Stenhouse on the action of charcoal, though not strictly belonging to the present subject, may be mentioned here; and also the experiments of Dr. Marcet.

As may be seen from the foregoing imperfect summary, the history of this subject is voluminous. I shall probably return to it, and give it further expansion.

Fraser's Magazine.

ANCIENT AND MEDIEVAL INDIA.*

* THE peculiar pleasure taken by Americans, like Washington Irving and Hawthorne, in exploring the nooks and corners of England and re-attaching the threads of tradition which connect their new country with the old home in Europe, might not inaptly be paralleled for us Englishmen, by the interest of researches concerning the progenitors of our whole Aryan stock in Persia and

India. While antiquarians of the earlier school have been disputing what proportions of our language, laws, religion, and social customs are derived respectively from Saxons, Normans, Danes, Romans, and Celts, the students of Zend and Sanscrit literature have been occupied in revealing to us an ancestry, behind all the ancestries of which we had hitherto taken count; a *primæval Home* whence have come even the names of our closest relationships, and the fables and fairy tales of our nurseries. Who would have dreamed heretofore that

* *Ancient and Medieval India*. By Mrs. Manning. Allen & Co., London, 1869, 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 435 and 380.

when an English parent spoke of his "daughter," he recalled, in that familiar word, the days, millenniums past, when the young maiden of the old Bactrian dwelling was "*she-who-milks-the-cows*," even as our legal term "spinster" reverts to the comparatively recent time when it was her task to "*spin*"? Who that till lately told a child the heart-breaking tale of Llewellyn's Dog, supposed that he was repeating a legend familiar to men of our blood, who dwelt under the shadow of the Himalayas when busy England was a forest?

As yet the bearings of the great discoveries of Orientalists have been little apprehended. The innumerable points at which they must eventually impinge on our opinions yet wait to be marked. Even their most obvious theological consequences have been but casually noticed in any work of importance. But the time has nearly arrived when such a mass of new truths cannot lie inactive in the minds of the cultivated classes, but must begin to leaven all our views on etymology, history, philology, art, literature, and comparative theology. The share which the revived study of Greek at the Renaissance had in directing the movements of that great age, must in a certain partial degree have its parallel in the results of the modern acquisition of Sanscrit. As one realm of Heathendom was rehabilitated then, and the devils with which mediæval imagination had peopled it vanished in the sunrise, so now another and yet wider field is conquered back from the kingdom of darkness to partake of our sympathies and widen our comprehension of human nature itself. A new world is given to the scholars of the day, and it will be hard if it does not in many ways "redress the balance" of the old.

A singular contrast may be traced between the new science of Indo-Persian antiquity and that which a little preceded it, of Egyptology. In opening up Egypt to us, Belzoni, Champollion, Wilkinson, and Lepsius gave us the material portion of a nation's life. In expounding the Vedas and the Zend-Avesta, Jones and Wilson and Max Müller and Haug and Westergaard have admitted us to the inner and spiritual part. The buildings and sculptures, the dress, utensils, toys, nay, the very bodies of the departed

Egyptian race, all these the sands of the Nile have given back. But except the enigmatical, half-comprehensible "Book of the Dead," and a few fragments from papyri, all the scholars who have used Champollion's key to hieroglyphics have failed to present us with anything to be called even a specimen of Egyptian literature. Not merely is there no Iliad, no Ramayana of Africa, but not a single counterpart to a Pindaric Ode, or Vedic Hymn. Thus we know the Egyptians, even while their embalmed forms stand beside us in our studies, only as it were at second hand. We see what they *did*, and we infer what they *were*. But their hearts have never spoken to ours save in the touching cry of bereaved affection from a coffin-lid; or in the awful symbols on some grand sarcophagus, pointing like a dumb Job to death and judgment, and the faith that, over them both, Osiris the Redeemer liveth.

In India all this is reversed. We have recovered the inner life of the nation, but not the outward. Here, in the real *Juventus Mundi*—that youth which had already waned, ere Homer sang or David prayed—here dwelt the poet-prophets of the Vedas, in whose hymns we may read to-day of hopes and fears and doubts and speculations which once filled the hearts and stirred the brains, whose dust has been scattered for ages to the four winds. Here we have no mummies with their parody of immortality; no tombs stored with food and furniture and trinkets; no mural pictures showing us every detail of the battles and the agriculture and the trades of the dead nation. But though we have not one tangible object belonging to them, we have learned the very words of the men who wandered by the banks of Indus three thousand years ago, and possessing those words we are truly nearer to them as intelligent beings than we can ever hope to be to Egyptian or Ninevite.

India, then, that same India over which our flag is flying from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, is the field of literary research which offers the richest treasures yet to be explored. The Morning Land still keeps some of its dew, and it may yet be gathered fresh and sweet before the locust army of critics and commentators have made it their prey.

A better devised book than the one

we now purpose to notice it would not be easy to name. It aims to bring together within the compass of two goodly volumes a general bird's-eye view of all that has been yet disinterred of Indian literature, with the revelations thereby afforded of life in the Peninsula from the earliest Vedic ages onwards. The incomparable industry of the authoress in collecting and sifting the materials for so great a work, is fully equalled by the judgment shown in their selection. There is no wading for the reader, through tedious or half-comprehensible passages, such as of course abound in the original Eastern books. The interesting and remarkable points in each old poem or story have been picked out, and the passages from remote works bearing on the same point collated; insomuch that the reader can enjoy in a few hours the fruits which it would have cost him a dozen years of study to gather for himself. As to the original matter carrying on the thread of the work, we can only regret that the writer did not give us much more of it; for the observations are always instructive, and often most suggestive and original. Great taste has also been shown in the selection of translations from various scholars,—Wilson, Max Müller, Goldstucker, Muir, and others; sometimes affording us real fragments of harmonious poetry, and again, when accuracy of interpretation is more to the purpose, giving us quaint little bits of obvious literalism. In a word the book affords for Indian literature precisely the sort of museum which Dr. Gray desires the public collections to supply for Natural History. Instead of crowded ranges of objects good bad and indifferent over which the eye wanders and the mind wearies, we have a reasonable quantity of specimens carefully selected as the most characteristic and remarkable, some of them in the fullest glory which the taxidermist-translator can preserve; and others, perhaps still more instructively, prepared as skeletons. The review of a book which is itself a vast Review must of necessity be the briefest epitome. Our object will be to obtain some general idea of the sort of treasures to be found in this cabinet of "curiosities of literature."

Twelve centuries before the Christian era is the latest date to which competent

scholars assign the final compilation of the Rig-Veda Hymns in the shape wherein they now stand. During all the intervening ages the absolutely divine honors paid to the book throughout India—honors far exceeding those which Jews, Moslems, or Puritan Christians have paid to their scriptures—have probably secured for us the well-nigh unchanged transmission of each venerable verse. Of course the age of the Rishis, or sacred poets, who were the authors of the hymns, must ascend considerably higher in point of antiquity than the recension of their poems. To draw from their fragmentary allusions a picture of life as it then existed, is a task of great interest.

In the first place, it seems the Vedic Aryans had long migrated from the northern cradle of their race, and were settled in the part of India which lies between the Indus and the Saraswati. M. de Saint-Martin has identified most of the seven rivers mentioned in the Vedas as those of the Punjab. Their enemies the Dasyus (literally "Robbers," a dark race, and probably the aborigines of the country) still infested their borders. They were given to agriculture, and used ploughs and carts drawn by oxen. They had roads, and caravanserais at distances along the roads. Metals were in common use, and gold coins called Nishkas were circulated. Gambling was a prevailing vice; several hymns alluding to it and deploring its results with those of intoxication. Women were not shut up in Zenanas, but appeared in public drawn in chariots, and are spoken of with tender affection. There is no evidence of the existence of castes at this earliest period, but they appear in the time of the Yagur-Veda. Trade was already flourishing. In the Rig-Veda it is said that "Merchants desirous of gain crowd the great waters with their ships." Kings, and wealthy men, were splendid in their habits, and the natural treasures of India were all discovered and used. Gold and gems were plentiful. Swift horses were highly estimated; the most precious of all sacrifices to the gods being the *Aswamedha*, or sacrifice of a horse. Elephants were tamed and greatly cherished; the god Indra being described in the Rig-Veda as invoked for their protection.

The religion of these Aryans of the Vedic times is a subject far too large and complicated to be here properly treated. Some of the passages of the sacred hymns throwing most light upon it have been quoted in this Magazine from Prof. Max Müller's *Chips* and from Bunsen's *God in History*. Our present author has drawn together a number of extracts from various translations, enabling the reader to form considerable acquaintance with the curious variety of incipient theologies and nascent philosophies which are bound up together even in the first and oldest Veda. The prevailing principle of all seems to be, that while the Nature-gods—the Sky, Heaven, Fire, the Sun, the Dawn, &c.—are all separately adored, the particular god who is invoked in any hymn is, for the time being, nearly always identified as supreme and universal. One god has many names, or sometimes bears the name of another; metaphysical ideas are deified; and, in a very prominent manner, Agni (or common domestic fire) is treated as the earthly representative of the Sun. Noble psalms of praise, and touching entreaties for the forgiveness of sins, are made to these beings when contemplated as supreme; but the whole system is evidently as yet inchoate and in a fluid state. We cannot but surmise that, if at that period a Zoroaster or Moses or Buddha had been born in the Punjab, he would have seized on the yet vague aspirations of his countrymen and moulded them into a defined creed. But Brahminism was then, and has ever since been, a religion (perhaps the only religion in the world), not tracing its origin to one mediatorial prophet-soul. Everywhere else in the East and West we find faith clinging to some one great name, some man or demi-god to whom weaker mortals look and cry, "Thy God shall be our God: what thou hast seen, that can we take on thy assurance;" some Moses who has seen Jehovah on the mount of vision, and the reflected glory of whose face is enough to convince the herd. Brahminism has had a host of major and minor prophets, during its five and thirty centuries of sway, from the old Rishis who wrote the Rig-Veda to their followers who added the Upanishads and Dharma Sastras. But it has

had no Zoroaster, no Moses, no Mahomet.

The modifications which the early Vedic faith underwent in the course of ages would of course be a study no less difficult and obscure than its original form; or rather formlessness. Not a trace of the *Trimourti* of Brahma, Seeva, and Vishnu which now occupies the summit of the Hindoo pantheon, can be found for ages after the Vedic period, and the whole gross and hideous mythology of later times was then unborn.

Taking these slight clews in hand the reader cannot fail to be deeply interested in the passages selected by Mrs. Manning, as displaying the moral and philosophic feelings and thoughts of the authors of the most ancient Vedas. These authors, it appears, were seven, or (on better authority, according to Max Müller) eight poets called *Rishis*. The families of these poets were in after times all registered, and became the depositaries of the eight *Mandalas* or books, into which the collection of hymns was divided. The most interesting of these Rishis were two to whose lives and doings constant reference in after times was made, namely, Vasishta and Visvâmitra. Strange to say, here almost in the earliest glimpse of human religion we find the representatives of the Priest and of the Prophet. Vasishta is the author of the most touching hymns in the Vedas; or, as Hindoos would express it, he is the Seer to whom they were divinely communicated. "They are," says Mrs. Manning, "simple genuine utterances, confessing sin, and yearning after an unknown God." Visvâmitra, on the other hand, was a powerful soldier, the originator of the great religious ceremonies, and the composer of psalms of the cursing order: "May the vile wretch who hates us fall! May his breath of life depart! As the tree suffers from the axe, as the flower is cut off, as the cauldron, leaking, scatters from, so may mine enemy perish!"*

So important were these two Rishis that their names became typical in Hindoo story, and reappear as living personages long ages after the date of the Vedas. In the Ramayana each of them

* Muir, *Original Sanscrit Texts*, vol. i., p. 372.

plays an important and characteristic part, much as Hebrew prophets in an analogous way were revived, in writings supposed to carry on their ideas and sentiments.

In reviewing Mrs. Manning's quotations, the difficulty must not be forgotten of obtaining anything like a veritable translation of a single sentence of an ancient book. Two errors constantly beset all efforts to attain such an end. One is the production of a mere cloud of words, each having perhaps some pretension to be the best known rendering of the original, but forming altogether in their syntax something extremely like nonsense. Such translations the English reader very properly declines to accept as the pregnant words which have held their place as inspired oracles among civilized nations for thousands of years. The other error is the rendering of the ancient book into, not only the words, but the thoughts of modern Europe, so that we possess in the supposed translation not what an Eastern poet said thirty centuries ago, but what an Englishman would say for him if set down with the heads of his subject dictated. This last error was more common among the older generation of scholars than the present, and few things are more mortifying to the humble student who has built up his theories of ancient religion and morality on the supposed fidelity of translations than to find the ground taken from under him by a new translator who assures him that the text in question is a mere Christian paraphrase of the original, and that there is nothing in the Sanscrit or Zend to warrant his deductions. For an example of this sort of thing we have no need to go beyond the famous *Gâyatri*, or holiest text of the *Vedas*, in the third *Mandala* of the *Rig-Veda*, a verse specially interesting, as it has been repeated by millions of pious Hindoos every morning, for at least three thousand years. It was translated by Sir William Jones thus: "Let us adore the supremacy of that Divine Sun, the Godhead, who illuminates all, who recreates all, from whom all proceed, to whom all must return; whom we invoke to direct our understandings aright in our progress towards His holy seat."* Our present

authoress, following (doubtless correctly) the greater accuracy of Professor Wilson,* gives us this magnificent prayer reduced to the following distressing dimensions: "We meditate on that desirable light of the divine Savitri (the Sun-God), who influences our pious rites"!

The secret of the rise and progress of the priesthood in India till it culminated in the monstrous usurpation of the Brahmins of recent ages, is a problem full of interest, and unfortunately not devoid of instruction even for us in England in the nineteenth century. Nothing can be more anti-historical than the notion of Voltaire and his compeers that the various priesthoods of Heathendom, the bonzes, talapoins and Druids, whom he so delighted to ridicule and abuse, were thoroughly wide-awake sceptics, wholly free from the superstitions of their flocks and playing upon them with conscious hypocrisy. Common sense shows us that even the foremost men of each age and country have their minds so imbued and dyed with the belief and sentiments among which they have been brought up that it is at most only a question of a few shades lighter or darker between them and their contemporaries and compatriots. The exercise of the priestly functions tends probably in a greater degree than any other profession to impress the character, and create a new type for itself. But the priestly mind so moulded, is the reverse of a sceptical one. It was because the French abbés were so little like priests, and so much like men of the world, that they shrugged their shoulders at the Mass. Human nature, ecclesiastical or otherwise, leads men to magnify, not to disparage their own functions. "Nothing like leather," cries the shoemaker; and it would be marvellous indeed if the individual who is recognized by others as exercising the highest of all possible offices, even that of an Ambassador of Heaven, should make light of his mission. Fiery St. Paul thought it was actually a logical argument to prove immortality, that "if the dead rise not, then are we of all men the most miserable." Every minister of religion must similarly feel driven to believe that the faith to which his whole life is devoted is true, or else

* *Works*. Vol. xiii., p. 367.

* *Works*. Vol. xiii., p. 367.

he is of all men most silly ;—instead of (as he constantly affirms) of all men the only one truly wise.

The Brahmins were then undoubtedly men who believed in themselves, their gods, and their office. But such genuine faith by no means excluded an equally clear confidence in the utility of judicious appeals to the hopes and fears of their disciples, entailing the usual amount of impudent assertion of special Divine favor, and curious reliance on magical ceremonies. Here in the very dawn of the world we find the two leading features of priestcraft are fully marked already. The priest places himself as the indispensable mediator between the layman and the Deity; and the priest's power to influence the gods is exercised through the medium of sacramental rites, to which he alone can give efficacy.

Among the earliest functions of the Indian priestly tribe was that of *Purohita* or house-priest attached to a princely household. An old Aryan, like an old Israelite, thought that good fortune would befall him if he could but have "a Levite to be his priest;" and the Hindoo Levite was no way slow to impress on him the truth of such a conviction. According to the Rishi Vamadeva says (p. 70) :—

The king before whom there walks a priest lives well established in his own house; to him the earth yields forever, and before him the people bow of their own accord. Unopposed he conquers treasures. The gods protect him.

Threats against recalcitrants who would not pay priestly dues were of corresponding strength. In the Rig-Veda, x. 160, a wealthy man who offers no libation is "grasped in the fist by Indra and slain." Complaints of "niggards" and "men who give nothing" are as common as in the addresses of Irish parish priests from their altars. If a wicked king eat a Brahmin's cow he is assured he will find the beef poisonous. "The priest's tongue is a bow-string, his voice is a barb, and his windpipe is arrow-points smeared with fire." In the Atharva Veda (v. 18), it is declared that "Whenever a king fancying himself mighty seeks to devour a Brahmin, his kingdom is broken up. Ruin overflows it as water swamps a leaky boat." Highly edifying tales of kings who gave their priests fabulous bribes of thousands of girls and

tens of thousands of elephants, and were divinely rewarded accordingly, are likewise common. The last chapter of the Aitareya Brahmana tells us that "The gods do not eat the food of a king who keeps no house-priest. Even when not intending to make a sacrifice, a king should appoint a house-priest." Nor is it only in gifts that the king has to pay for the spiritual advantages, but also in person. One part of the ceremony of appointing a house-priest requires that the king wash the holy man's feet: doubtless a wholesome exercise of humility wherewith to commence future relations!

But the Brahmins evidently placed their grand reliance, beyond what threats and promises could afford them, on the influence to be obtained through the use of an elaborate and splendid *cultus*. The principle in human nature which leads us to feel attachment for whatever has cost us much pains, has been doubtless understood by the founders of all religions. How much of the Jews' devotion to their faith has been due, not only to its purity and grandeur, but also to the impression, ground into their minds for thirty centuries by the perpetual repetition of the Mosaic feasts and ceremonies, it would be impossible to say. As one of the ablest living Jews, Philipsohn, has remarked, these rites built up the nation into a citadel, wherein the truth of the Divine Unity was lodged, to be preserved forever as in the fortress of the human race.

And to the natural influence of ceremonies on the minds of the men who share in their performance, the Brahmins (doubtless sincerely) added the wildest belief in their efficacy as celestial machinery capable of actually compelling the Deity. Few weaknesses of human nature afford a more curious study than this, the all but ubiquitous belief in the efficacy of magic ceremonies, as contradistinguished from spiritual prayer. That a man, himself capable of being moved by the entreaty of his children, should believe that his Creator may be touched by his own imploring cry is natural and obvious. But that the same man, who himself would only be vexed by the performance before him of unmeaning and wearisome ceremonial antics, should suppose that a higher being than himself takes especial delight in them,

and becomes through their means favorable to the antic-maker's wishes, this is truly paradoxical. A dog which has learned to "beg," and which rises on its hind legs with ridiculous confidence in the validity of that innocent incantation whenever it desires a bone, is the only parallel we can imagine to such fatuous credulity. Yet the belief seems absolutely ineradicable. In vain for three thousand years have the world's greatest prophets denounced it. Isaiah and Micah might almost as well have held their peace for all the attention which Europe or Asia have ever paid to their arguments. At this very hour, a not inconsiderable section of the national church of this Protestant country labors with might and main to revive the faith in the magic of one class of such observances; and to send us back from beautiful symbols of self-abnegation and self-consecration to the heathenism of "feeding on a sacrifice," just as if no one had ever asked, "Of what avail your sacrifices? Cease to do evil. Learn to do well."

In no religion does the notion of formal sacrifice seem to have reached a greater height of absurdity than in that of Brahminism. Southey's "Curse of Kehama" has rendered some notion of it familiar to us. "Who knows the proper application of sacrifice," says Haug, "is in fact looked upon as the real master of the world, for any desire he can entertain may be thus gratified. The Yajna (sacrifice) taken as a whole is looked on as a machine every piece of which must tally with another, or as a staircase by which one may ascend to heaven. It exists from eternity. The creation of the world is the fruit of sacrifice." This wonder-working sacrifice is, alas! all the time, *not* a grand act of devotion or self-immolation, but simply the accurate performance of a complicated ritual observance involving in one case the slaughter of a horse, and in another the preparation and drinking of the juice of a particular herb. In the fifth chapter of her book, Mrs. Manning has given us very curious details of the forms belonging to the most interesting of these rites, the Soma-sacrifice, accompanied by a plan of the hall or enclosure prepared for its celebration. Her information is derived from Dr. Haug, who

actually induced a Srotiya Brahmin, possessed of "Apostolic succession" and specially qualified, to rehearse the whole ceremony for his edification in a secluded corner of his own premises—of course not without a suitable "consideration," though we presume a lesser one than in the good old time when, we are told, the *honoraire* of the Hotri, or celebrant, was a fee of one hundred and twelve cows. Nothing was ever devised more intricate than these rites with their innumerable little fires and seats and posts and processions, up and down and round about. The shortest period expended in their performance is five days, and we are informed that they *may* last a thousand years. The most curious point about the whole ceremony, however, is one which we wish that Mrs. Manning had brought out with greater distinctness. It is that it includes both a Baptism and an Eucharist; a rite intended to signify Regeneration, and a rite consisting in "feeding on a sacrifice;" and drinking a liquid which is itself frequently described as a god, and which receives adoration.

The baptismal part of the ceremony, Mrs. Manning says, was apparently suggested by "a feeling nearly akin to belief in original sin":—

The gods, and especially Vishnu and Agni (fire), are invoked to come to the offering with the Dikshā. Dikshā, we are told, means "a new birth." Agni as fire, and Vishnu as the sun, are invoked to cleanse the sacrificer. The worshipper is then covered up in a cloth, on the outside of which is placed the skin of a black antelope; and after a certain time has elapsed and specified prayers have been recited, the New Birth is considered to have been accomplished, and the regenerated man descends to bathe.

As the proper nourishment of a new-born child is milk, the regenerated sacrificer is after baptism made to drink milk by the aid of a special spoon. After many more tedious operations, he is prepared for the great ceremony of the fifth day, when the Soma is consecrated by the seven assistant priests, and drunk by them and the sacrificer at morning, midday, and evening. Our authoress has given us a drawing of the plant from which the Soma juice is crushed, and we are informed in a note,

that it is the *Asclepias Acida* of Roxburgh, now more commonly called the *Sarcostema Viminalis*, or *Sarcostema Brevistigma*. It has hardly perceptible leaves, small sweet white flowers, and yields a pure milky juice of an acid flavor in great abundance. It grows on the hills of the Punjab and the Coromandel coast; but to make it sacrificially efficacious, it must, like the mandrake, be "plucked by night," and by moonlight, torn up by the roots and not cut down. When so gathered it must be carried on a cart drawn by two he-goats. The Soma thus obtained is much more in the Brahmin theology than a mere object of sacrifice or symbol. All other things connected with sacrifice, the horn, the post, the kettle, and even the ladle, are all praised in extravagant terms as sacred; but the Soma alone "becomes an independent deity." "The beverage is divine; it purifies, it is a water of life, it gives health and immortality." Muir has translated a hymn concerning it from the Rig-Veda, viii. 88:—

We've quaffed the Soma bright,
And are immortal grown;
We've entered into light,
And all the gods have known.
What mortal now can harm,
Or foe-man vex us more?
Through thee beyond alarm,
Immortal God! we soar.

The third means by which the Brahmins assured their power was also not without significance. They did not approve of "secular education." Like M. Dupanloup, they desired that the young should be brought up very literally "aux genoux de l'église." "Godless Colleges" were unheard of in Ancient India. The laborious care with which all students were affiliated to "spiritual fathers," and instructed by them in the duty of ordering themselves lowly and reverently to pastors and masters, is extremely clear. There never was, and never could be a "Young India" till English rule had left space for the growth of so portentous a plant. Every youthful Brahmin was required to live twelve years with his Brahmin tutor, called his Guroo, and was permitted to spend forty-eight years if he pleased as a student. The lessons consisted mainly in the acquirement of

the holy verses orally and by heart. There were also parishads or universities for older students, whose fame still lingers in the northwest of India.

We now proceed to give, following our authoress's guidance, a brief synopsis of Sanserit literature.

At the head of all, and always assigned by far the highest honors, are the Four Vedas. Some idea of the sanctity attached to these books may be obtained from the fact that the common images of Brahma are made to this day in India holding one of the Vedas in each of the four hands. Each Veda consists of two parts, the *Sanhita* or lyric portion, and the *Brahmana* or prose appendix.

1. The Rig-Veda, the most ancient and sacred of all Sanserit books. It consists of all the oldest hymns.

2. The Sama-Veda. This book consists of hymns, nearly all of which are also to be found in the Rig-Veda, but are here arranged in order to be chanted by the priests.

3. The Yajur-Veda consists of various rituals and liturgies. The whole of this Veda is considerably more recent than the two former. As already remarked, the institution of caste first appears in it. The Yajur-Veda is itself of two distinct epochs—the older portion is called the Black, and the latter the White Yajur-Veda. As the sacrificial Veda (as its name imports), it obtains great respect, and is spoken of by some of the commentators as superior to all the other Vedas; just as the book of Leviticus might have been perhaps regarded by a Rabbin as more important than the Psalms.

4. The Atharva-Veda, consisting of both hymns and prose pieces, belonging to a later age and marked by a peculiarly servile and cringing spirit.

Added to the hymns it contains, each Veda, as already stated, has also a portion called its *Brahmanas*.

The *Aitareya Brahmana*, belonging to the Rig-Veda, consists of eight books of prayers, proper for the Soma sacrifice; and narrations connected with it and other sacrifices.

The *Sama-Veda* has eight *Brahmanas* attached to it; but their contents are not fully known. They appear to refer to various incantations.

The *Satapatha Brahmana* belongs to

the White or later Yajur-Veda. It describes sundry pastoral festivals and ceremonies, especially those of the full moon. The most important portion, however, consists of strange speculations on the origin of things. Some of these are wild in the extreme. Prajapati, for instance, the source of all created things, is himself described as the seven Rishis in one person; while other notions about sin, death, and immortality, are to us quite unmeaning. In this Brahmana we find many allusions to *Manu*, the originator of all worship; the ancestor of the Aryan Hindoos;—the original MAN—from whom the Sanscrit, and our own name for a human being, are derived. The German *Mannus*, the ancestor of the Teutons, can hardly fail to be identified with this mythological patriarch of the whole Aryan family.

Again, beyond the four Vedas and their Brahmanas, the next order of compositions are mystic writings called Aranyakas and Upanishads, supposed to be supplementary to the former scriptures. One of these, the Brihad Aranyaka, contains a passage so curious that I cannot pass it over. It is in the form of a dialogue between a Brahmin and his wife. The wife asks:—

"What my lord knoweth of immortality may he tell me?"

Yajnavalkya replied: "Thou, who art truly dear to me, thou speakest dear words. Sit down. I will explain it to thee. . . . A husband is loved, not because we love the husband, but because we love in him the Divine Spirit. A wife is loved, not because we love her, but because we love in her the Divine Spirit. . . . It is with us when we enter the Divine Spirit, as if a lump of salt was thrown into the sea. It cannot be taken out again. The water becomes salt, but the salt disappears. When we have passed away, there is no longer any name. This I tell thee, my wife."

Maitriyi said: "My lord, thou hast bewildered me, saying that there is no longer any name, when we have passed away."

The philosophic husband replies to this feminine "longing after immortality" by observing that what he has told her is "sufficient to the highest knowledge," and that as the Divine Self is all in all, there cannot be any other immortality for man than that of the lump of the salt. "Having said this,

Yajnavalkya left his wife forever and went into the solitude of the forests." A very logical conclusion! Other people beside the poor puzzled wife (our authoress observes) were dissatisfied as time went on with the salt theory of existence, and the doctrine of transmigration was projected out of their aspirations, and became at last a portion of the national creed, in whose earlier form it had no place. "A living dog," says the Jew, "is better than a dead lion." "It is better to live an individual existence," says the heart of Hindoo humanity, "even as a snake or a rat, than to be absorbed and lost in Deity like the lump of salt in the sea."

Beside the Aranyakas, and of the same character with them, are the Upanishads, which are the portion of Sanscrit literature chiefly studied by modern Hindoos, and possessed of the greatest philosophical interest. The word Upanishad is supposed to mean "secret," and the books bearing that name are treatises attempting to solve the great secrets of the universe; the nature of God, and of the soul, and the history of creation. They are somewhat numerous, and were composed by various independent thinkers at different times. The writers' names are never mentioned. "They appear," says Mrs. Manning, "to have been possessed by an ardent spirit of aspiration of which Sanscrit religious literature is the result and the exponent."

Many of the Upanishads have been translated into English, and contain some of the best known expressions of Hindoo piety. In one of them, the Talavakara Upanishad, the following fine thoughts concerning the nature of God are to be found:—

Know that that which does not see by the eye, but by which the eyes see—is Brahma.

Know that that which does not hear by the ear, but by which the ears hear—is Brahma.

Know that that which does not breathe by breath, but that by which breath is breathed—is Brahma.

. . . . By him who thinks that Brahma is not comprehended, by him He is comprehended.

He who thinks that Brahma is comprehended, he does not know Him.

Another Upanishad has the rather acute observation: "He who has reverence acquires faith. The reverent alone possesses faith. He who can control his passions possesses reverence."

After thus giving a sketch of the Vedas, the Aranyakas, and Upanishads, of which the above pages afford only the baldest epitome, Mrs. Manning proceeds with great clearness and ability to draw the outlines of the Hindoo systems of philosophy. Into the rarefied air of these acute speculations we need not ascend very far. The underlying conception of all was the existence of a Supreme Soul (variously called Brahma, Brihaspati, Viswakarma, Atman, Parabrahm, and Iswara), and that He is the only reality, all else being perishable and delusive. More or less personality is attributed to this Supreme Soul in different systems. The metempsychosis, which was unknown to the Rishis of the Vedas, here occupies a prominent place in all speculations, and the means to escape perpetual transformation by absorption in the Supreme Soul is the practical aim of every philosophy.

There are six recognized systems, or Darsanas, of Hindoo philosophy. The first is the Sankhya system, taught by Kapila. Its principal doctrine is that rest from transmigration is to be obtained by true knowledge, and that true knowledge consists in regarding man and the world as altogether worthless and perishable. Kapila added little or nothing about the eternal Reality behind these transitory things, and this (not unimportant!) portion of the scheme was completed by Patanjali, forming the second or Yoga system of philosophy. Patanjali's four chapters are appended in the best manuscripts to the Sūtras (or leaves) of Kapila; and form together the work called Sankhya-pravachana.

The third philosophic system is the Nyaya of Gotama, which again was supplemented by the Vaisheshika or fourth system of Kanada. These two Darsanas both occupy themselves with elaborate investigations into the mental constitution of man and the laws of logic, as means for the attainment of true knowledge. Lastly, the fifth and sixth systems are called the Purva Mimamsa and the Uttara Mimamsa; the first originated

by Jaimini, and the second by the eminent sage Vyasa, whose name we find Indian Brahmos of the present day associating with the Western prophets and teachers, for whom they desire to express the greatest respect. It is this last system, the Uttara Mimamsa of Vyasa, to which the title of Vedanta, familiar to English ears, is applied; the word meaning "the ultimate aim of the Vedas." All the other systems of philosophy recognize the Vedas as sacred, but the two Mimansas treat them as absolute revelation, and are in fact commentaries and interpretations of their earlier and later portions. "The Vedanta," says our authoress, "simply teaches that the universe emanates in successive developments from Brahma or Paramatman, the Supreme Soul; that man's soul is identical in origin with the Supreme Soul; and that liberation from transmigration will be obtained so soon as man *knows* his soul to be one with the Supreme Soul." The Vedanta system represents the religion of Hindoo philosophy, or rather the religion of philosophers. "To suppose that men who accepted the Sankhya or Nyaya systems would therefore take no interest in the Vedanta would be somewhat like supposing that if a man studied Aristotle he would necessarily despise the Psalms." The great Hindoo theologian Sankara Acharya, of whose poem, the Atma-Bodha, Mrs. Manning proceeds to give an account, was an enthusiastic Vedantist. As a glimpse of the ocean of uncertain chronology on which we are sailing, we may remark that the age of this teacher is placed by tradition at about 200 B.C., and that H. H. Wilson brings him down to the 8th or 9th century A.D.

Before quitting the subject of Hindoo religious philosophy, our authoress is obliged to interpolate a notice of a most remarkable work whose assigned place is an episode of the great epic poem, the Mahabharata, but whose purport is wholly religious and philosophical. The effect of the interpolation of such a treatise into the middle of the heroic tale is to our western feeling not a little grotesque, and much as if a chapter of Thomas Aquinas had got itself wedged into the "Nibelungen Lied," or the opening of Hooker's "Ecclesiastical

Polity" were to be found in the middle of the "Faerie Queen." The story of the Mahabharata has conducted us to the eve of a tremendous battle. Two armies are drawn up in array, the trumpet sounds for the charge, and the combatants rush half-way to meet each other. At this appropriate moment Arjuna, the hero, bids Krishna, his divine charioteer, stop and discuss with him the mysteries of the universe, through eighteen chapters, terminating in a grand solution of the—to us—all too familiar controversy of Faith *versus* Works!

Absurd as is this *mise en scène*, the poem in question contains some of the noblest thoughts to be found in any language. It has long been known by means of Wilkins' translation to that rather small section of "general readers" who peruse Eastern books. There are to be found in it such passages as the following:

A man attains perfection by being satisfied with his own office, and worshipping Him from whom all things have their origin. Better to perform one's own duty, though it be devoid of excellence, than to do well the duty of another. Krishna (God) says: "This is a kingly science and a kingly mystery. All this universe has been created by me. All things exist in me. I am the father, mother, sustainer of this universe. Even those who worship other gods worship me. . . . I am the same to all beings. Even those who are born in sin, even women and Sudras, take the highest path if they come to me.

The eleventh chapter contains a very remarkable scene, in which Krishna, at Arjuna's entreaty, shows himself in his proper form:

Gifted with many mouths and eyes, with many wonderful appearances, with many divine ornaments, holding many celestial weapons, wearing celestial wreaths and robes, anointed with celestial perfumes, the all-miraculous infinite Deity with his face turned in all directions! If the light of a thousand suns were to break forth in the sky at the same time, it would be similar to the brilliance of that mighty One.

Those amongst us who feel disposed to despise such a vision as a proof of heathenish conceptions of Deity may perhaps do well to remember that the Hebrews, even while they asserted that

"no man could see God and live," yet believed that the Seventy Elders on the Mount had "seen the God of Israel," with the figure of a man, and "as it were a jasper and a sardine stone," and with "the appearance of fire."

The main drift of the whole Bhagavad Gita is to show that the philosophy which taught that liberation comes from knowledge, must yet be supplemented by obedience and virtue.

Passing from both Vedas and philosophical Darśanas, we arrive at the Puranas, which belong to a still later age—probably about the ninth century A.D. They were eighteen in number, and are, says Wilson, among the most popular works in the Sanscrit language. Feasts are regulated by them, and texts quoted from them have validity in civil as well as religious law. Vishnu, often identified with Brahma, is here the ruling god; and the means of propitiating him, or becoming united with him, occupy a large portion of the contents of the Puranas.

Next below the Puranas come the Tantras, which appear to concern themselves with mystical and debasing rites. While the Puranas are used by the educated classes, the Tantras are "patronized by the less respectable members of Hindoo society."

A very important class of books now comes into view, the Dharma Sastras or law-books of India. The first and chief of these is the celebrated *Institutes of Manu*, translated by Sir William Jones, and formerly assigned by Orientalists an antiquity of B.C. 1200, but now brought down to a much more recent date. The name of the book, says Mrs. Manning, is itself a kind of pious fraud, for the "laws" are merely the laws or customs of a school or association of Hindoos called the Manavas, who lived on the banks of the Saraswati, and were an energetic and prosperous people. Their system seems to have worked so well that it was adopted by other communities, and then the organizers announced it as a code given to men by their divine progenitor Manu, or Menu. They added also passages which assert the divine claims of Brahmins, but a great deal of this portion of the code seems to have existed only in theory and never to have had practical validity. In Sanscrit plays

and poems, where the real state of things is betrayed, weak and indigent Brahmins are not infrequent; and Sudras are found to have political rights. The whole of the authoress's synopsis of this most curious work amply deserves study. Space can only be spared here to remark on one of its topics,—the regulations of domestic life.

The condition of women in India seems to have constantly deteriorated since the Vedic ages. At the time of the Institutes of Menu it had reached a stage of absolute *subjection*, but had yet something worse to fall to, the *abjection* of the modern practice of incarceration for life, and death by *suttee*. "Day and night," say the *Institutes* (chap. ix. vv. 2, 3, &c.), "must women be held by their protectors in a state of dependence. Their fathers protect them in childhood, their husbands in youth, their sons in age. A woman is never fit for independence. . . . Women have no business with the texts of the Vedas. Having therefore no evidence of law and no knowledge of expiating tests, sinful women must be as foul as falsehood itself. . . . She who keeps in subjection to her lord her heart, her speech and her body shall attain his mansion in heaven. . . . Even if a husband be devoid of good qualities or enamored of another woman, yet must he be constantly revered as a god by a virtuous wife." The Code, says our authoress, does not hint at the practice of widow-burning; but from making the position of single women and widows absolutely unbearable, the ground was laid for the two great crimes of later ages against women, viz., infanticide and *suttee*. The stupendous selfishness of men, who were not content with reducing a woman body and soul to the adoring and unreasoning dependence of a dog during the life of her husband, but required her after his death to "emaciate her body, live on flowers, and perform harsh duties, till death," led to these not unnatural results. They were the most merciful mothers who put their female children out of a world which offered them no mercy; and perhaps not the most unmerciful Brahmins who urged the widows to terminate their miseries on the funeral pile. The way in which, while all this was going on, the great poets of Ramayana

and Mahabharata, and the dramatists of later days, continued to idealize women and represent them as perfect angels of heroism and devotion, would be astonishing did we not remember that the same thing happened in Greece; and that Sophocles drew Antigone, and Euripides Alcestis, when the real "woman of the period" was either shut up in her *gynækonitis*, or came out of it only as one of the *hetærae*. The man, *quoad* artist, liked to imagine woman free and noble. The man, *quoad* man and citizen, was perfectly content to keep her a prisoner for life and to leave her to be burned to death with his corpse, as her final reward and glorification.

At the present day in India it is an ordinary thing for a lady to be born in the upstairs *zenana*, and never once to have trodden the earth, even of the most confined garden, before she is borne to her grave. What existence must be among a knot of women thus immured together with nothing but their loves and hatreds and jealousies to brood upon, is awful and piteous to think of. Every house in India belonging to the higher classes must be a convent peopled with Starrs and Saurins. That the whole population, male and female, should be physically and morally weak when their mothers have undergone for centuries such a *régime*, is no more than inevitable. The Hindoos have spoiled the lives of their wives and daughters, and Nemesis has spoiled theirs, and made them the easy prey of their Saxon conquerors; whose ancestors were naked savages when they were a splendid and cultured race, but whose women, even in those old days of Tacitus, were "thought to have in them somewhat of the Divinity." The marvel is not that Hindoos are what we find them, but that any race can have survived so long such a monstrous infraction of natural laws. Most marvellous of all is it, that Hindoo women with the "set of their brains," as we should think, turned to idiocy through centuries of caged-up mothers, yet display, when rare occasions offer, no mean degree of some of the higher forms of human intelligence. At this moment the Brahmos are congratulating themselves on the appearance of a Bengalee poetess who composes beautiful hymns suitable for

theistic worship; and Mr. Mill has borne testimony to his official experience in India, of the extraordinary aptitude for government of such Hindoo princesses as have ruled as regents for their sons. "If," he says, "a Hindoo principality is strongly, vigilantly, and economically governed, if order is preserved without oppression, if cultivation is extending and the people prosperous, in three cases out of four that principality is under a woman's rule. This fact—to me," he adds, "an entirely unexpected one—I have collected from a long official knowledge of Hindoo governments."

After the Institutes of Menu come the Codes of Yajnavalkya and Parasara. To all these are attributed the rank of *Smriti* or Divine Revelation. But (as has happened elsewhere) infallible books were found ere long to need infallible interpretations; and commentaries and digests of these inspired codes soon multiplied, and became almost as important as the codes themselves. Mrs. Manning gives some account of them, and then proceeds to write some singularly interesting chapters on Hindoo Medicine, Astronomy, Grammar, and Architecture. With regret we must leave these aside as incapable of compression, and turn to her second volume, which is devoted to what may be called the secular literature of India, with a supplementary chapter on Commerce and Manufacture.

The traveller who has familiarized himself with the streets of beautiful Florence and proceeds from thence to Pisa, is apt to feel somewhat confused as to identity of place. There is the same Arno, and a very similar Lung-Arno with rows of palaces. But the one city is lonely and strange and the other bright and full of vigorous life; and between the two he feels as we do in a dream when we imagine we see a place or person and yet find them altogether other than we know them to be. Very similar sensations must surely have been experienced by the European scholars who discovered the great Hindoo poems, and, like the Ancient Mariner, were the first

that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

There were all the forms of art to which they had been accustomed, and of which Greece was deemed the very creator. There were long grand Epics, and there were noble dramas, and lyrics, and tales, and even fables, from which those of *Æsop* seemed borrowed. It was another and a complete cycle of literature; yet, in each case, the resemblance was incomplete, the forms less perfect, the legends more wild and seemingly often unmeaning; the unities more neglected. That one great miracle-age of Grecian art had not indeed repeated itself in India. Kalidasa could not take rank beside Sophocles any more than the Rishis of the Vedas could rank beside the Psalmists of Israel. But yet there was power, beauty, originality in the Sanscrit poems, such as almost constituted an equal wonder, falling, as they did spontaneously, into such closely corresponding forms.

The reader who will give the volume before us a perusal cannot, we think, fail to be amazed at the richness of imagination and the delicacy of natural sentiment displayed in the Hindoo poems. Unfortunately, the limited space of a review necessarily forbids even an attempt to convey those qualities, and the most which can be done here is to give a bare *résumé* of the character of the work whose choice flowers Mrs. Manning has gathered into a splendid bouquet.

The two poems which bear to Hindoo literature the relation which the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad* do to that of Greece, and which have been almost equally prized by the nation to which they belong, are the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*. The age of both is presumed to be considerably anterior to the Christian era; and at all events to be earlier than that of the great Codes of Hindoo law. The *Ramayana* is a complete poem, composed by the poet Valmiki. The *Mahabharata* is a vast piece composed at different times and by different authors, some before and some after the age of the *Ramayana*. The story narrated in the *Ramayana* is that of a hero named Rama, now worshipped in India as a God, and represented as one of the incarnations of Vishnu. He is described as the son of the King of Ayodya (the modern Oude), and is born, like most other heroes of fable, semi-miraculously.

The adventures of Rama and his faithful wife Sita are some of them touching, some absurd; the chief is the carrying off of Sita by Ravana, the demon-King of Lanka, or Ceylon. To recover her, Rama enters into an alliance with the king of the monkeys and invades Ceylon. A bridge is formed of rocks (of course still *in situ*) over which Rama and his quadrumanous friends make their way and recover the dame, whose story has combined the mishaps of Proserpine with the destiny of Helen. Many parts of this poem, even in translation, are full of grace; and the tenderness of parental and filial affection can hardly ever have been more beautifully described.

The Mahabharata is still larger than the Ramayana, containing in its present form 100,000 stanzas. Its authorship is attributed to Vyasa, but, as mentioned above, it is undoubtedly the work of many hands. The quarrels of two great allied families form the staple of the story; its name signifying "the great history of the descendants of Bharata." The heroes are the five brothers Pandavas, and the heroine is Drapaudi; a woman who is strangely represented as the wife of all of them. This trait of manners is the more remarkable as modern Brahminical law is entirely opposed to polyandry, and the Indian commentators are exceedingly troubled at the incident in their great national epic. The custom, however, still exists among the Buddhists of Thibet, and the tribe of Nairs in Southern India; and its appearance in the Mahabharata proves the age of that great poem to have been prior to that of the Institutes of Menu and the other codes of Hindoo law.

After a series of wars whose narrative is interrupted by many episodes (in one of which is the legend of a deluge), the Mahabharata closes in a peculiarly striking manner. The brothers Pandavas remain masters of the field and kings of their native country, all the rival race being slain. But "leanness enters into their souls," and they set off, accompanied by Drapaudi and their dog, to walk to Mount Meru, where Indra's heaven rises among the summits of the Himalayas. They walk on and on in single file, till at last Drapaudi sinks down and dies; and then each brother in succession falls till the eldest remains

alone; the mysterious dog still following him. Indra now appears and offers to bear the hero in his chariot to heaven. He asks that his brothers and his wife may be taken there also. Indra tells him they have already reached heaven, through the portals of the grave. He alone has been privileged to enter wearing his fleshly form. Then Yudhishthira asks that his dog may accompany him. But Indra scornfully observes, "My heaven hath no place for dogs;" whereupon the hero says that "to abandon the faithful and devoted is an endless crime."

Yon poor creature, in fear and distress, hath trusted in my power to save it;
Not therefore for e'en life itself will I break my plighted word.

Fortunately the dog turns out to be Yama, the god of Death, who has ever followed his steps hitherto (an allegory in the vein of Bunyan), and by revealing himself, sets the hero free to accept Indra's invitation. But not even here do his trials end. He enters heaven, and seeks instantly for his wife and his brothers; but he is told they are in hell! "Then to hell will I go also," cries the hero, and thither he actually descends. But hell to the righteous is only Maya (delusion). He and his beloved ones are in paradise forever.

There is something to our thinking so perfectly Teutonic in all this conclusion, that we can hardly express our surprise at finding it in an Eastern book. The distinct motions of heaven and hell, the nature of the trials offered to the hero, and his idea of duty to his dog, would all seem quite natural in a German story; but how strange a testimony do they bring to the essential unity of the Aryan mind, occurring as they do in a Sanscrit poem, to which we can attribute no later age than the Christian era!

The story of Rama and Sita is again treated in a third and minor poem of later date, called the *Raghuvansa*, attributed to Kalidasa, the great dramatic poet; and besides this are many other *Kavyas* or epics of less and lesser importance. The subjects of most of them appear constantly to hover round one or other episode of the Ramayana or Mahabharata.

The Hindoo Drama was opened to Europeans nearly a century ago by Sir William Jones's translation of its masterpiece, "Sakuntala," of which Goethe expressed the highest admiration. In 1827, Professor Wilson published "Select Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindoos," whose first play, the celebrated "Toy-Cart," affords some indications whereby to estimate the date of the golden age of the Indian drama. Buddhism still exists among the characters of the piece, but has lost its ascendancy, and Siva is the chief object of worship. These and other signs are believed to point to the fourth century of our era for the date of the dramas in question; while Kalidasa, the greatest of the succeeding Sanscrit dramatic poets, is held to have flourished about A.D. 500.

Hindoo dramas are neither tragedies nor comedies. The grave and the gay mingle in turn, but none of them end in death, either on the stage or behind the scenes; and Eastern decorum shows itself in the prohibition of eating, kissing, or sleeping before the public. They are, in short, very much what they call themselves, "poems which can be seen." Stage scenery there seems to be none. The acts of the drama might not be less than five nor more than ten. Intervals too long to be imagined in the acts were understood to take place between them. Men and gods were made to speak Sanscrit; women and slaves spoke Prakrit, a language bearing to Sanscrit the relation of Italian to Latin. Married women having passed the age of beauty being in Hindoo imagination mere cumberers of the ground, cultivated *hetaræ* appeared in India as in Greece, and the "Toy-Cart" presents us with its Aspasia. There are certain conventional characters on the Hindoo as on the classic and romantic stage; among them the *Vita* or parasite and the *Vidushaka* or buffoon. The number of existing Hindoo dramas is now small; whether many have perished or few were ever composed is unknown. The "Toy-Cart" is by an unknown author. Three dramas are attributed to Kalidasa, and three more to another admired poet, Bhavabhuti. "Sakuntala" appears to be recognized as the most beautiful; but in it, as in all the rest, the use of supernatural machinery is so exorbitant that to confess the truth we find it hard

for the slow British imagination to keep sufficient pace with its transitions to permit of much interest in its plot. Southey seems to have wonderfully realized this element of wild Hindoo fancy when he composed the "Curse of Kehama." Miracles, however, like the "Curse," or even the gigantic conception of Kehama multiplying himself into eight Kehamas and driving "self-multiplied"

At once down all the roads of Padalon,

may be swallowed; and the apparition in a fiery chariot which carries off Sakuntala admitted as perfectly legitimate. But when we are called on further to believe that the desperately enamored king Dushyanta, almost immediately after his marriage, miraculously forgets Sakuntala altogether, and snubs her when she presents herself at court, our sympathy in the subsequent adventures of the heroine becomes languid, to say the least.

Several centuries later than the age of Kalidasa was written another Indian drama of an entirely different description. Its author was a poet named Krishna Misra, supposed to have lived in the 12th century A.D., and the object of this work was the establishment of Vedanta doctrine. It is in fact a religious allegory as complete as the *Holy War* or *Pilgrim's Progress*, and its name signifies "The Rising of the Moon of Awakened Intellect," and the *dramatis personæ* are Delusion, the king, with his subjects Love, Anger, Avarice, &c., and his allies Hypocrisy, Self-Importance, and Materialism, and on the opposite side Reason with an army of Virtues. The struggle between the rival forces is sharp, but finally Tranquillity enables Reason to harmonize with Revelation (consummation sought in other places besides India!), and thereupon the Moon of Awakened Intellect arises and shines. Our authoress has given a full and most curious account of this very remarkable piece, to which we recommend every admirer of glorious old Bunyan to refer. There is real wit in the Hindoo poet as in the Puritan tinker. Hypocrisy is represented as a Brahmin, and receives a message from his king as follows:—

"Beloved Hypocrisy! King Reason and his advisers have determined to revive Awakened

Intellect, and are for this purpose sending Tranquillity into holy places. This threatens destruction to all our kind, and it behoves you to be specially active and zealous. You are aware that no holy place on earth is equal to the city of Benares. Go then to Benares, and exert yourself to frustrate the devotions of the pious people there assembled.

To this address Hypocrisy replies that he has done what is wanted at Benares so effectively already, that those who by day attend the holy rites are by night the greatest of sinners.

Besides its Epics and its Dramas, Sanscrit literature boasts also of its Lyric poetry. One poem of this class called the "Messenger Church," attributed to Kalidasa, is greatly praised by Mrs. Manning. Another also by Kalidasa, "The Seasons," is spoken of in rapturous terms by Sir William Jones, and by its English and German translators.

A more remarkable class of books, however, than the last is that of Hindoo Fables. India is indeed the proper home of the Fable. Between A.D. 531 and 599, the great collection called the Panchatantra was translated into Pehlevi at the command of Nushirvan, King of Persia, under the name of Fables of Bidpai or Pilpay; and it is chiefly to these that the common tales of our nurseries are traceable. What may have been the real age of the Panchatantra (or Five Sections) is uncertain; it preceded at all events the collection of the Hitopadesa (Good Advice). Both sets of fables are much alike, and arranged in a similar framework; namely, the instructions of a Brahmin to the sons of a king, who are entrusted to him for six months' education in *niti* (politics). The lessons so bestowed, it must be owned, are somewhat Machiavellian, and may be summarized, Mrs. Manning says, in the following simple doctrine: "Rogues, if cunning, succeed. Simpletons, though good and learned, fail. Good morals are allowed, however, to be good in themselves, and to be preferred where no failure is risked."

Lastly, there exists in India a mass of fictions of the class of the *Arabian Nights*, the most popular being "The Ocean of the Streams of Narrative," "Twenty-five Stories told by a Vetala," "Thirty-two Tales told by Images," "Seventy-two Tales of a Parrot." And

so concludes the vast cycle of Sanscrit literature, having contributed to the library of mankind nearly every known form of composition, saving only a History. Neither ancient nor mediæval India, so far as we know, ever had an Historian or even an Annalist; and in the enormous mass of their relics we are left to pick out as best we may from internal evidence the chronology even of their greatest works. We know almost everything about their minds, their opinions, their laws, even their lightest fancies. We can reconstruct their whole existence probably with greater accuracy than we can picture the lives of our own ancestors in our own land a thousand years ago. But the sequence of events, the wars and conquests, the dynasties and revolutions which ordinarily fill for us the pages of the past are in the case of India almost a total blank.

It must be confessed that the story of the Hindoo mind, as revealed in Sanscrit literature, cannot be contemplated even in such a hasty review as the present, without a sense of sadness and regret. That early dawn of religion which breaks in the Vedas, instead of shining to the perfect day of rational faith, was followed only by fitful gleams of sunshine and cloud, and sank at last, as the ages went by, into the thick darkness of unredeemed idolatry. The one great reformation which alone ever broke the continuity of Brahmin ecclesiastical history, the rise and spreading of Buddhism for a thousand years, passed away from India like a breeze over a field of corn; and no record save a few old ruined topes remain to tell thereof. If we could conceive of Protestantism flourishing for yet twenty generations in England, and then utterly swept off and forgotten, and Catholicism reinstated over the land, with only the mouldering dome of St. Paul's left to recall to the antiquary the schism of the past, then we should have an analogue of the marvellous story of the two great rival creeds of the East.

But is there no lesson for us—even if we cannot stretch imagination to such a catastrophe—in the example of India's religious history? What were the causes which led to the deterioration of that vast Established Church, which in the

days of the Bhagavad Gita had teachers with the spirit of prophets and the piety of saints? The answer seems unmistakable. Religion fell wholly out of secular hands into that of a priesthood, of the most powerful priesthood in the world; and what did it do with it? It accomplished precisely the end for which all priesthoods are forever striving. It turned religion into a matter of rites and sacraments. Then symbols became idols, and formal observances were exalted above moral virtues; and the India of to-day, with its three million gods, its hideous idols, and its gross and cruel rites, is the outcome of the three millenniums of priestly rule.

It is indeed time that a new reformation should arise in India, capable of taking deeper root in human nature than Buddhism, with its sleeping deity and Nirvana paradise, was ever qualified to do. We rejoice to believe that we see the first signs of such a reformation in the work of the Brahmos of Bengal, and we shall welcome to our shores this year their leader and representative, Keshub Chunder Sen, with the confidence that he at least is doing his utmost to lay the foundations of the future religion of India not on any holy books or magical ceremonies, but on the eternal grounds of conscience and reason.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

THE TRANSLATION OF FAITH.*

St. Peter's, January 6th, 1870.

I.

HIGH in the midst the pictured Pentecost
Showed in a sign the coming of the Ghost,
And round about were councils blazoned
Called by the Fathers in a day long dead,
Who once therein, as well the limner paints,
Upbuilt the faith delivered to the saints.

Without the council-hall, in dawning day,
The mass of men had left a narrow way
Where ever-burning lamps enlock the tomb
In golden glamour and in golden gloom.
There on the earth is peace, and in the air
An aspiration of eternal prayer;
So many a man in immemorial years
Has scarcely seen that image for his tears,
So oft have women found themselves alone
With Christ and Mary on the well-worn stone.

Thereby the conclave of the bishops wept,
With grave brows cherishing a dim intent,
As men who travelled on their eve of death
From every shore that man inhabiteth,
Not knowing wherefore, for the former things
Faded from old eyes of bishops and of kings.

With crimson raiment one from Bozrah came,
On brow and breast the rubies flashed in flame;
And this from Tyre, from Tunis that, and he
From Austral islands and the Austral sea;—
And many a swarthy face and stern was there,
And many a man who knows deep things and rare,
Knows the Chaldaic and the Coptic rite,
The Melchian-Greek and Ebio-Maronite,
Strange words of men who speak from long ago,
Lived not our lives, but what we know not know.
And some there were who never shall disdain
The Orders of their poverty and pain;
Amidst all pomp preferring for their need
The simple cowl and customary weed,—
Some white and Carmelite, and some away
In gentle habit of Franciscan gray.

O Francis! never may thy sainted name
Be thought or written save with soul aflame,
Nor spoken openly nor breathed apart
Without a stir and swelling of the heart;—
O mate of Poverty! O pearl unpriced!
O co-espoused, co-transfocate with Christ!
And lo, the Sovereign Pontiff, Holy Sire,
Fulfilled anew the Catholic desire;—
Beneath the scroll of Peter's charge unfurled
He sat him at the centre of the world,
Attending till the deeds of God began,
And the One Sacrifice was slain for man.

But yet to me was granted to behold
A greater glory than the Pontiff's gold;—
To my purged eyes before the altar lay
A figure dreamlike in the noon of day;
Nor changed the still face, nor the look thereon,
At ending of the endless antiphon,
Nor for the summoned saints and holy hymn
Grew to my sight less delicate and dim:—
How faint, how fair that immaterial wraith!
But looking long I saw that she was Faith.

II.

Last in the midst of all a patriarch came,
Whose nation none durst ask him nor his name,
Yet 'mid the Eastern sires he seemed as one
Fire-nurtured at the springing of the sun,
And in robe's tint was likest-hued to them
Who wear the Babylonian diadem.
His brows black yet and white unfallen hair
Set in strange frame the face of his despair,
And I despised not, nor can God despise,
The silent splendid anger of his eyes.
A hundred years of search for flying Truth
Had left them glowing with no gleam of youth,
A hundred years of vast and vain desire
Had lit and filled them with consuming fire,
Therethrough I saw his fierce eternal soul
Gaze from beneath that argent aureole;

* Public Session of the Œcumenical Council, in St. Peter's, Rome, January 6 (Feast of the Epiphany), 1870.

I saw him bow his hoar majestic head,
I heard him, and he murmured, "Faith is dead."

Through arch and avenue the rumor ran,
Shed from the mighty presence of the man;
Through arch and avenue and vault and aisle
He cast the terror of his glance awhile,
Then rose at once and spake with hurrying breath,
As one who races with a racing Death.

"How long ago our fathers followed far
That false flame of the visionary star!
Oh better, better had it been for them
To have perished on the edge of Bethlehem,
Or ere they saw the comet stoop and stay,
And knew the shepherds, and became as they!
Better for us to have been, as men may be,
Sages and silent by the Eastern sea,
Than thus in new delusion to have brought
Myrrh of our prayer, frankincense of our thought,
For One whom knowing not we held so dear,
For One who sware it, but who is not here.
Better for you, this shrine when ye began,
An earthquake should have hidden it from man,
Than thus through centuries of pomp and pain
To have founded and have finished it in vain,—
To have vainly arched the labyrinthine shade,
And vainly vaulted it, and vainly made
For saints and kings an everlasting home
High in the dizzying glories of the dome.
For not one minute over hall and Host
Flutters the peerless presence of the Ghost,
Nor falls at all, for art or man's device,
On mumbled charm and mumming sacrifice,—
But either cares not, or forsook with care
Has flown into the infinite of air.

Apollo left you when the Christ was born,
Jehovah when the temple's veil was torn,
And now, even now, this last time and again,
The presence of a God has gone from men.
Live in your dreams, if ye must live, but I
Will find the light, and in the light will die."

III.

At that strange speech the sons of men amazed
Each on the other tremulously gazed,
When lo, herself,—herself the age to close,—
From where she lay the very Faith arose;
She stood as never she shall stand again,
And for an instant manifest to men;—
In figure like the Mother-maid who sees
The deepest heart of hidden mysteries,
On that strange night when from her eyes she shed
A holy glory on the painter's bed,
And Agnes and the angels hushed awhile,
Won by her sadness sweeter than a smile.
Such form she wore, nor yet henceforth will care
That form, or form at all, on earth to wear;
For those sweet eyes, which once, with flag un-
furled,

So many a prince would follow through the world,
That face, the light of dreams, the crown of day,
Lo, while we looked on her, was rapt away;
O mystic end, and O vanished queen!
When shall we see thee as our sires have seen?

And yet, translated from the Pontiff's side,
She did not die, O say not that she died!
She died not, died not, O the faint and fair!
She could not die, but melted into air.

And first the conclave and the choir, and then
The immeasurable multitude of men,
Bowed and fell down, bowed and fell down, as
though

A rushing mighty wind had laid them low;
Yea to all hearts a revelation came,
As flying thunder and as flying flame;
A moment then the vault above him seemed
To each man as the heaven that he had dreamed;
A moment then the floor whereon he trod
Became the pavement of the courts of God;
And in the aisles was silence, in the dome
Silence, and no man knew that it was Rome.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

Cornhill Magazine.

THE ALCHEMISTS.

"The upright art of Alchymie liketh me well."—LUTHER.

THE odd, lingering, half-alive vitality of old superstitions was curiously instanced some seventy years ago, when an advertisement appeared in the German *Reichsanzeiger*, purporting to be issued by the "Hermetic Society," and calling for communications from the votaries of alchemy scattered among the public. This was in 1796, the period when the Directory governed in France, and General Buonaparte was conquering North Italy; a time when old beliefs on many important subjects had recently met with sufficiently rough handling.

Answers to the advertisement came in from all quarters. Persons in every grade of professional and commercial life, tail-

ors and shoemakers, physicians, privy councillors, schoolmasters, watchmakers, apothecaries, organists, professed themselves practical students of the occult science, and desirous of further enlightenment in their as yet unsuccessful quest after the great elixir. The idea that an influential "Hermetic Society" was in existence infused new hope into these isolated searchers. But on how baseless a fabric their hope was built eventually appeared, when the archives of the society were submitted to inspection, and it was found to have consisted of two members only,—two Westphalian doctors of obscure fame. On the letters they had received in consequence of their adver-

tisement were found endorsed the words "answered evasively."

These facts are told us in a lecture recently delivered at Leipsic by Professor Erdmann, and published in the *Gartenlaube*. From his statements, and from other sources, we propose to put together a few notes relative to the exploded science—the eccentric torchbearer to chemical discovery—whose annals contribute such notable pages to the moral romance of the Middle Ages.

We do not profess to give its history in formal sequence. We do not discuss the traditions of its origin among the sages of Egypt, nor ponder over the ambiguous inscription on the Emerald Table of Hermes Trismegistus—the *Apocalypse of Alchemy*, as Dr. Erdmann calls it. That Moses was given proof of his skill as an "adept" when he dissolved the golden calf and made the rebellious Israelites imbibe it in a liquid state, that the long-lived antediluvian patriarchs had in fact got hold of the *Elixir Vitæ*, that Noah was commanded to hang up the true and genuine philosopher's stone in the Ark, to give light to all living creatures therein, are opinions we will merely glance at, as some of the most ambitious among the many fictions by which alchemy sought to ennoble its pedigree, when, from an obscure and ill-accredited pursuit, it had come to be admitted into the front ranks of notoriety, to be professed by sages of eminence and patronized by powerful monarchs. It was in the thirteenth century that it stepped into this position, brought to it mainly through the intercourse of the Arabs with Europe. The heyday of its dignity may be said to have continued from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. After the Revival of Learning it declined in estimation; but it still maintained a very considerable sway over those portions of society where mental activity had not been impelled into the new channels. Of its prevalence in Germany, especially during the seventeenth century, Professor Erdmann relates many curious instances. To these we shall presently recur. The absolute death of Alchemy, or the "Spagirie Art," as it used sometimes to be called, cannot be assigned to an earlier date than the publication of Lavoisier's *Modern System of Chemistry*, eighty years ago. And here again, when we speak of its "abso-

lute death," it must be observed that even in our own times chemists of first-rate rank have accorded a certain degree of recognition to its fundamental hypothesis. Sir Humphry Davy is not alone in avowing his opinion that the transmutations of metals need not be considered an impossibility. Metals, it is argued, are composite bodies, brought into their actual condition by the hidden operations of Nature. Why may not man, who has wrested so many secrets from her already, find out this art of metal-making also, and by some imitative process form similar combinations under the same relative conditions? But to what purpose? If the art resulted in a monopoly by some dexterous patentee, gold-making would before long come to be made penal: if every one might without hindrance carry his own California in his own crucible, gold would soon cease to be the standard of value.

But *has* the transmutation ever been effected? Here the testimony of enlightened modern inquiry is emphatically No, in spite of the half affirmations we meet with here and there: as, for instance, in a *History of Alchymy* alluded to by Professor Erdmann, published as late as 1832, wherein the author expresses his belief that at least five "Adepts" or masters of the art of transmutation have, in the course of ages, made good their claims to the title.

Before we proceed further, let us note what were the definite objects which the alchemists proposed to themselves in their researches, and which these adepts professed to have accomplished. The doctrines on which their science rested were three:—

1. That gold could be produced from metals which themselves contained no gold, by the application to them of an artificial preparation. This preparation went by the names of the Philosopher's Stone, the Great Elixir, the Great Magisterium, and the Red Tincture. It was applied to metals when they had been fused into a liquid state; and the act of application was called Projection.

2. That silver could be similarly produced out of metals containing no silver, by the application of another preparation called the Stone of the Second Order, the Little Elixir, the Little Magisterium, and the White Tincture. This, natural-

ly, was in much less request than the other, and is much less talked about in the records of Alchemy.

3. The same preparation which thus ennobles metals and produces gold is, at the same time, when in a potable state, or even in some forms as a solid, a medicine possessing marvellous qualities for preserving life and renewing youthful vigor. How far the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life were considered identical is, however, left in some doubt by the ambiguity of Spagiric writers. By some the latter has been described as having the properties of seawater; by others as an invigorating paste; by others as liquid gold; by others, Raymond Lulli, for instance, as something very like honest port and sherry. This elixir of life was sought by the earlier alchemists much more eagerly than was the stone in its transmuting properties, but it faded into discredit sooner: the avarice of mankind proved stronger than their love of existence; or perhaps we should say, the great discoverer death was more convincing in his arguments than the obstinacy of metallic ores. Gold might be "exhibited" by astute contrivances where honest means of fabricating it had failed; no deceit could "exhibit" life in the individual whose hour of fate had really come.

To hit upon the right composition of the greater magisterium, whether as a medicine or a transmuter of metals, was, then, the primary aim and end of alchemy throughout. To decompose all metals into their primitive constituents, so as to ascertain the relative value of each, and to learn how to recombine them in certain specific proportions, was a necessary part of the process, and hence resulted the inestimable service rendered by alchemy to true science,—the establishment of the principles of chemical analysis. As to the nature and properties of the wonder-working stone, nothing can be more vague, contradictory, and hyperbolic than the reports of professed adepts on the subject. Either they sought to disguise their conscious ignorance by allegorical language, or they pretended to make a mystery of some simple and inefficacious process; or thinking they really had, or were in the way of gaining, the secret, they tried to

mystify those who might perchance have followed up their indications too cleverly. This allegorical jargon may be instanced by a quotation from the verses dedicatory of George Ripley, Canon of Bridlington, the English alchemist, addressed to King Edward IV. He sums up his lore as follows:—

This natural process, by help of craft then consume,
Dissolveth the *Elisir* in its unctuous humiditie,
Then in *balneo* of *Mary* together let them circulate,
Like new honey or oil, till they perfectly thicked be:
Then will that medicine heal all manner infirmity,
And turn all metals to *Sonne* and *Moone* most perfectly;
Then shall ye have both great *Elixir* and *aurum* *potabile*,
By the grace and will of God, to whom be laud eternally.

Mark the pious sentiment with which Ripley concludes. It is a notable circumstance that from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century the pursuit of alchemy was closely connected with the religious sentiment, or, at all events, professed such connection. Its prominent advocates then, and, indeed, to a later date, were wont to speak of themselves as devout investigators of the truths of God discoverable in the marvels of Nature—discoverable only by the pure and patient. They claimed for their pursuit the same religious dignity which Christians of the "broad" school in modern theology are bold to claim for scientific study, on the ground that the God of Revelation is also the God of Nature, and speaks to man by the one mode as well as by the other. Their expressions are often noble and elevated. Hear Johannes Strangunere, in his dying injunctions to his son, in 1432: "Upon the salvation of thy soul do not forget the poor; and in any case look well to thyself, that thou do not disclose the secrets of this science to any covetous worldly man." In Faber's *Propugnaculum Alchymie*, published in 1644, we have the religious theory of the science thus stated: "The stone of the philosophers is, by all the authors who have treated of it, esteemed to be the greatest gift of God on earth. . . . As therefore it is so great and mighty a gift of God, the most necessary thing in

order that man should attain to a knowledge of its excellence and worth, is wisdom which is bestowed by God on very few." And Michael Sandivogius, a Polish adept early in the seventeenth century, reputed author of *A New Light of Alchymie, taken out of the Fountain of Nature and Manual Experience*, as the English translation has it, writes thus: "Thou, therefore, that desirest to attain to this art, in the first place put thy whole trust in God thy creator, and urge Him by thy prayers, and assuredly believe that He will not forsake thee; for if God shall know that thy heart is sincere, and thy whole trust is put in Him, He will, by one means or another, show thee a way and assist thee in it, that thou shalt obtain thy desire." There is piety, too, in the reason given by this same Sandivogius why the adepts, who have learnt how to circumvent death, chose not to perpetuate their existence on earth: "Now I do not wonder," he says, when describing the glorious effects of the elixir, "as before I did, why philosophers, when they have attained to this medicine, have not cared to have their days prolonged, because every philosopher hath the life to come so clearly before his eyes as thy face is seen in a glass." Ben Jonson's impostor acted the character well:—

He, honest wretch,
A notable superstitious good soul,
Has worn his knees bare and his slippers bald,
With prayer and fasting for it. . . Here he comes—
Not a profane word afore him—'tis poison!

In the early Middle Ages it is notorious that not only many good and pious men, but many of the highest intellects, pursued the delusive science, and had the popular repute of being "Spagiric sages," or adepts in its mysteries. Roger Bacon, Albertus Magnus, St. Thomas Aquinas, are the heroes of many fantastic legends. And, indeed, for a long period it was chiefly by clerics, and by monkish clerics, that it was cultivated. In the dreamy solitudes of the cloister, where man's restless imagination so often revenged itself for the restrictions laid on active life, many a tonsured inmate bent over crucible and bellows, "nursing his eternal hope,"* and pray-

ing devoutly for illumination from on high. But enthusiasm and imposture are ever close at hand; and what is more strange, the borderland between them is perilously ill defined. A liar has been known to lie himself into belief of his own inventions; a fanatic, in his overweening desire for the realization of his dreams, will wilfully forget that evidence needs fact for its basis. The wild stories that spring up like a tangle of weeds round the fame of every alchemical philosopher of the Middle Ages leave one in amaze both at the credulity and the untruthfulness of our far-off ancestors; and yet might not a glance nearer home suffice to humble those who have lived in the days of table-rapping and spiritualistic séances? The biographies of the earlier alchemists have been largely recorded by the French writers Naudé and Lenglet du Fresnoy. We will mention a few of them, but our chief business is with later and less hackneyed instances. Among the most famous were Artephius, of the twelfth century, who wrote a treatise on the preservation of life, on the credit of his own experience, being professedly, at the time of writing, in the thousand-and-twenty-fifth year of his age; and who used quietly to settle every disputed question of ancient history by the irrefragable plea of personal testimony. Arnold de Villeneuve, in the thirteenth century, commonly called Villanovanus, was the reputed author of a recipe for the prolongation of life some hundred years or so, by means of carefully prepared plasters and nostrums. Pietro d'Apone, his contemporary, worked unheard-of wonders with his seven familiar spirits, and used to conjure gold back into his Fortunatus's wallet the moment he had made a disbursement. Greater than any of these was Raymond Lulli, of Majorca, the "enlightened doctor," and author of the philosophical *Ars Lulli*, who set up a laboratory at Westminster and filled the coffers of one of our Edwards to the tune of six millions of rose nobles; though indeed some rationalizing authorities ventured to say it was by inducing the King to lay a tax upon wool, and not by transmuting metals, that he worked that miracle. Nicholas Flamel, a poor Parisian scribe, extracted the secret from a mysterious MS. after twenty

* BACON (of Verulam): "The alchemist nurses an eternal hope."

years of painful study. Were not the fourteen hospitals, three chapels, and seven churches that he built, restored, or endowed, indisputable evidence of the validity of his claims to the possession of the gold-making stone? What if the incredulous, even in his own time, whispered that he was a miser and a usurer, that he extorted his pelf from Spanish Jews, and was a general money-lender to the dissipated youth of Paris? Avaunt, such ignoble calumnies!

If the hermetic science bore on the whole a "holy and harmless" character among the inquiring intellects of the thirteenth century, already, in the fourteenth, the quest after the secret of inexhaustible riches had induced a spirit of rivalry and deception which caused serious inconveniences to society. It is to be remarked that the early alchemists invariably went by the name of "philosophers;" the term "gold-makers" was applied in later times and in a derogatory sense. Many Popes and other potentates sought to make the practice of "multiplication," as it was sometimes termed, penal. But in vain: "multipliers" multiplied. Coins and medals were minted from what at all events passed for fabricated gold, to the great detriment of commercial interests. Henry IV. of England issued a stringent prohibition of the practice. The God-fearing Henry VI. eagerly encouraged it, repealing his grandfather's statute, and exhorting all classes of his subjects to search for the secret in the spirit of loyalty, for the replenishment of his coffers; his characteristic piety coming out in the special charge to the clergy, as being undoubtedly possessed of the power of transmuting substances in one way, and therefore more likely perhaps to succeed in the other. Edward IV. patronized the art. So did poor Charles VI. of France, in his flighty, impulsive way. One of the occupants of the Holy See had the credit of being an alchemist, Pope John XXII., whose bulls issued against the pretenders to the art were perhaps intended to warn off rivals. The eighteen millions of treasure which he was said to have left behind him was the current argument adduced to prove him an adept; the evidence of the fact perhaps as little trustworthy as the inference.

Weird fancies have always found a congenial atmosphere within the breast of the Teuton; and it was most conspicuously by German emperors and princes that the Spagiric art—so called, in fact, from a Teutonic word, *spähen*, to search—was cultivated or patronized. During the fifteenth century it came to be possessed by a number of adventurers, "wandering alchemists" as they were styled, who strolled from court to court, sometimes gaining great political influence over their patrons, as, for instance, Hans von Dörnberg did over the Landgrave of Hesse; sometimes experiencing the tragic fate of those who sink from great men's favor by a too daring swimming on bladders. The first personage of pre-eminent degree who kept a regular "court alchemist" was Barbara, wife of the Emperor Sigismund. She had been instructed, so the story goes, by a wandering sage how to make silver out of copper and arsenic, and to increase the substance of gold by the addition of copper and silver. This metal, on which, at all events, imperial power could pass the *fiat* of currency, she benevolently sold to the poor as genuine metal. The Margrave John of Brandenburg was so great a proficient in the labors of the crucible, that he was surnamed "the Alchemist," and his residence at the Plassenburg, near Culmbach, was a head-quarter of the profession. His fame, however, was outdone in the following century by that of the Emperor Rudolph II., whose sobriquets were "the Prince of Alchemy" and "the German Hermes Trismegistus." His superstitious dreams, which cost the empire dear at a time when intellect and energy were required to steer her through her troubles, gave an impetus to "gold-cookery" throughout his dominions such as it never received before or after. Adepts fought out their envious rivalries at his court. His poet laureate sang of the alchemical processes as of the conflict of allegorical powers in an heroic strife. Here Dee and Kelly, the English mountebanks, dropped down for a while on their erratic course. Here Van Helmont was eagerly invited. Here Sandivogius was treated sumptuously, and honored with the title of Councillor of State. Equally zealous with Rudolph, as a student of the art and patron of its profes-

sors, was Augustus, Elector of Saxony, who had a laboratory at Dresden, popularly called the Gold House; while his wife, the Electress Anna, practised at Annaburg, and his son and successor, Christian, grew up under their eyes a sharer in the family taste. It was this Christian to whose reign belongs the story of Setonius Scotus (Seaton the Scot), *alias* the "Cosmopolite," which affords a striking illustration of the precarious conditions of an alchemist's life and fortunes in those days. Setonius professed to have mastered the mystery of gold-making; and the proof he gave of his art, in the presence of the Elector Christian, on one occasion, so greatly impressed that prince's mind, that he caused the luckless adept to be forthwith carried off and imprisoned in a high tower at Dresden, where no one else could get at him to learn his secret, and where a fair field might be left for the Elector's own efforts. He visited his prisoner himself and tried persuasion. Setonius was dumb. Then he employed torture. The poor "Cosmopolite" was racked till within an ace of death. Still no confession: and as it would not do to kill the goose with the golden eggs outright, Seaton was left to linger in the tower, alternately soothed and tormented. One day, by special favor, a Polish visitor was allowed to have access to him. This was Michael Sandivogius, to whom more than once we have already made allusion: he was then a student only, not an adept, in alchemy; he listened eagerly to Seaton's promises of golden reward should he help him to effect his escape. A plan was laid, and successfully executed; the fugitives reached Cracow, but there the strength of Seaton, harassed by long torture and privation, broke down. The cathedral church of Cracow received his remains in 1604.

The experience of poor Alexander Seaton was that of many others of his class. The conduct of princes towards the alchemists was, in fact, much like the old fable of the sun and wind. It was a question whether fair means or foul means, favors or tortures, would be most likely to wring the secret out of a man who boasted of carrying it in his breast. More was demanded of the luckless "multipliers" than they were able to per-

form. "Fill my coffers," was the cry of some needy duke or landgrave; "give me money to pay my troops, to feast my retainers." Well was it if he did not let his fancy launch forth into the gorgeous visions of Sir Epicure Mammon,—

My meat shall all come in in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies:
Boiled in the spirit of Sol, and dissolved pearl,
Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy:
And I will eat these broths with spoons of am-
ber
Headed with diamond and carbuncle.

The adventurer, if he had any credit to trade upon, might say, "Give me time to mature my experiments—a little more, and the secret is won." He might thus linger on, well tended and trusted for a while; or should his credit fail, he might be dismissed in disgrace, to go to another petty court, and get "boarded and lodged" for another term of promise and imposture. On the other hand, if desperately pressed, and confident in his own ingenuity, he might proceed to experiment. Then, if he broke down, he might perchance be hung as an impostor,—hung in a tinsel-spangled garment, beneath a mocking superscription, like that placed over an unhappy victim at Culmbach, who had boasted of having acquired the much-coveted subsidiary art of fixing quicksilver:—

I deemed of fixing mercury I had acquired the
knack:
But things have gone by contraries, and I am
fixed, alack! *

The curious tale of Böttger, or Bötticher, the originator of the Dresden porcelain manufacture, belongs to a comparatively late period in the annals of alchemy. It is worth relating as one of the remarkable instances where the search after the philosopher's stone led by side-doors to real and valuable discoveries. Bötticher was an apothecary's apprentice at Berlin, in the time of Frederick I. King of Prussia (1701-1713). He boasted of having received

* "Ich war, zwar wie Mercur wird fix gemacht,
bedacht:
Doch hat sich's umgekehrt, und ich bin fix
gemacht!"

a bit of the genuine stone from a Greek named Lascaris, and of having done marvellous things with it in the way of transmutation. The King expressed his desire to judge personally of his pretensions. Bötticher was by no means inclined to stand the trial, and crossed the borders to Wittenberg. His sovereign lord demanded his extradition by the Saxon Government. It was refused: and the garrison of Wittenberg was strengthened for fear of a surprise; while, for greater security, the valuable emigrant was transferred to Dresden. Here he somehow satisfied the Prince von Fürstenberg, who was governing in the Saxon King's absence, that he really could make gold. The King, Augustus II., wrote to him in the most deferential terms, made him a nobleman, and, with all marks of respect, stowed him away in his strong tower of Königstein, where he was assiduously watched, in the hope of winning his secret from him in some unguarded moment. However, not to anger him, and thus defeat the royal hopes, he was allowed to return to Dresden, in a sort of honorable captivity, while freedom and additional rewards were promised him should he give up the required recipe. He actually signed a contract to that effect, and was accordingly guarded, if possible, more carefully, and treated more sumptuously than ever. He was looked upon as a precious jewel of the crown; and when a hostile invasion soon threatened, he was transferred, with the other treasures of royalty, once more to the Königstein. Meanwhile, three years passed, and his contract was not fulfilled. The King waxed impatient. Bötticher had gone on experimenting, in the desperate hope of being able to make good his pretensions, but gold would not come at his bidding. He might, perchance, have been hung with ignominy, like so many of his predecessors; but, luckily for him, a really important discovery had emerged out of some of his manipulations. He now ventured to confess to the King that he never *had* made gold, nor knew how to do so, but offered his Majesty the results of his porcelain invention instead. Augustus swallowed his mortification, and forgave him, placing him at the head of the Dresden porcelain-works, so famous in

after years; but to the day of his death, which occurred in 1710, the recalcitrant alchemist was carefully watched, lest perchance some more valuable secret might escape him. The casual discoveries made by alchemists would fill many volumes of science and industrial history. Thus Roger Bacon stumbled by a chance on the composition of gunpowder; Geber, on the properties of acids; Van Helmont, on the nature of gas, "geist," or "spirit," so named by him; and Dr. Glauber, of Amsterdam, in the seventeenth century, eliminated in this haphazard way the uses of the "salts" which bear his name.

Paracelsus and Van Helmont are the greatest names connected with alchemy in the sixteenth century. The pompous charlatanism of Paracelsus gave impulse to its subsequent development under the forms of Rosicrucianism, whose secret societies and freemasonry occupied the fancy of mankind so much in the seventeenth century. In Germany, the natural tendency of men to mysticism was greatly assisted by the barbarizing effects of the Thirty Years' War. As in literature, so in science: culture was absolutely repressed, and made retrograde by the singular desolations of the gloomy period from 1618 to 1648. This was conspicuously shown in the department of jurisprudence. Dr. Erdmann has collected some curious cases of law decisions resting on the theories of alchemy as evidence. It seems not to have been till late in the seventeenth century, however, that an Austrian jurist, Von Rain, went so far as to assert that disbelief in the existence of the stone actually brought a man within the penalties of *lèse-majesté*, on the ground that so many emperors had undoubtedly performed transmutations by its agency.

As early as 1580 the Leipzig tribunals pronounced judgment against an unhappy wretch called Beuther, body-alchemist of that Augustus, Elector of Saxony, of whom we have already had occasion to speak. Beuther was reputed to possess certain valuable MSS. treating of "special transmutations, *i.e.*, the transmutation of some one particular metal, which, having promised on oath to impart to certain other persons, he had afterwards declined to give up; besides having been culpably negligent in his

official capacity. He was adjudged to be undoubtedly in possession of **THE SECRET**, and sentenced accordingly to be tortured for its extraction; then, for his official negligence, to be scourged with rods; for his perjury to his comrades, to lose three of his fingers; finally, for the good of the land, to be shut up securely in prison, lest he might be tempted to tell his secret to foreign potentates.

As late as the year 1725 there was a curious case of litigation before the same court at Leipsic. A certain Countess von Erbach had given shelter in her castle to a reputed robber, who was flying from justice. This robber turned out to be an adept in alchemy, and a robber only out of, as it would seem, most superfluous amateurship. In the excess of his gratitude to his benefactress, he turned all her silver plate into gold. But here the Countess's husband stepped in, and claimed half of the treasure, on the plea that the increase of value had been effected on his territory, and under the matrimonial conditions as to property. The Leipsic lawyers decided against him, saying that, as the plate had been recognized as belonging solely to the Countess prior to the transmutation, so it must be her exclusive property afterwards, under whatever changes it might have passed.

It was a not uncommon point of law whether alchemical gold, which was not capable of being distinguished from original gold, was to be held of equivalent value or not; the doubt being, in the true mystic phraseology, whether it could possess the same hidden or innate powers. Special treatises were written on the subject of the coins supposed to have been struck from alchemical metal. As late as 1797, a large medal was shown at Vienna, purporting to be minted from the gold made out of quicksilver by the Emperor Ferdinand III., through virtue of a grain of red powder given him by one Richthausen, at Prague. Nothing is more characteristic of the strange history of this science than the important part played in it by "Unknowns,"—weird, mysterious visitors, who are stated to have appeared here and there as unexpectedly as Maturin's incomparable bogie, "Melmoth the Wanderer," and to have vanished as unaccountably,—men who, if the theory of the science

were true, might have wielded more than the power of the united Rothschild family, and emulated the splendors of Monte Cristo, yet who came and went poor and haggard, and left no trace behind. Such was the "Unknown" who appeared to the philosophic Dr. Helvetius, body-physician to a Prince of Orange, in the seventeenth century, and converted him from incredulity to the most enthusiastic belief. This Unknown came into the Doctor's study one day, in the shape of a respectable burgher of North Holland, and drew from his pocket a small ivory box, containing three heavy pieces of metal, brimstone-colored and brittle, from which Helvetius scraped a small portion with his thumb-nail. The stranger declined performing any feat of transmutation himself, saying he was "not allowed" to do so. Helvetius experimented in vain with the parings he had scraped off; but on a second visit the mysterious burgher proved more compliant, and, after helping Helvetius to a successful operation, he left him in possession of certain directions by means of which he contrived to change six ounces of lead into very pure gold when alone. The Hague rang with the fame of his exploit; and the operation was successfully repeated in presence of the Prince of Orange. Moreover, the gold was examined by the authorities of the Mint, and pronounced genuine. At last the magic powder was exhausted, and, as the Unknown never visited him again, Dr. Helvetius was compelled to bring his experiments to an end. But he published in 1687 a learned work, called the *Golden Calf*, maintaining the truth of the doctrines he had once derided; and the sceptical philosopher Spinoza averred, after strict inquiry into the truth of the events narrated, that the evidence of that case of transmutation was sufficient to make a convert of himself.

Another picturesque tale current among the records of Continental alchemy is that of Professor Martini of Helmstadt, who died in 1621, and was a supercilious foe of the art in the early part of his career, strenuously contesting in his lectures the arguments adduced in its behalf. The "Unknown" in this case was a foreign nobleman, who had just arrived at Helmstadt, and took his

place one day in the lecture-hall. After listening for awhile to Martini's self-satisfied expositions, he courteously interrupted the lecturer, offering to refute his opinions experimentally. A pan of coals, a crucible, and some lead, were brought in at his desire. A short manipulation ensued; and lo! the lead had acquired the form and substance of fine gold, which the nobleman handed over to the astounded professor with the modest words, "Solve mihi hunc syllogismum!"

Dr. Erdmann cites Van Helmont's testimony to the existence of the philosopher's stone as one of the most difficult to treat with contempt, on account of the unquestionable integrity and scientific sagacity of the inquirer. Van Helmont loved truth with sincere devotion. A Brabant nobleman by birth, he renounced his rank and possessions to turn physician, to study nature, and do good works. His discoveries in medicine are of lasting value. He never professed to give alchemy more than a second place in his interest; yet he avers that in 1618 he himself changed eight ounces of quicksilver into pure gold by means of a substance given him from time to time by an unknown visitor. He never learnt the secret of making the stone himself, but he describes it as a heavy powder of the color of saffron, glittering like rather coarse-grained glass.

In the seventeenth century the fantastic doctrines of Paracelsus fertilized in men's minds to all sorts of extravagant outgrowths. The English quacks, Fludd, Dee, and Kelly, the German mystic Jacob Böhme, were noted Rosicrucians of that period. Men now took to binding themselves into societies for the prosecution of their occult researches, instead of, as heretofore, brooding over them in solitary devotion. The "Alchemical Society" of Nuremberg was extant in 1700, and one of its members, and its secretary for a time, was Leibnitz!

Leibnitz and Spinoza! strange names to bring into connection with this science of the superstitious. Yet Bacon of Verulam did not disbelieve in alchemy, though to him we are first indebted for the excellent application of the old fable of the dying man's will and the field to be dug over in search of the treasure which never existed save in the fertilizing pro-

cess of culture. Robert Boyle is also cited as having faith in its pretensions. The last professed adept in England was one James Price, who, in 1782, announced himself the possessor of a tincture which could change from thirty to sixty times its weight into gold.

Semler, the well-known theological professor at Halle in the last century, was a votary of alchemy. The story of his performances before the incredulous chemist, Klaproth, may be given as illustrative of the trickery of which experimenters were oftentimes the dupes, and by means of which at least as often—though not in this case—they established their pretensions. In the year 1786 Dr. Semler and one Baron von Hirschen occupied themselves with preparing a Universal Medicine, called by them "Luft Salz," atmospheric salts. Three treatises on "Hermetic Medicine" were composed in relation to it by Semler, and he went beyond the original pretensions of the medicine, asserting that gold could be made by means of it in well-warmed glasses, without the intervention of crucible or coals. He got into a lively discussion with the leading chemists of the day, and at last submitted to Klaproth, for his own use, a mass of metal which he said contained the seeds of gold. To Klaproth's ill-success in making these "seeds" germinate, Semler could only reply that he found a residuum of gold in his glasses every five or six days. On close examination it was discovered that a trick had been played upon him. Some subordinates to whom he had entrusted the task of warming his glasses had contrived to insert a small quantity of gold leaf. It was worth their while, as the sanguine philosopher kept them well fed and lodged. At last, however, they tried the substitution of baser material, pinchbeck, and this led to their detection.

Father Kircher openly challenged the belief in alchemy in his *Subterranean World*, published about 1670. He did not scruple to call the alchemists knaves and impostors, and their science a delusion. Great was the storm he drew down upon himself thereby. Dr. Glauber of the "salts" was one of his antagonists. A still more elaborate refutation was that made by M. Geoffroy before the Royal

Academy of Sciences at Paris, in 1722, wherein he was at the pains to show the various modes of trickery by which alchemical pretensions were sustained: false-bottomed crucibles, hollow wands filled with gold, perforated lead, soldered nails, &c. By degrees the credit of the science hopelessly declined, although daring impostors shot like meteors ever and anon athwart the sober pathway of modern life. Thus Louis XIII. of France made a Franciscan monk named Châtaine his grand almoner because he had held before him the prospect of a hundred years' reign by means of the grand elixir. Thus Jean de Lisle expiated by an early death in the Bastille his bold attempts to persuade the Ministers of Louis XIV. that he possessed the gold-making stone; and thus the adventures of the Count de St. Germain, and of Cagliostro, rested mainly on their claims to the possession of the talisman either of long life or of unbounded wealth.

As we said at the outset of our article, the publication of Lavoisier's system was the real death-blow to the study of alchemy, by pointing out the veritable objects and achievements of chemical induction, and the road by which further progress was to be accomplished.

The hopeless gyrations of the baffled science, ever circling back to its first beginning, and making no advance in its gains and experiences, did, at last, after many busy ages, cease to attract intelli-

gent minds. While we review its promises and its destinies, how profound a human pathos seems to attach to those stately words of Paracelsus, which, doubtless, comforted the heart of many a patient plodder over air-drawn inferences: "Refuse not the waters of Shiloah because they go softly: for they that wade in deep waters cannot go fast."

Isaac Disraeli, in more than one of his delightful miscellanies, quotes the prophecy of Dr. Girtanner of Leipsic, not far from our own times, who presaged that in the course of the nineteenth century the mystery of gold-making would surely be discovered, and the commonest utensils of cookery would come to be made of the precious metal, whereby all evils of metal-poisoning through the use of corroded vessels would be averted. The nineteenth century is far advanced on its downward slope, and it cannot be said that as yet any symptoms appear of the realization of such visions. The Stone is still to seek, if it be worth the seeking; the alkahest, the universal dissolver, remains a myth; the crucible yields no treasure; but in one way the "eternal hope" has had an answer: for, within the last thirty years, the shining prize has learnt to yield itself up at man's call, with a fulness far surpassing the harvests of Spagiric fable, when sought by spade and mattock in its native ores.

North British Review.

BABYLONIAN AND ASSYRIAN LIBRARIES.

THE valley of the Euphrates was the seat of a very early civilization, and the birthplace of many of the arts and sciences known to the classical nations of antiquity. Babylonia was inhabited at an early period by a race of people entirely different from the Semitic population known in historic times. This people had an abundant literature; and they were the inventors of a system of writing which was at first hieroglyphic, but gradually changed into what is called the cuneiform or arrow-headed character. This character had its origin from the practice of writing on clay tablets, each line of the figures being separately press-

ed into the clay with a square instrument, which, going deeper into the tablet at one end than at the other, produced the arrow-head shape of the lines. Specimens of this writing are preserved in various stages, from the simple form to the decided cuneiform. The cuneiform characters were written from left to right; and the shape of the clay tablets used for this purpose was like that of rather flat pin-cushions. Where the writing is divided into two or more columns, the order of the columns is from left to right on the obverse, but from right to left on the reverse. Of the people who invented this system of writing very little is known

with certainty; and even their name is a matter of doubt. In the early Semitic period we find Babylonia inhabited by two races who were called the *Sumiri* or *Kassi*, and the *Akkadi*. The *Sumiri* or *Kassi* were a foreign tribe, called by the Babylonians *lisan-kalbi** or the dog-tongued, probably in allusion to their strange language. They were most probably a branch of the tribes called Cossai, Cussii, and Cissii, by classical writers.† These tribes lived to the east of Babylonia; and their dominion in that country is probably alluded to in the Book of Genesis, x. 8-12. As the *Sumiri* appear to have been foreigners, it is natural to suppose that the other tribe, the *Akkadi*, represents the original inhabitants of Babylonia; and we find that in early inscriptions the country is called *kingi-akkad* and *mat-akkad*, "the country of Akkad."

The language of the *Akkadi*, who originally used the cuneiform signs, was different from any known to have existed in the country in historic times. As a rule those particles (prepositions) which, with us, precede the words they govern, followed them in the Akkad. Plurals and emphatic forms were often expressed by doubling the root form. In the verbs the root remains unaltered, and is doubled, or has prefixes to denote the various forms. Another peculiarity is, that when a word consisted of two characters any other word indicating a part or quality of it might be inserted between the two characters. These and similar peculiarities in its structure mark the Akkad as decidedly different from any Semitic tongue.

The earliest cuneiform texts are written in the Akkad language, and well exhibit the peculiarities of its vocabulary and grammar. Probably the most ancient inscriptions are those printed in *Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia*, the title of the cuneiform publications of the British Museum (hereafter referred to in this article as C.I.). The first inscription in the book is translated as follows: "Uruk, king of Ur, who Bit-Nannur built."

* *Lisan-kalbu* is only the Semitic translation; how the Akkad people pronounced the words, when they gave this name to the Sumir, is quite unknown.

† Herod. iii. 91, v. 49; Strabo xi. p. 744; Diod. xvii. 111; Pliny vi. 27, s. 31.

The king whose name is doubtfully read as Uruk is the earliest known monarch of the country; the city of Ur (now Mugheir) was the capital; and Nannur was the ancient name of the Moon God. This inscription, and many similar ones of Uruk and his successors were stamped on bricks used in erecting the various temples of Babylonia. But the bulk of the Akkad literature consists of a large number of inscriptions, chiefly mythological, which were originally preserved in the libraries of Babylonia, and afterwards copied in Assyria, and accompanied by interlinear translations to explain the Akkad to the Assyrians. Their subject-matter, as a general rule, consists of lists of gods, with their various titles and attributes, legends of the gods, hymns and prayers to the gods, accounts of the influence of various evil spirits to whom diseases were attributed, and prayers against them.

The tablets were preserved in collections or libraries, in the various temples and palaces of Babylonia, and afterwards in Assyria; and it was the custom, from time to time, for those in charge of these literary treasures to have fresh copies made from the originals. The tablets were numbered in different series, according to their places in the libraries; and, for the purpose of identifying the position of each, the following plan was adopted. First, every series was named from the words or sentence which headed its first tablet: thus, the first tablet on evil spirits commenced with "the evil spirits;" and each tablet of the series had its proper number, followed by this extract, as "16th tablet of the evil spirits." And secondly, a line was drawn at the end of the inscription on each tablet, and the first line of the tablet next in the series was written after it. Each new paragraph in these early Akkad texts was headed by a sign signifying the lips or speech, and indicating that the paragraphs were to be chanted or spoken; but in translating from the Akkad the Assyrians always passed this character over, probably deeming it to be unnecessary. Each paragraph was followed by a word which was equivalent to the Assyrian *aiman*, or *amanu*, and our Amen. It is probable that these chants and legends were in existence in the country long before they were committed to writing. Among the

hymns may be noticed the following address to the Sun:—*

O Shamas, in the expanse of heaven thou shinest;
And the bright locks of heaven thou openest;
The gate of heaven thou openest.
O Shamas, to the world, thy face thou directest;
O Shamas, with the brightness of heaven the earth thou coverest.

The rest of this legend is too imperfect to translate. The following is from a hymn to the Fire God:—†

God of Fire, with thy bright fire,
In the house of darkness, light thou establishest;
Another name, Nabu, gloriously thou establishest;
Of iron and lead the melter art thou;
Of gold and silver the purifier art thou;
The *tabbu* of *Ninkasi* ‡ art thou;
To the wicked in the night the causes of trembling art thou;
The works of the man, the child of his God, do thou purify;
Like the heaven do thou brighten [them];
Like the earth do thou purify [them];
Like the midst of heaven do thou make [them] shine.

From an address to a Goddess we have the following:—

The powerful rebel bows like a single reed.
My will I am not taking, myself I am not honoring;
Like a flower, day and night I am fading;
I thy servant cling to thee.

The tablet from which this is an extract is valuable as giving two clear instances of the permissive form of verbs, first pointed out by Dr. Hincks.§ It is a grave defect in the French school of cuneiform inquiry that its leading men ignore the existence of this verbal form. The two examples in this tablet are the verbs in the second line of this extract. Both are preceded by negatives.

Many of the legends of the gods are curious; but they are all fragmentary. One of them || describes the symptoms of a man who was suffering from some illness, and represents the god Maruduk as unable to cure it, and going to the god

Hea, his father, for advice. Hea tells Maruduk how, by purifying some water, and applying it to the patient, he can effect the cure. Many tablets relate to the demonology. Several classes of spirits, both good and evil, are specified on them; but the evil certainly predominate. There are the *Assaku* who were concerned with the head, the *Vadukku* with the neck and shoulders, the *Alu* with the breast, the *Ekimmu* with the inside of the body, the *Gallu* with the hand, the *Sintaru* with the life. So numerous were the supernatural beings that one tablet gives 50 great gods of heaven and earth, 7 magnificent gods, 300 spirits of the heavens, and 600 spirits of the earth. A good specimen of an invocation against evil spirits is printed in C.I., Vol. II., pp. 17 and 18. The paragraph on p. 17, lines 30 to 34, prays for deliverance from the supposed operation of some of these beings. It runs thus: "From the maker of evil, from the robber, from an evil face, from an evil eye, from an evil mouth, from an evil tongue, from evil lips, from an evil death, may heaven preserve, may earth preserve." Real historical matter is very scarce in these early tablets; but we have part of an inscription of one early Babylonian king, with an Assyrian translation.

Such is the character of the earliest literary collections of Babylonia; and the Akkad language, in which they were written, probably continued in use in that country down to the close of the sixteenth century B.C. and, for some official documents, even to a much later period. At some time anterior to the nineteenth century B.C. the valley of the Euphrates was conquered by a Semitic race. Of the origin of this race we at present know nothing; it is possible they may have been the same as the Sumiri or Kassi, at one time the leading tribe in Babylonia. The passage in C.I., Vol. II., p. 65, l. 8—12, relates how this people, having on one occasion revolted, slew the King of Babylonia, and placed another man on the throne. The Semitic conquerors, whoever they were, gradually imposed their own language on the country; but, on the other hand, they borrowed the system of writing in use there. From the time of the Semitic conquest the decline of the Akkad language began, and a period of mixed texts

* British Museum, No. K. 3343.

† British Museum, No. K. 44.

‡ This expression is obscure. It may mean "the emanation of Nin-kasi." Ninkasi appears to be a goddess.

§ *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. II., part 2, p. 434.

|| British Museum, No. K. 2862.

(part Akkad and part Semitic) commenced. It is rarely that we find a text of any length purely Semitic. It was usual at all times to use the Akkad for the following words: 1. Names and titles of gods. These are very seldom written in Semitic; and hence their pronunciation is very uncertain. The gods Assur and Nabu are those oftenest written in Semitic. 2. Names of material substances generally, such as woods, metals, stones; but in these cases the Assyrian side or column on bilingual (Akkad and Semitic) tablets often gives the Semitic name. 3. Names of trees, and plants, and animals. Speaking generally, indeed, it may be said that after the rise of the Semitic power nouns were written in Akkad,* and verbs in Semitic; but there are occasional exceptions to both these rules.

To the period following the Semitic conquest some of the larger literary works of the ancient Babylonians belong. First among these comes the great work on astronomy and astrology, a branch of ancient learning for which the Chaldeans have always been famous. This work covered at least seventy tablets. Beginning with the supposed influences of the appearance and motions of the moon, it proceeds to eclipses, and then gives the portents from the various positions and appearances of the sun; these are followed by accounts of cloud, rain, wind, &c.; and the work ends with the motions of the planets. Most of the positions and appearances are supposed to shadow forth future events; and on each tablet there are generally about 100 predictions. The following are some of them: "When on the 14th day of the month, the Moon and Sun with each other [*i.e.* at the same time] are seen, the face shall be right, the heart of the country shall be good, the Gods of Akkad [Babylonia] to give blessings shall incline, joy shall be in the hearts of the people, the heart of the king shall be right, and the cattle of Akkad in the desert in safety shall lie down." The next is a weather prediction: "When the aspect of the moon is very cloudy, great floods shall come." Notes are sometimes added by way of explanation.

* Foreign names are almost always written phonetically.

Thus, after the mention of some of the names of Jupiter, we are told: "The star of Maruduk [Jupiter] at its rising [*is called*] the star Dunpauddu; when it reaches 5 *kaspu*,* the star Sakmisa; when it is in the middle of heaven [*southing*] the star Nibiru." There are rules for calculating eclipses; but, as they depend on the appearance of the moon, they are of no value. Most of the predictions from the heavens relate to the fortunes of kings and countries. This astrological work could not have been composed later than the 16th century B.C., and may be much older; for, although it contains numerous geographical notices, it has not a single reference to Assyria. The kingdoms of Akkad (Babylonia), Gutium (the Goim), Subarti,† Anduan, Nituk or Asmun (on the Persian Gulf), Martu (Syria), and the Khatti (Hittites), and Elam (Susiana) are all mentioned; but Assyria probably had not yet risen to the rank of a kingdom. The geographical notices scattered through the work are one of its most interesting features. Many of the principal towns of Babylonia are mentioned; and predictions respecting them are given.

There was a companion work, comprising more than 100 tablets, which gave a large number of portents from terrestrial occurrences and objects—from trees, animals, streams, dreams, births both human and animal, and many other things. The portents derived from these were not supposed to affect the fate of kings and countries, but related, as a rule, to minor matters, such as the life or death of a man or his wife, his child, or even his slave. These works on omens, celestial and terrestrial, mention in several places the name of Sargina, an ancient king of Babylonia,

* The Babylonians divided the heavens into 12 parts, and the day likewise. These divisions are called *kaspu*: thus on the equinox tablets the formula is, "The day and night are balancing (*i.e.* are equal), 6 *kaspu* the day 6 *kaspu* the night." The position here called "Maruduk reaching 5 *kaspu*" probably indicates the position of Jupiter about a month before it souths at 12 P.M.

† The countries of Akkad, Elam, Gut, Martu, and Subarti are the only ones mentioned on the majority of these tablets. But one tablet gives the additional geographical names; and this (No. 2 in the series) is possibly of later date than the body of the work.

who, according to the tablet printed in C.L., Vol. II., p. 65, reigned a little before the time of Khammurabi. The passages in which Sargon is mentioned are not at present sufficiently perfect to enable us to say whether the word was used as a proper name, or whether it was the title of a race of kings who claimed descent from Sargon. If the word is used as a proper name, it would be probable that these works were composed in the reign of Sargon. We know that the period of the Babylonian king Sargon was considered an important one; for amongst the Babylonian treasures which were copied and preserved in the Nineveh library was a tablet of his which commenced with the words, "I am Sargina, King of Agani." Agani was one of the principal cities of Babylonia, and was celebrated for a temple of the goddess Anunitu.

Beside the works already mentioned, there was one on the Mythology, which consisted of over 110 tablets. It is now very much mutilated, and has not yet been thoroughly examined. The Babylonian collections also contained many minor works; in fact this store of literature was so rich that the greater part of the Assyrian writing consists of copies from it. The great centre of learning in these early times was the city of Ur, famous as the birthplace of Abraham, and now represented by the ruins of Mugheir. Ur remained the nominal capital of the country until Khammurabi (probably in the 16th century B.C.) fixed the seat of government at Babylon.

In the flourishing days of the early Babylonian monarchy, Assyria was colonized from that country; and the earliest rulers of Assyria were governors subject to Babylonia. Their title was *Patesi*; and their office included the functions of high priest and governor. The seat of government was at the city of Assur (now Keleh Shergat); and the territory reached at least as far north as Nineveh, where a temple to one of the goddesses was founded in the 19th century B.C. Afterwards, under Bilkip-kapi, Assyria became independent, and the city of Assur became an important place. It was the capital of Assyria for about 1,000 years, and the seat of the first Assyrian library. Little, however, is known of this collection, for the ex-

tensive ruins of the city have never been properly explored; but several valuable inscriptions have been found there, ranging from B.C. 1850 to B.C. 830.* It was during this period that the translations of the early Akkad works were made. That these translations were made in Assyria, and not in Babylonia, we gather from the fact that, in cases of words which differ in the two countries, the documents have the Assyrian and not the Babylonian forms. Shalmaneser I., king of Assyria, B.C. 1300, had founded a city near the junction of the Upper Zab with the Tigris, and called it Kalakh. It was rebuilt by Assur-nazir-pal, B.C. 885; and here an important collection of inscriptions was made. The earliest tablets from this place belong to the 9th century B.C., and include a copy of the great Chaldean work on Astrology. Various other copies of this and other works were made from time to time; and our information about the libraries becomes by degrees more definite. The keepers of these literary treasures bore the title of *Nisu-duppiatri*, "man of the written tablets." The title was originally an Akkad one; and the first man known to have borne it was a Babylonian named Amil-anu, who lived in the reign of Emuq-sin, king of Babylonia, about 1,000 years before the date of the librarians of Kalakh and Nineveh. The signet cylinder of Amil-anu has the following inscription: "Emuq-sin, the powerful hero, the king of Ur, king of the four regions, Amil-anu the tablet keeper, son of Gantu, his servant." The principal part of the Kalakh (Nimrod) collection, was written under the care of a librarian named Nabu-zuqud-gina, who had charge of the collection from the 6th year of Sargon, B.C. 716, to the 22d year of Sennacherib, B.C. 684. Many of the tablets written under his direction are interesting not only from their contents, but from the fact that they are dated with the name of the yearly eponym, the regnal year of the king, and the month and day when they were written. These dates are valuable for

* One of the most beautiful and perfect of these is the inscription on the four cylinders of Tiglath-pileser I., cir. B.C. 1120. Translations of this inscription by Sir Henry Rawlinson, Mr. Fox Talbot, Dr. Hincks, and Dr. Oppert were published by the Royal Asiatic Society in 1857.

comparison with the Assyrian Canon of Eponymes. Translations of all the dates referring to the reign of Sargon, B.C. 722—705, were given in the *Zeitschrift für Aegyptische Sprache und Alterthumskunde*, in July, 1869; but the Sennacherib dates have not yet been published.

The first work known to have been executed under Nabu-zuqub-gina was a copy of the great Chaldaean work on Astrology, made in B.C. 710. The following is the statement at the close of one of these tablets: "When in the month of Tasritu [Tisri] and the first day, the sun is * Tablet number 36 of the *Inu Anu Bil* [Astrological series] written according to the documents and old tablets of Babylon; tablet of Nabu-zuqub-gina, son of Maruduk-mubagar the librarian, grandson of Gabbu-ilanikamis the great librarian. City of Kalakh, month Sivanu, day 29, eponym Tabu-zilli-zira prefect of Assur, 6th year of Sarukin-arku [Sargon], king of Assyria." By this time there had arisen two versions of the work on astrology, one of them omitting a tablet which is found in the other. The word here translated "document," indicates some other material for writing on than clay; it is probably parchment or papyrus, though which is intended is uncertain. Another copy of the astrological work was written three years later, and in the eleventh year of Sargon one of the works on terrestrial portents. In this case the copy gives the name of the writer of the tablets copied from, who probably lived in the twelfth century B.C. In some instances, owing to the length of time since a tablet had been written, parts had become illegible; and wherever this was the case the copyist inserted the word *khibi* "defaced" or "lost."

Various copies of standard works were executed at Kalakh in the 6th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th years of Sargon, and in the 1st, 4th, 6th, 7th, 11th, 19th, and 22d years of Sennacherib; all of them are, however, copies of works already described or extracts made from them for specific purposes. Sennacherib at the beginning of his reign made Nineveh his residence, and set to work to rebuild the palace, which he gradually

enlarged and adorned till it reached an unprecedented magnificence. In this and other buildings at Nineveh, chambers were set apart for the records, and large numbers of tablets were collected. The site of Nineveh furnishes by far the greater number of our Assyrian tablets and fragments; and the Nineveh literature exhibits a superior variety.

Besides copies of the works already referred to there are other inscriptions of interest.

1. There is a history of the transactions between Assyria and Babylonia.*

This work, even in its present fragmentary condition, is valuable. Its substance may be briefly described as follows. It opens with an explanatory statement of its contents, now imperfect, but appearing to indicate that it gave the events of forty reigns. Where it again becomes legible it relates the conclusion of a treaty between Karaindas, king of Babylon, and Assur-bil-nisi-su, king of Assyria, about some border land, cir. B.C. 1480. Then there is a treaty about the same provinces, between Burna-buryas of Babylon and Buzur-assur of Assyria, cir. B.C. 1450. Then it gives the marriage of Serua-mupallitat, daughter of Assur-upallit, king of Assyria, to the king of Babylon, the revolt of the tribe of Kassî against her son Karakhardas, his murder, and the accession of a usurper, Nazibugas. This is followed by an invasion of Babylonia by the Assyrians, who kill the usurper and placed a son of Burna-buryas on the throne of Babylon, cir. B.C. 1420. The narrative here breaks off again, several reigns being lost. Afterwards we are told of the death of Bil-kudur-uzur, king of Assyria, and the accession of Ninip-palzira, cir. B.C. 1200, in whose time the king of Babylon invaded Assyria; to him succeeded Assur-dayan, who invaded Babylonia in the reign of Zamama-sum-iddina, king of Babylon. Here a reign is lost; and then we have two invasions of Assyria by Nabu-kudur-uzur I. (Nebuchadnezzar), king of Babylon, who was defeated by Assur-risilim, king of Assyria. Next we have Babylonia invaded by Tiglath-pileser I., king of Assyria, in the time of Maruduk-iddina-akhi, king of Babylon (this was the

* This is the heading of the next tablet. See former remarks on this point.

* This inscription was first published by Sir Henry Rawlinson in the *Athenæum*, No. 1869.

famous war which Sennacherib states was 418 years before his own capture of Babylon), cir. B.C. 1120. Then come the friendship between Assur-bil-kala, king of Assyria, and Maruduk-sapik zira, king of Babylon, the death of the Babylonian king, and another invasion of Babylonia. Again there is a break; and then we have the defeat of a Babylonian monarch named Nabu-sum-iskun by an Assyrian king whose name is lost. This is followed by an account of the friendship between Shalmaneser II. of Assyria and Nabul-bal-iddina of Babylon, the war of succession between the two sons of Nabul-bal-iddina, and the intervention of Shalmaneser. The rest of the historical matter is lost; but the tablet is important for historical studies, and a full translation of the fragments should be published. It is written in an early style, and probably was composed about B.C. 800; its history covered a space of about 700 years.

2. Perhaps the most important work in the Assyrian library was the Canon of Eponymes.* The earliest copies of this work now known to us were written in the reign of Sennacherib, cir. B.C. 700, and the latest cir. B.C. 640, in the reign of Assur-bani-pal. Although we have seven copies of this work, not one of them is perfect, and some of them are mere fragments; but, from a comparison of the various copies, the chronology of the Assyrian empire from B.C. 892 to 606 is ascertained without the loss of a single year. This Canon gave a list of the annual officers, after whom the years were successively named, and is similar to the list of the Roman Consuls. Most of the public and private documents in Assyria were dated in the current Eponymies; and, so far as the seven copies are preserved, the agreement between them is perfect. Three copies gave not only the names and titles of the yearly Eponymes, but the principal events which happened during their terms of office. This Canon has caused more discussion than any other Assyrian inscription, on account of the alterations it makes in the chronology of the period.

3. In addition to these tablets there are others giving the annals of particu-

lar reigns, and two on the history of foreign relations. One of these is an account of affairs between Assyria and Arabia, commencing with the capture of Edom by Sennacherib, and relating the embassy of Khazail, king of Arabia, to Esarhaddon, to ask for his gods, which had been carried off by Sennacherib; it closes with the revolt of Arabia and its conquest by Assur-bani-pal. The other is a history of transactions between Assyria and Elam.

When the Babylonians or Assyrians founded or repaired a building, they deposited in receptacles, at the four corners, cylinders with the name and titles of the builder, accompanied in some cases by a history of his reign. Cylinders of this kind were deposited in the libraries ready for use. Fragments of a great number of them belonging to the reign of Assur-bani-pal have been discovered at Nineveh; and the libraries of Nineveh and Kalakh possessed tablets giving the history of Assur-nazir-pal, B.C. 884-859, Shalmaneser B.C. 859-824, Tiglath-pileser, B.C. 745-727, Sargon B.C. 722-705, Sennacherib B.C. 705-681, Esarhaddon B.C. 681-668, and Assur-bani-pal B.C. 668-627. All these records are in the same style, magnifying the kings who wrote them, but ascribing all their successes to superhuman aid. The annals of Sennacherib and Assur-bani-pal are rather more poetical than the others. The following translation of part of Sennacherib's campaign against Hezekiah will serve as an example of the historical writing; the text is printed in C.I. 38: "The priests, nobles, and people of Ekron, Padi their king, who was faithful to Assyria, in bonds of iron had placed, and to Hezekiah, king of Judah, had given him to be killed; he sought my protection. Their hearts feared; and the kings of Egypt, and the warriors, archers, chariots, and horses of the king of Ethiopia, gathered and came to their aid. In the vicinity of the city of Altauq against me their battle array they were setting; and they extended their troops. In the service of Assur my lord with them I fought; and their overthrow I accomplished. The charioteers and sons of the king of Egypt, and the charioteers of the king of Ethiopia, alive in the midst of the battle my hands captured; the cities of Altauq and Tamma I in-

* First published by Sir Henry Rawlinson in the *Athenaeum*, No. 1805.

vested and captured; I carried off their spoil. Into Ekron I entered: the priests and nobles who had caused the defection I slew, in the and city I threw down their dead bodies. The young men of Ekron and the evil-disposed I distributed as spoil; and the rest of them, who did no sin and violence, and who their party had not joined, their uprightness I proclaimed. Padi their king from the midst of Jerusalem I brought, and in the throne of dominion over them I seated; and the tribute of my dominion upon them I fixed."

The Assyrians had settled laws and a regular administration of them; but we have only one tablet with part of their code upon it. This tablet is from one of the Nineveh libraries, and is now in the British Museum. It has been referred to and partially translated by several Assyrian students. The spirit of the enactments will be seen by the following extract, being the law of husband and wife: "If a wife to her husband is unfaithful, and shall say, 'Thou art not my husband,' into the river they shall throw her. If a husband to his wife shall say, 'Thou art not my wife,' one half maneh of silver he shall pay [to her]." These laws are written in Semitic and Akkad, in parallel columns; but the statement at the close is to the effect that they were copied from Assyrian tablets, so that it is uncertain whether they extended to Babylonia.

In the time of Assur-bani-pal we meet with a number of tablets which have been termed syllabaries and bilingual explanations of cuneiform signs. They come from Nineveh, and were intended to explain the phonetic value and meaning of the various signs, the characters on the left of the signs giving the Akkad value, and those on the right the equivalent Assyrian one.

Tablets of this kind were intended to teach the Assyrians the rudiments of the Akkad vocabulary; others were written to show the conjugation of the verbs; and others again gave short sentences in Akkad and Assyrian, as examples of construction.

There were also various lists of names of woods, stones, animals, &c., in the two languages. The names are very obscure; but many can still be recognized.

We possess also geographical lists

giving the cities of the then known world, lists of rivers, of countries and their productions, of seats of the worship of different gods, and various other matters. Our present copies of tablets of this kind were generally made during the reign of Assur-bani-pal (B.C. 668-627), who was a great patron of literature. From their nature it is evident that they were meant for educational purposes; but the fact that they were intended for the people is distinctly stated on several of the colophons attached to the tablets of this reign. Those deposited in the record chambers at Nineveh* read as follows:—

FORM 1.

Assur-bani-pal saru rabu saru dannu
Assur-bani-pal, the great king, the powerful
saru kissati saru mati Assur pal
king, king of nations, king of Assyria, son
Assur-akh-iddina saru mati Assur pal
of Esarhaddon, king of Assyria, son of
Sanakhi-irba saru mati Assur va ki
Sennacherib, king of Assyria; according to
pi duppi izlihusi udppi gabri mati Assuri
the documents and old tablets of Assyria,
mati Sumiri va Akkadi duppu suati ina
and Sumiri and Akkadi, this tablet in the
tapkharti duppani astur azniq
collection of tablets I wrote, I studied [?], I
abre va ana tamarti. saruti-
explained, and, for the in-pection of my
ya kirib hekal ya ukin sa
kingdom, within my palace I placed. Who-
sumu satri ipassitu sum su
ever my written records defaces, and his
isaddaru Nabu duppi satri
own records shall write, may Nabu all the
gimri sum su lipsit.
written tablets of his records deface.

FORM 2. *Hekal Assur-bani-pal saru*
Palace of Assur-bani-pal, king of
kissati saru mati Assur sa anna Assur
nations, king of Assyria, who to Assur and
va Assuritu taklu sa Nabu va Urmitu
Assuritu trusts, to whom Nabu and Urmit
uzni rapastu isrukus ikhuzu
attentive ears have given, and imparted
eni namirtu nistik
sharp sighted eyes, the characters of the
duppi satri sa ina sarrani oluk
written tablets, which among the kings my

* Mr. Layard, who discovered these record chambers, describes them as filled with tablets to the height of a foot or more from the floor. See *Nineveh and Babylon*, p. 345.

makhri-ya nin miri suatu la ilkhuzzu
 predecessors none their value appreciated,
nimilei Nabu tikipsan takesi
 the wisdom of Nabu inspired me entirely [?]
mala bassam ina duppani astur
 all there was [i. e. everything] on tablets I
azniq abre va ana tumarti
 wrote, I studied, [?], I explained, and for the
sitassi-ya kirib hekali-ya ukin
 inspection of my people within my palace I
ebilu liha [?] nur sari
 placed. Lord of glory [?], light of the king
ili Assur mannu sa itabbalu
 of the gods, Assur. Whoever this destroys,
va sumi su kima sumi-ya isaddaru
 and his record like my record shall write,
Assur va Assuritu aggis
 may Assur and Assuritu violently and
izis liskipu su va sum su
 forcibly overthrow him, and his name and
siri su ma mati likhaliqu.
 his race in the land may they destroy.

At the close of the tablets, which were deposited in the library of the temple of Nebo, at Nineveh, there was a more devotional inscription of the same sort. It read thus:—"To Nabu, the great lord, his lord, Assur-bani-pal, the prince beloved by Assur, Bel and Nabu, the guardian of the sanctuaries of the great gods, the grand lord of their priests [?], son of Esarhaddon, king of nations, king of Assyria, grandson of Sennacherib, king of nations, king of Assyria, for the saving of his life, for the prolonging of his days, for peace to his seed, and for the stability of the power of the throne of his kingdom, hear his prayer and receive his supplication," &c. This is followed by much the same inscription as the others, substituting the temple of Nabu for the palace.

We have one beautiful legend which may be termed the descent of the goddess.* It relates how one of the goddesses descended from heaven to a region indicated by a sign, the phonetic reading of which is unknown. She passes through seven gates on her passage; and at each gate the gate-keeper takes off some of her ornaments. On her passing through the first gate, he

takes off her great crown, at the second gate the earrings from her ears, at the third gate her necklace, at the fourth gate her ornament worn on the breast, at the fifth her girdle, at the sixth her ornaments worn on the hands and feet, and at the seventh the covering for the back. Afterwards Shamas relates to the god Hea why the goddess has gone; and ultimately a spirit is commanded to bring her back. He does so; and at each of the celestial gates he restores to her the ornament taken from her at that place.

Another class of tablets contains forms of prayer for the use of private persons. One peculiarity of these is the employment of a sign meaning such a one, or so and so. The worshipper was intended to use his own name in this place. Belonging to the libraries which contained these miscellaneous collections, some fragments of catalogues have been found. They give the headings of the tablets, and in some cases the number of lines on them. One catalogue gives a list of 25 tablets, which it says contain the knowledge of heaven and earth. Of these, 14 are enumerated as containing the knowledge of the earth, and 11 the knowledge of the heavens; among the latter there is a tablet on the planet Venus (No. 3), another on the planets (No. 4), two on the Moon (Nos. 5 and 6), and one on Comets called "the star which proceeding from its head has a tail after it" (No. 8).

In connection with the libraries, observatories were established, and the reports of the astronomers were preserved. There were observatories at Assur, Nineveh, and Arba-il (Arbela). The astronomical reports were on the equinoxes, the eclipses of the sun and moon, the position of planets, and the date when the moon was first seen at the beginning of each month. These reports were addressed to the king; and about 12 of them from the Nineveh libraries are now in the British Museum. If an astronomical event occurred which was supposed to be unfavorable to the king, it was the duty of the astrologers to find some reason either for its not applying to their own monarch, or for its meaning something different from what was supposed. Eclipses were generally

* British Museum, No. K. 162. This tablet was first noticed by Mr. Fox Talbot, from a photograph.

thought to be evil omens; but on some of the tablets there are ingenious explanations to the effect that particular eclipses were good omens for the king. When any event of particular importance took place, or when the king went on a foreign expedition, the astrologers had to examine various portents to see if they were favorable to the king; and the date of the rebellion of Saul-mugina, the brother of Assur-bani-pal and the king of Elam, one of the most formidable revolts which happened during the Assyrian empire, is known from the dates on a number of portent tablets, which Assur-bani-pal had made, to see if they were favorable to him on that occasion. This rebellion broke out in the year B.C. 652, and was suppressed in B.C. 648.

The only foreign works known to have been kept at Nineveh were treaties and letters from foreign monarchs. Among the latter is a letter from *Umman-aldasi*, king of Elam, to Assur-bani-pal, on the following matter. Nabu-bil-sumi, a grandson of Merodachbaladan, having joined in a revolt, had incurred the displeasure of Assur-bani-pal; and he escaped into the land of Elam. Some diplomatic correspondence ensued between Assyria and Elam, Assur-bani-pal threatening to invade Elam again unless Nabu-bil-sumi was given up. A revolt then took place in Elam; and Umman-aldasi ascended the throne. Nabu-bil-sumi, fearing that the new king would yield to the demand of Assur-bani-pal, committed suicide in company with his armor bearer; and his body was then delivered to the envoy of Assur-bani-pal, with the letter, a copy of which was kept in the archives of Nineveh.

With the reign of the son of Assur-bani-pal the Assyrian power came to an end, and the empire passed to Babylon. Under Nabu-kudur-uzur II. (Nebuchadnezzar) the Babylonian dominion was as great as that of Assyria in its palmiest days. Documents were again collected, and tablets written; but of this later literature we have few specimens, owing to the want of excavations in Babylonia, a region richer in treasures of ancient literature than Assyria. We have, however, one astrological portent tablet, which was written when Nebuchadnezzar made an expedition into Elam. The

annals of Nebuchadnezzar have never been recovered from Babylon; and this is a solitary reference to an expedition otherwise quite unknown. Most of the inscriptions of this period relate to the temples, palaces, and fortifications, of the cities of Babylonia, which were repaired by Nebuchadnezzar, Nergal-sar-uzur (Neriglissar), and Nabu-nahid (Nabonidus), who incidentally mentions his eldest son *Bel-sar-uzur* (Belshazzar) the prince who was slain on the night of the impious feast. Sale tablets, with names of witnesses attached, have been found, dated in the reigns of Nebuchadnezzar, Nabonidus, Cyrus, Cambyse, Darius, and even of the Greek kings who succeeded Alexander; but no trace of any of the later libraries has been discovered, though we know that they existed in the third century B.C., when Berosus wrote his history of Chaldaea.

Such are some of the materials gathered from the Euphrates valley, and now in the British Museum. Together with the tablets from the libraries, there are many fine cylinders containing the annals of various kings, besides inscribed bricks, votive dishes, &c., which are valuable for the genealogy and succession of the monarchs. The collections came to the British Museum, broken into more than 20,000 fragments. But all these have been carefully examined; and considerable progress has been made in joining together the different parts of the tablets. Many of them have been copied; and three volumes of inscriptions have been published, which contain most of the historical monuments, and an interesting collection of bilingual fragments. Another volume is nearly ready, which will contain the annals of Assur-bani-pal, the inscription on which Ahab is mentioned, most of the remaining historical fragments, a more perfect copy of the Assyrian Eponyme Canon, and various sale tablets, birth portents, and mythological and astrological fragments. With a view to future work, the Assyrian collection has been divided into sections according to the subjects of the tablets, one section comprising the historical tablets and cylinders, another the bilingual, another the mythological, another the astrological, &c. It has been found that most of the tablets are incomplete; and some are mere fragments. But the best pre-

served and most important tablets are exhibited to the public; and students have ample facilities for inspecting the remainder.

Whenever it becomes practicable to recommence excavations in the valley of the Euphrates, more important results even than those already obtained may be anticipated. The progress of knowledge has enabled us to determine the most

likely spots in which to seek particular information. Nineveh, the capital of Sennacherib, has already yielded his annals, and the account of his expedition against Hezekiah; and there is no reason to doubt that from Babylon, which was the capital of Nebuchadnezzar, it would be possible to obtain the annals of that monarch, and his account of the captivity of the Jews.

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Cornhill Magazine.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

INNUMERABLE as have been the theories broached from time to time in regard to the at once renowned and obscure mortal known popularly as the Man in the Iron Mask, they have always contradicted each other and themselves so frequently and so flatly, that the appearance of a work calculated to set the question finally at rest, may be fairly viewed as a subject for congratulation. M. Marius Topin, the author of the volume in question, after fully investigating the claims of the various persons, in turn suspected of being the mysterious prisoner, and disposing of those claims, proceeds to set forth his own theory, supported, for the most part, by minute and irrefragable evidence, or, failing such direct evidence, by arguments and inferences of singular cogency.

Following the example of Plutarch in his *Life of Demetrius Poliorcetes*, M. Topin begins his hero's life by referring to his death. We shall tread in his footsteps, and relate the circumstances as derived by M. Topin from Dujonca's contemporary manuscript account of the prisoners in the Bastille. On the afternoon of the 18th of September, 1678, the Sieur de St. Mars, who had lately been promoted from the governorship of the Islands of Ste. Marguerite, off the coast of Provence, to that of the Bastille, arrived at his new post, attended by an armed escort. He had travelled in a litter, in which, and by his side, sat a prisoner, whose face was hidden by a black velvet mask. During the whole of their long journey St. Mars had not for a moment lost sight of his charge; it was remarked that at meals the prisoner was made to sit with his back to the

light, that he was forbidden even then to doff his mask, and that at night St. Mars slept by his side with loaded pistols within easy reach. Monsieur Topin adds, that at Palteau, a château belonging to St. Mars, where the party halted, a tradition of the mysterious prisoner's passage has been handed down from father to son, and still exists among the peasantry.

Five years afterwards, at nightfall on Tuesday, the 20th of November, 1703, a small knot of men hurried across the drawbridge of the Bastille to the cemetery of St. Paul's Church. The prisoner from Provence had fallen ill on the preceding Sunday. On the Monday the almoner of the Bastille had been called in, and had barely had time to shrive the dying man. In the register of the church the corpse was inscribed under the name of *Marchialy*. At the Bastille he had been known as "the prisoner from Provence." Absolute secrecy was maintained on the subject in the Bastille; its officers, however, had learnt the particulars from Dujonca, and, in the course of time, repeated them to their successors; thus it happened that the inmates of the prison still knew of this mystery of mysteries, when, in the first half of the eighteenth century, a number of men of letters were confined there in succession. They, too, learnt the appalling tale, and lost no time in publishing it to the world; conjecture was, of course, rife, and numberless versions of the story succeeded each other. One difficulty, however, lay at the root of them all—for it was admitted at all hands that the captive, so jealously watched and hidden, must needs have been a man of importance; yet no known

person of weight sufficient to warrant such precautions had, within memory of man, disappeared from the stage of public affairs in Europe.

Gradually, however, one version of the story seemed to supplant all others in the minds of men, partly on account of the extraordinary melo-dramatic interest which attached to it, and partly because it was not open to the objection to which we have just referred. Of the fifty-two writers, therefore, who in France alone dealt with the question, those were most eagerly listened to who adhered to this version, of which the fullest and clearest account is given in Grimm's *Correspondence*, whence we extract it. First, we are informed of the manner in which the secret was surprised. M. de la Borde, formerly a gentleman at the Court of King Louis XV., found, among the papers left by Marshal Richelieu, an original letter addressed to the Marshal by the Duchess of Modena, daughter of the Regent, Duke of Orleans. The letter begins in the following words, which are in cypher:—"Here, then, at last is this famous story; the trouble which I had to worm out the secret was inconceivable." She then proceeds to tell the story of the Man in the Iron Mask, as related by his guardian on his death-bed in much the following terms:—

During Anne of Austria's pregnancy, two shepherds came and asked to be admitted to the presence of the King (Louis XIII.), whom they told of a vision which they had had: the fact had been revealed to them that the Queen would bear twin princes, whose birth would entail a civil war, which would ruin the kingdom. The King immediately wrote to Cardinal Richelieu, who, in reply, begged him not to be disturbed; but to send him the two men, promising to secure their persons and send them to St. Lazare. Towards the close of the King's dinner the Queen was brought to bed of a son (Louis XIV.) in the presence of all the persons who, from their position, are entitled to be present at the confinements of Queens of France, and the usual *procès verbal* was drawn up.

Four hours later Madame Perronet, the Queen's midwife, came and told the King that the Queen was again in labor. He instantly sent for the Chancellor and hurried with him to the apartments of

the Queen, who was delivered of a second son, sturdier and more blooming than her first-born. The birth was duly noted in a *procès verbal*, which was signed by the King, the Chancellor, Madame Perronet, the doctor, and a gentleman of the Court, who in time became guardian of the Man in the Iron Mask, and so was shut up in prison with him, as we shall see by the sequel.

The King himself, assisted by the Chancellor, drew up a form of oath, which he required all those who had been present at the second birth to take, binding themselves never to reveal this weighty secret, except in the event of the Dauphin's death; and he made them swear never to speak of it, not even to each other. The child was consigned to the care of Mme. Perronet, who was desired to say that it had been confided to her by a lady belonging to the Court.

When the child was old enough to be made over to the care of men, it was intrusted to the same gentleman who had been present at its birth. He travelled to Dijon with his charge, and thence kept up a constant correspondence with the Queen-mother, with Cardinal Mazarin, and with the King. In his retirement he did not cease to behave like a courtier, for he treated the young Prince with all the deference which a courtier observes towards one who may one day be his master. This deferential tone, which the Prince was at a loss to account for in one whom he regarded as his father, led to frequent questions on his part as to his birth and position. The answers which he received were not of a nature to satisfy him. At length the young Prince asked his guardian for a portrait of the King (Louis XIV.); the guardian was disconcerted, and turned off the conversation. He had recourse to the same expedient as often as his pupil sought to solve a mystery to which he seemed daily to attach greater importance. The young man had an intrigue with a chambermaid in the house; he entreated her to get him 'a portrait of the King: she refused at first, quoting the order which all the household had received, to give him nothing, save in the presence of their master. He persisted, and she promised to do his bidding. On seeing the portrait he was much struck with his likeness to the

King, went straight to his guardian, and renewed his usual questions, but in a manner more pressing and with greater assurance, and ended by again asking for the King's portrait. His guardian wished to elude the question. "You are deceiving me," said the Prince, "for here is the King's portrait, and a letter to you which has fallen into my hands has revealed the mystery, which it were vain in you to seek any longer to conceal. I am the King's brother, and desire to repair to Court without delay to be recognized, there to take the position which is my due." (It may be well here to mention that the guardian declared on his death-bed, that he had never been able to ascertain by what means the young Prince had obtained the letter; nor whether he opened a box in which all the letters were deposited which came from the King, the Queen, and the Cardinal, nor whether he had intercepted it.) He immediately imprisoned the Prince, and forwarded a messenger to St. Jean de Luz, where the Court then resided, for the purpose of negotiating the peace of the Pyrenees and the marriage of the King. The reply was a Royal order for the immediate removal of the Prince and of his guardian, who were conducted to the Isles Ste. Marguerite, and thence in time transferred to the Bastille, whither the Governor of the Isles Ste. Marguerite followed them.

M. de la Borde, who was for a long time in the confidence of Louis XV., has compared this story with the conversations which he had had with the King respecting the Man in the Iron Mask, and they tally in more than one particular. On his repeatedly expressing an ardent desire to be informed of the facts of this marvellous tale, the King would invariably answer: "I am truly sorry for him, but his imprisonment was hurtful to none but himself, and was the means of preventing great calamities; but I am bound not to tell you the story;" and the King reminded la Borde of the curiosity which, from his earliest childhood, he had felt to know the tale of the Iron Mask; how he had always been told that he could only know when he came of age; that on the day of his coming of age he had asked to know it; that the courtiers, who besieged the door of his room, crowded

round him with eager questions, to which he uniformly answered: "You can never be allowed to know the truth."

M. de la Borde further examined the registers of St. Lazare, but they do not go so far back as the birth of Louis XIV.

It is one of Ariosto's heroes, if we mistake not, who, in commending the excellence of his mare, dwells on her wondrous shape and qualities, and admits but one single defect in her, namely, that she is dead. In like manner the tale which we have just repeated, however consistent with itself and interesting in all its details, has but one drawback, namely, that there is not a word of truth in it. The great majority, in fact, of the writers who have dealt with the subject have developed a mythopœic faculty of so high an order as to tempt one to echo the saying of the Psalmist that all men are liars. Thus Voltaire, Soult, and their numberless colleagues in error, are each in turn so completely refuted by M. Topin that one cannot but pity their sorry plight, and contrast their lot with that of their luckier predecessors, the chroniclers of the middle ages. Happier far than they, for instance, was the painstaking Froissart, who boasts of having travelled all the way from Valenciennes to Bruges, and from Bruges to Middleburg in Holland, to confer with a Portuguese knight touching the affairs of his country; for having once taken all this trouble, and sifted and set down what seemed to him the truth, Froissart was not exposed to having his story impugned by any of those disintegrating processes with which modern criticism assails time-honored myths. Still, fully alive as we may be to the unfair advantage possessed over us moderns by the mediæval writers, we must not imagine that the difficulties, of intercommunication, and the absence, for the most part, of written testimony in their times, invariably enabled them to lie with impunity. Means occasionally existed of acquiring correct information which leave the feats of M. Topin on the one hand, and those of M. Reuter on the other, far in the background. Thus Froissart very gravely assures us of the miraculous manner in which the Lord of Corasse, living in his castle near Orthès, was informed of the affairs of Europe

in general by a spirit named Orthon. On one occasion, for instance, that spirit seems to have had nothing better to do than to travel "sixty days' journey from Prague to Orthès" in a single night, for the sole purpose of informing the Lord of Corasse, who had neither knowledge of, nor interest in, the Bohemian capital, of what was passing there. For the benefit of such of our readers as have dealings with spirits, and might wish to engage his services, we may mention that in the daytime Orthon would assume various shapes, sometimes appearing in the disguise of two straws turning and playing together on the floor, and that he was last seen in the shape of an immensely large and lean sow, standing in the courtyard of the castle. On this occasion a mistake occurred, which, we trust, may not be repeated by any one lucky enough in future to make his acquaintance; for the Lord of Corasse, taking him for a *bond fide* animal, had him worried by his hounds, when the sow, looking up at his lordship as he leant on the balcony of his window, uttered a loud cry and vanished, was never seen afterwards, and the Lord of Corasse died in the very following year.

Unable as we degenerate moderns unhappily are to depend with any certainty on the assistance of travelling goblins, communicative straws, and inspired swine, we must make the best of our opportunities, such as they are, and we feel we cannot have a safer or a better guide than M. Topin in unravelling the tangled skein of evidence in the matter of which this paper treats. Our limited space does not admit of our following him through the arguments by which he refutes the various theories which have been broached in connection with the subject. We shall therefore confine ourselves to giving a brief sketch of the story to which he adheres, and which he tells with great clearness and force.

The story opens about the year 1676. The prestige of Louis XIV. was as yet unimpaired by the reverses which clouded the close of his career. At no time, in fact, had he cherished more ambitious schemes, and at none did they seem more likely to succeed. Yielding to the fatal attraction which has so often induced French rulers to interfere in the affairs of Italy, he was casting about for the best

and surest means of obtaining a solid and permanent footing in that country. The state of Italy, divided into petty States, with a people sunk in sloth and corruption, Governments timid and venal, and Princes weak and dissolute, invited the interference of powerful and scheming neighbors.

Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, had lately died, leaving as his successor that very Duke of Savoy who was destined to exercise on the affairs of Europe an influence so vast, so disproportionate to the size of his realm, and so baneful to the interests of Louis. As yet, however, this Duke was a mere child, left under the guardianship of his mother, and the Government of Piedmont held a far inferior position; for the Duchess, by nature weak and vacillating, was rendered all the more so, perhaps, from her position as the ruler of a small State at the very threshold of a mighty neighbor, and as an inexperienced woman environed by astute, unscrupulous, and often hostile statesmen. Louis was already master of the fortress of Pignerol, and it was argued that if he were able to secure the possession of that of Casale, Piedmont, lying as it does between those two strongholds, would be wholly at his mercy; thus he would acquire at once a means and a motive for interference in Italy, leading not improbably to French predominance in that country, if not in the end to downright conquest. Casale was the capital of the Marquisate of Montferrat, a dependency of the Duchy of Mantua. That Duchy was governed by Charles IV. of the House of Gonzaga, a frivolous and needy Prince, who passed most of his time in the gambling-houses of Venice, was always in difficulties, and likely to be at the beck of the highest bidder. The rivals of France in Italy were, as usual in those days, the Spaniards and Imperialists, and the utmost circumspection was requisite to baffle their vigilance if the scheme of acquiring Casale were seriously entertained. In the Abbé d'Estrades, his Ambassador at Venice, the King of France possessed a fitting tool for the work in hand, for that functionary was of a restless and ambitious turn, and bent on pushing his own fortunes in furthering those of his master, by some bold and successful stroke. The purchase of Casale seemed to d'Estrades

perfectly feasible, and he was not long in settling on the person most likely to meet his overtures on the subject in a friendly spirit.

Count Matthioly, the man whom d'Estrades selected for the purpose, had been Secretary of State to the Duke of Mantua's predecessor, had wormed himself into the confidence of his present master, and was straining every nerve to regain the office which he had once held. Like d'Estrades himself, therefore, he was bent on rendering his master some signal service, such as would be likely to entail the attainment of his own wishes; and he well knew that he could do the Duke no greater favor than by supplying him with money, and thus pandering to his pleasures and his vices. No two men, therefore, seemed better qualified under the circumstances to bring the question to the issue desired by the French Government than the negotiators whom we have described.

Before, however, directly attacking Matthioly on the subject, the wary Frenchman sent one Giuliani, a contributor to a newspaper, who, owing to his occupation, could well move about the country without exciting suspicion, to watch and to sound him at Verona. Giuliani was not long in ascertaining Matthioly's aversion to the Spaniards, from whom he had never been able to obtain more than empty promises, and the two soon came to an understanding; the Duke of Mantua was as easily persuaded, and a meeting was accordingly agreed upon between him and d'Estrades. It was arranged that this meeting should take place at Venice during the Carnival, when every one, including even the Doge, the senators, and the Papal Nuncio, went abroad masked, and there seemed, therefore, no possibility of suspicion attaching to the plotters. Thus, strangely enough, this long and eventful negotiation began as it ended, in a masquerade; but little could the unhappy Matthioly have divined in what sort of masquing it would terminate!

The Duke of Mantua and d'Estrades met on the 13th March, 1678, as if by chance, in the open street at midnight after a ball, and there, in disguise, safely discussed the preliminaries. In the following month of October, Matthioly and Giuliani, after successfully eluding the

vigilance of foreign spies, and pretending a journey to Switzerland, started for Paris, where they signed a treaty, the conditions of which were the following:— 1st. That the Duke of Mantua should admit French troops into Casale. 2dly. That he should be appointed Commander-in-Chief of any army which Louis might send into Italy; and 3dly. That when the provisions of the treaty were carried out, a sum of 100,000 crowns should be paid to him.

On the signature of the treaty, Matthioly was received in a private audience by Louis XIV. He was treated with the most flattering marks of distinction; in memory of his journey, the King offered him a valuable diamond, and a sum of 400 double louis, and further promised that, on the ratification of the treaty, a much larger sum should be paid to him, that his son should be appointed page at the French Court, and that his brother should receive a valuable living.

Never, as M. Topin observes, had any intrigue been more skilfully devised, nor had a fairer prospect of success. The Powers with whose interests the scheme clashed were still in utter ignorance of its existence, the contracting parties fully agreed in every point, and the negotiators on both sides, to all appearance, equally interested in its fulfilment.

Notwithstanding this, it is an undoubted fact that two months after Matthioly's journey to Paris all the Governments interested in the failure of the project, namely, those of Turin, Madrid, Vienna, and Venice, were fully informed of every particular; and they were so owing to the fact that they had at various times received detailed statements on the subject from the principal agent in the intrigue, Count Matthioly himself. His motive for this conduct it is, indeed, hard to guess. M. Topin supposes that, although willing in the first instance to sell his country to France, Matthioly may perhaps afterwards have had qualms of conscience, and, moved by a tardy patriotism, may have wished to undo his own work by betraying the plot while it was yet time. This conjecture, we own, seems to rest on no solid foundation. In the first place, patriotism was not in vogue among Italian statesmen of those days. Secondly, the state of affairs in the Peninsula was such, that in with-

drawing his country from the clutches of one spoiler, he must have known that he was merely placing her at the mercy of another; for Italy's chains were then so firmly riveted that a change in her condition implied no more than a change of gaolers, and thus she would pass from the tyranny and cupidity of one foreigner to those of another,

Per servir sempre, o vincitrice o vinta.

Less improbable does it seem that the urgent wants of the rapacious and needy gamester whom he served obliged Matthioly to sell his secret to any one likely to pay for it, and in some such reason as this we must find the key to his strange, reckless, and suicidal conduct. To what extent he was his master's *âme damnée*, may easily be gathered from the foregoing; that he did not fully trust his master we may perceive from the fact that he withheld from him the original documents touching the negotiations and kept them concealed; that in the end he was sacrificed to his master's exigencies as well as to Louis's resentment, we cannot well doubt, even if we do not attach importance to the facts that Charles and Louis were afterwards fully reconciled, and that the sudden illness and death of Matthioly in the Bastille coincided somewhat ominously with the Duke of Mantua's visit to Paris. Distrust of each other, moreover, was an element which, among negotiators constituted as they must have been, was likely to enter largely into the incentives which determined their conduct; for it must be recollected that Louis, who, as regards common honor and honesty, appears of all parties to the least disadvantage on the occasion, had himself not scrupled to break almost every international engagement into which he had entered; that his character, therefore, for good faith can hardly have stood high from the manner in which he had observed the stipulations of the treaties of the Pyrenees and of Aix.

The Duchess of Savoy was the first person whom Matthioly informed of his dealings with France. On the 31st of December—that is, just twenty-three days after the signature of the treaty,—she received from Matthioly all the original documents connected with the ne-

gotiation, of which she kept copies. Fully alive to the fact that of all Italian governments her own had most to fear from Louis's resentment, and concluding that the other governments interested had been equally apprized, she hastened to inform him of what was passing. He was thunderstruck on receiving these tidings, which reached him in February, 1679, for all the arrangements made for the seizure of Casale were in full progress. Baron d'Asfeld had started for Venice, empowered to exchange the ratifications of the treaty. Troops had been secretly assembled at Briançon, ready to march at a moment's notice. Catinat himself, who at that time only held the rank of brigadier, but was already known as a distinguished officer, was hurried off under escort in the disguise of a prisoner to Pignerol, where he sojourned under a false name; everything, in short, was ready, when the signal for action was unexpectedly delayed, owing to the unaccountable treachery of Matthioly.

Meanwhile that arch-deceiver perceiving the fruitlessness, as far as he was himself concerned, of his overtures to the Duchess of Savoy, had lost no time in informing the Governments of Vienna, Venice, and Madrid of the whole matter, and had thus rendered success on the part of France an impossibility. The King, on the other hand, ignorant as he was of these further disclosures, did not as yet lose all hope of carrying his point; thinking Matthioly's conduct might be only a beginning of treachery as it were, he did not even apprize d'Estrades of the state of the case, and trusted that all might yet be well.

D'Estrades, who had been moved from the legation at Venice to that of Turin, continued, in the meantime, to meet with evasive and unsatisfactory replies to his overtures from the Mantuan Government; the negotiations were delayed by them on the flimsiest pretexts. Perplexing intelligence of the least reassuring nature continued to reach d'Estrades from various parts of Italy, till an event of no little significance occurred which confirmed his worst suspicions. Baron d'Asfeld, on his way to Inceira to exchange ratifications with Matthioly, had been arrested by the Spanish Governor of the Milanese, and was kept a close pris-

oner. Louis, however, did not as yet wholly lose heart, and Catinat received orders to take the place of d'Asfeld. Still travelling under a feigned name, he and St. Mars, the Governor of Pignerol, likewise in disguise, made their way to the appointed rendezvous, where Matthioly was to have met them, without, however, finding him there. After various misadventures, during which they narrowly escaped capture, they were glad to make good their retreat to Pignerol, without, of course, bringing back with them the deed of cession, the obtaining of which had been the object of their errand.

From that moment all doubt of Matthioly's treachery vanished from d'Estrades' mind, and he was the first to propose a plan for capturing the traitor. Matthioly still attempted to amuse d'Estrades with sham negotiations, but the latter had by this time fully ascertained that the arrest of d'Asfeld was due to Matthioly, and that Matthioly still withheld the original documents from the Duke of Mantua. D'Estrades, however, did not cease to negotiate with Matthioly, using, however, the utmost care not to let him know how fully informed he was of his perfidy. He accordingly sent Giuliani to him, saying that if the Duke of Mantua were still of the same mind as regards Casale, the King of France would be quite willing to continue the negotiation for the surrender of the fortress. Matthioly complained that he had spent all the money at his command in bribes at the Court of Mantua, with a view to bringing about the result desired by the King of France. D'Estrades thereupon promised that he should be paid certain sums by Catinat, who had been entrusted with them by the King, his master. So greedy for money was Matthioly, that he eagerly pressed d'Estrades to lose no time in bringing about a meeting with Catinat, and Tuesday, the 2d of May, was the day appointed.

So wholly lulled were his suspicions, so dead was he to all sense of his danger, that he seemed stricken with a mental blindness fully as strange as his former shrewdness, and hurried heedlessly on to a doom which will make him a by-word for all that is abjectly and irrecoverably wretched in this life. The Abbé d'Estrades tells, with no little complacency,

how completely he duped and ensnared his victim, how he called for him at six in the morning on the appointed day, and carried him in his own carriage towards the place of meeting; how the rains had so swollen the River Guisiola that it had broken part of the bridge they were to cross; how Matthioly helped with his own hands to repair the damage, and worked zealously on till the bridge was passable on foot; and how they then left the carriage and hurried forward through muddy lanes to the place of assignation. There they found Catinat awaiting them; he managed matters so well that no one appeared on the spot but himself; he showed them into a neighboring house where they could confer unobserved; here d'Estrades gradually led Matthioly on to confess what he had heard him say some days before, namely, that he had in his possession all the original documents connected with the negotiations. Matthioly added that the Duke of Mantua had often attempted, but in vain, to obtain them, that he only possessed copies, and that the originals were in the care of his (Matthioly's) wife in a nunnery at Bologna. At this stage of the conference d'Estrades judged it best to retire, and as soon as he had left, Matthioly's arrest was effected without the least difficulty.

Among the papers found on the captive, those emanating from the Court of Versailles were not included; but on being threatened with torture and death, the unhappy man confessed that they were in Padua, stowed away in a place known to his father alone. He was then made to write a letter by dictation to his father, in no way alluding to his present state, but begging him to make the papers over to Giuliani, the bearer of the letter. The elder Matthioly, wholly ignorant of the fact that Giuliani was in French pay, unsuspectingly handed to him the precious documents, which d'Estrades lost no time in forwarding to Versailles.

On learning Matthioly's arrest, Louis seems to have behaved with characteristic presence of mind: instantly abandoning all thought of acquiring Casale, he recalled the troops collected at Briangon, peremptorily demanded and easily obtained the release of d'Asfeld by

the Spanish Government, and caused a report to be spread that Matthioly was dead.

"Il faudra," wrote Louis to d'Estrades, "il faudra que personne ne sache ce que cet homme est devenu." The order was strictly obeyed. The unhappy man's family dispersed in silence and sorrow. In their pedigree the date of Matthioly's death is left blank. His wife, the widow of a man who was destined to survive her, retired broken-hearted to the very convent whither seventeen years before Matthioly had come to wed her; his father dragged on a wretched existence for some years longer at Padua, not knowing whether to bewail the death of a beloved son, or still to believe in his existence. Harrowing as this state of doubt must have been to them, none of his kindred dared to set on foot inquiries which were almost certain to be fruitless and might possibly have been dangerous. M. Topin traces Matthioly to Pignerol, to the Islands of Ste. Marguerite, and finally, as we have seen, to the Bastille.

In the despatches addressed by the French Government to Matthioly's gaolers, he is after a time no longer mentioned by name, and is known by the pseudonym of "Le Sieur de Lestang;" and M. Topin shows that the name of

Marchioly, under which his funeral was entered in the register of St. Paul's Church, was a mere corruption of the name Matthioly, very likely to occur in a foreign country, and at a time when proper names were spelled with a carelessness unknown in these days.

Thus was Louis XIV. revenged on the first man who had ever thwarted him in one of his great designs. His success, indeed, in punishing the culprit was in its way as complete as had been his failure to compass the object of his intrigues. This very success, however, has left a blot upon his fame as indelible as any which attaches to that of the other actors in this detestable episode, from which Catinat's name alone emerges unsullied. We feel, in fact, that in dealing with this whole matter we have been dwelling, as it were, in a tainted atmosphere; for the hand of time which lifts so many veils has seldom revealed a scene of fraud, chicane, and relentless tyranny, at once so nauseous and so appalling. Let us hope that such depravity among the foremost of mankind is henceforth an impossibility; let us hope that the present generation have a better right than the Pharisees of the Gospel to rejoice that they are not like even unto these men.

Temple Bar.

A ROMAN STORY.

BY R. ARTHUR ARNOLD.

On the third floor of No. 16 Via —, in the year 18—, dwelt Luigi Marini, art-student. In Italy art is followed as a distinct and very popular profession, not only by those few devotees who feel a special aptitude, but by many who think merely that it is as good as any other calling, and a great deal more pleasant. Nothing was further from Luigi's mind than rivalry with the great masters, whose works he was content to copy as best he could, and glad if a week's labor won him five scudi. His temperament was romantic, not ambitious. Far better than the labors of the palette and the brush, he loved adventure in which gallantry and women had

a part; or to sit dreaming at his window, watching the roseate tints which the setting sun cast over the ruins of old Rome and the wide Campagna beyond.

Luigi Marini had all the beauty which is typical of the Tuscan men: dark hair, that waved in half-curles about his forehead and ears—dark eyes of a rich deep brown, full of sad and attractive melancholy when he was thoughtful, and instantly lighting up with dancing fire when he laughed or became excited. His nose, his lips and chin, would each and all have caught the attention of an artist for the rare beauty of their outlines. His was such a face as Titian or Raphael would have loved to copy, ex-

pressing refined melancholy when at rest, and bright quick fancy when he smiled. Luigi wore a moustache and imperial like those Vandyck gives to Charles I., the points of the moustache turned up. He was vain, of course, and quite disposed to think that any woman who looked twice at him was in love with his handsome face.

One evening, in the month of June, he lounged into his room after two or three hours' work at the Vatican. In a few minutes a little girl knocked at his door and then entered, carrying his dinner, which came to him daily from the neighboring *trattoria*. There was a piece of stewed mutton, some macaroni, and a small flask of wine. The child placed the dishes on the table and left the room. Luigi's apartment was simply furnished. An old easel and two or three dauby canvases told his calling; the bed in the corner was not very clean, nor the red-tiled floor; and he was evidently about to dine without a tablecloth. On looking round, it was easy to see that Luigi's wardrobe was of the scantiest, for there was no place for his clothes in the apartment except a very old leather-covered, brass-nailed trunk, the half-open lid of which disclosed a wild confusion of garments, broken frames, painting materials, and books. But Luigi cared little for the condition of the interior of his lodging. The few hours that he spent at home were generally passed at the open window puffing those long cigars which are the food so much beloved by Roman artists. And often Luigi looked on the dark wall of the Convent —, which lay across the narrow street, a little to the left of where he lodged. But the jealous *persiani* which shrouded the windows were never entirely opened. The lower half of them moved upon vertical hinges, and in the midday these were always raised. But Luigi's apartment was on a level with the highest, and sometimes he caught a glimpse of a hand extended to open the sunblinds, but nothing more. Often and often—the more because the sisters were never to be seen—did Luigi think of them, and this evening his taste for romance was destined to be strangely gratified.

Lazily looking up the street upon the convent-windows, the young man saw

one of the green blinds gently open, and the hooded head of a nun appear at a window. As he fixed his eyes on her so did she hers on him. Her face seemed pale, but this might only be the customary effect of the sombre head-dress. She was certainly young as well as handsome, and Luigi's delight equalled his astonishment when he saw her summoning his attention. The motion by which she called him was graceful and imperative—the action of a woman surely not by any means ignorant of the power of feminine gestures. When she saw, by his quick attention and obeisant smile, that he was prepared to serve her, the nun pointed below to the pavement, holding between her fingers a small piece of paper. The danger to which Luigi knew she exposed herself if she were found to have thus held communication with a man increased the romance of the situation. He hurriedly made signs to her that he would descend, and the shutter at once closed upon her window, leaving only the lower part raised as usual. On leaving his house, Luigi was sufficiently discreet not to hasten beneath the nun's window; he crossed the street just in time to see a little white ball, no bigger than a pea, fall upon the pavement. He picked it up, believing himself entirely unobserved, and hoped to win favor in the lady's eyes—who he felt sure was watching him—by keeping it in his hand unopened till he turned into another street.

But he had no sooner passed the corner of the Via — than he hastily unrolled the little ball of paper and read: "Meet me to-morrow at midnight by the small gate leading into the Via San —, opposite the door of the Church of San —." This was written in a firm bold woman's hand, with evidently no attempt at concealment. There was no name, but mystery was far more attractive to Luigi than certainty. He felt sure the mysterious nun was beautiful and deeply in love with himself. "It was yet thirty hours before he should be with her!" This was hard to bear. But as the time passed away, her image became more and more clear to Luigi. Already he persuaded himself that he loved her passionately, and when the next evening arrived impatience had made him feel feverish and exhausted. He smoked in-

cessantly, but his dinner remained almost untouched. At last the sluggish hours of the long day passed away, and Luigi stood beneath the convent-wall, outside the gate to which the nun referred in her note.

It was not the main entrance to the convent, and, as Luigi knew very well, was rarely if ever opened. He had never seen it otherwise than as it was now, closed and rusty, with a look of having never been unfastened for years. It was set about a foot back in the wall, and overhung by so deep a shadow that no one who did not pass very closely could have seen the young artist as he stood, motionless, with his back against the gate. To say that he was afraid would not be true, yet Luigi felt strongly the influence of the midnight hour, and the strangeness, with something perhaps of the illegality, of his situation—the chill night-air, the deep gloom of the street, and the silence. He was just thinking how fearfully quiet everything seemed, when the old gate rustled, as though the collected dust were breaking away from its sides, and opened, without creaking, so softly that Luigi was half-terrified. He had expected it would have made a great noise, or, at least, would have given him much more notice on opening. He thought the gate had been closed for years, it looked so rusty and unused; but before he had time to recognize the figure of the nun, who held it back for him to enter, the thought ran through his mind that this door was not so unaccustomed to moving on its hinges as he had supposed.

The nun closed the gate, and, taking Luigi by the hand, led him, in darkness which was profound, through a sort of cloister—so it seemed to the young painter—then across a small yard, open to the sky, into a low building detached from the convent. Luigi found himself standing, with his hand in hers, in utter darkness. Her clasp was soft and warm, and her voice a musical whisper, as she said, disengaging his hand, "Wait a minute, I will light the lamp."

The lamplight revealed to Luigi a low room, at one end of which were what appeared to be several heaps of furniture. He thought, from a momentary glance, they were unused beds. The walls were rudely frescoed with reli-

gious figures, while near to him stood a round table, on which was spread a supper, evidently prepared by the nun for Luigi and herself. He saw all this before the sister laid back her hood. Then she took his hand again in hers, and looked up in his face with an anxious searching gaze, as if examining whether he was a man of the quality she had supposed him to be. Luigi was not disappointed with her beauty. She was not young, and her countenance bore a cold worldly expression, which would have displeased many; but the youth of Rome never despise the mature charms of woman, and Luigi was captivated by the bright eyes, the rich lips, and the refined expression of her features. He was about to address her in some complimentary language, when she said abruptly:

"What is your name?"

He replied, "Luigi Marini."

"You are an artist, I suppose."

"Yes."

"I have seen you often."

The young man's eyes fired with delight; he thought she was about to confess her love for him. She noticed his excitement with a cool glance which showed how entirely she was mistress of the situation.

"Do you love me?" she asked, so quickly that no third person would have suspected her of any love for the young painter.

She suffered him to carry her hand to his lips as he protested that he would die for her. A glad smile rewarded his assurances of love, yet there was something in her face—a look of falsity—which gave Luigi a momentary thrill of uneasiness. She was a beautiful woman, evidently of very slight physical strength, but with the traces of a strong will so plainly written on her face that the young man could not but see them. Her manner was abrupt and commanding, so very different from the tender love he had promised to himself.

"I have asked you to come here, Luigi Marini," she said (and he trembled with delight as she mentioned his name), "because I thought you were a man who would not refuse to help a woman in distress."

"*Madre di Dio!*" The artist was going on to assure the nun how com-

pletely he was her servant, but she put up her hand as if deprecating his expression.

"I know, signore, you are a brave man, and, if you will, you can do all that I require. Often I have watched you at your window"—here her voice fell to a *piano* which still more enslaved Luigi—"and if you will assist me my heart will not find it difficult to reward you."

As she ceased speaking, the nun seized his hand and kissed it. Emboldened by her action, Luigi was about to take her in his arms, but she slipped from him, leaving her hood and mantle in his grasp. If he failed in his immediate object, Luigi now had secured a much better view of his *innamorata*. His eyes dwelt with delight upon her slender waist and graceful figure, and his easy indolent animal nature loved her none the less for the bright mastery which shone from her dark eyes, or for the broad forehead and square chin which so plainly indicated her wilful character.

"Not yet," she said, with a coquettish smile and bow. "I know Luigi Marini will command my love;" and the sister regarded him with a proud encouraging smile, which made the artist long for some daring service.

"What can I do?" he asked, impatiently.

The paleness of the nun's face seemed to become deadly white at his question. It appeared as if she wished to tell him, and yet was glad to interpose anything before the time when she must make a confession.

"Take some supper," she said, faintly; "we can better talk of that afterwards."

Luigi, wondering at the mystery which enveloped the *devoir* to which he felt himself committed, took his seat at the table, not unwillingly, for during the excitement of the past two days he had eaten but little.

The nun placed nearly half a fowl on his plate, but in spite of his entreaties she ate scarcely anything. Once between the rapid operations of his knife and fork, Luigi looked up and caught her eyes fixed upon him with a horrible expression of torture, the lower part of her face appearing rigidly fixed as if by some sudden stroke of paralysis. He started up, but she placed her hand on her heart and said, regaining her customary self-

possession, "I am subject to these passing fits; they come, you know, signore, of the dreadful monotony of this life to such a heart as mine."

There was no wine upon the table, but when he had nearly completed his meal she took the glass which stood empty before Luigi, and moving to a side closet, brought it back full of red wine. Her very lips were blanched, and she tottered rather than walked to her seat, after setting it down before the artist."

"*Donna mia*," he said, lifting the glass in his hand—he thought her trouble arose from what she was about to confide to him—"I will die in your service;" he waved the glass slightly, saying, "To my love," and then drank off the wine.

"Come now," said the nun, in a voice which seemed suddenly to have become hoarse and broken; "I will show you your work."

She led him, with a hand which felt strangely cold, to the darkened end of the room, where he thought he had seen several beds, and stopped before one of them, which in the dim light he could see was mantled with a white covering. When the lamplight fell upon it, Luigi started, as he saw, by the stiffened upward-turned toes and other unmistakable signs, that he was standing before a corpse.

The sister drew down the covering, and disclosed the body of a man in monastic dress. His features, which Luigi could scarcely see, appeared young and handsome, but his face was purpled as if he had died of suffocation.

Luigi turned in horror to his companion, who stood watching him.

"I place my life, my honor, and my love," she said in a hollow voice, "in your hands. You think I have murdered this man; it is not so. He loved me, as I will hope you do, and made his way here, to tell me of his passion. His love dated from the time of my noviciate. Suddenly, while with me in this chamber, he was seized with apoplexy and fell dead at my feet. By efforts that exhausted me, I dragged his body on to this bed and composed his limbs, but how to rid myself of his corpse I know not. If he were discovered here by any of the sisters, my future would be dreadful and unbearable. I have looked to you for

help; Signore Luigi, I shall not look in vain!"

Theatrical and unreal as her words of love sounded, they yet revived in Luigi the feelings which, for a moment, the sight of the dead monk had dissipated.

"The river is near," she continued. "I want you to take the body on your back and throw it into the Tiber; then to return to me, and we will forget in love this sad episode."

"But——"

"Say not a word!" she interrupted him, becoming suddenly excited and imperative. "There is not a moment to lose; I have calculated everything. You may do it now with safety; do it, and I love you!"

She had everything ready. The monk's body was soon enveloped in a brown cloth, and with her own hands she assisted Luigi to take the corpse on his broad shoulders.

"I will precede you," she said, "and look down the street to see that you can reach the river unobserved. It is close at hand, and you will be back again in two minutes."

They were passing through the cloister as quickly as Luigi could walk under his load, when he felt a sudden pain shoot across his breast, so violent that he could scarcely suppress a cry. He bent suddenly forward.

"Make haste!—make haste!" cried the nun, dragging him towards the gate. For an instant only she put her head outside, and then hurried the young man into the street.

The head of the corpse was scarcely clear of the gate, when the sister closed it with nervous haste, barred and bolted it in a way which showed that either she was false to her promise to receive Luigi again in two minutes, or that in her excitement she knew not what she did.

But, at all events, there was method in her actions. Seeing that white dust and dirt were on the door, its bars and bolts had been to some extent cleared by her hands, she threw dust over them and was contemplating her work, when something fell heavily against the outside of the door, and a piercing scream came through it as of a strong man in the agony of death.

"Holy mother! it is Luigi." The nun's hand trembled as she took up the lamp,

and quickly, noiselessly as a cat, made her way back to the chamber in which she had received the young artist.

She removed all traces of his presence and that of the corpse, though a second and third scream, fainter than the first, resounded from the street. Listening, with her lamp extinguished, she heard voices at the gate, and trampling of feet and knocking; but she took no heed, and walking silently across the court found her little cell, and threw herself on her bed, burying her face as if to shut out all things from herself.

"Mother of God! is it my fault, or that of those who condemned me to this life? Do they suppose that by such prisons they can extinguish the passions that burn—the love which, if it find no other heart to rest with, will eat in bitterness that from whence it springs? Fools!" she cried, springing up and looking defiantly at the door, "I am the result of your system! Like Eve—like every one of God's creatures, good and bad alike, I longed for that which was denied to me. I fell rather, much rather, the prey of my own imagination than the willing victim of any man's love. Only because such love was forever denied to me, did my thoughts turn to it again and always. Free, I should have scorned man's love; it was these hateful things"—she threw her hood and mantle under her feet, trampled and tore them—"these lying garments, that have brought me to this."

While she raved in this way, Luigi was being carried up to his little room a dead man, his fair young face horribly distorted, the muscles contracted with shocking disfigurement. When he left the convent-gate with his awful burden, Luigi had already felt a pain so dreadful that it was only by a great effort he had been able to keep the dead monk on his shoulders; but no sooner had he passed out into the street, and the gate closed behind him, than his stomach seemed on fire, and his chest as though it were bound with cords. The corpse fell with a heavy "thud" upon the pavement, and Luigi staggered against the wall. He was near the door and reeled upon it, screaming with agony. He felt sure that the nun had poisoned him, and as he heard footsteps approaching, he remembered how strange a taste the wine had;

and though he was in such mortal pain, the circumstances of the scene rose all before him. He recalled to mind how the sister had not placed the wine upon the table, but had filled his glass in a cupboard aside. Now that he felt the cold hand of death upon him—now that it was too late, he could see through all her design. Her lover, the monk, had died of apoplexy in the convent to which she had unlawfully given him admission by this private door, and she wished to make use of him, Luigi, in order to get rid of the dead body. She had given him a quickly-acting poison, which would kill him as soon as he had done her work.

Writhing in agony, he opened his eyes to find that his screams had drawn several persons round him. They knocked at the convent-gate till Luigi faintly told them to desist. He wanted nothing so much as to clear himself from the suspicion of having murdered the monk, and told the bystanders, as well as his sufferings would permit, how he had been lured into the convent; where he found the monk's body; how the nun had poisoned him, and then employed him to remove the dead ecclesiastic. The people listened with sympathizing horror, and while two were telling the story to the *gens-d'armes* who had come up, others carried Luigi away in search of medical advice. When the doctor saw him the poor artist was sinking fast, and the *medico* instantly pronounced, from the appearance of his face and tongue, that Luigi had been poisoned. One of those who had brought him wrote out a short deposition, which Luigi had strength to hear and to sign. The doctor was after-

wards in the act of applying the stomach-pump when he was seized with convulsions and died.

At the convent there was little difficulty in identifying the murderer. The superior read the artist's dying statement with horror—with deep and grieved attention, and acknowledged that his description drew a verbal portrait of Sister Agatha, who, she said, was the superintendent of the convent dispensary, and had the charge of their hospital for contagious diseases, which was the apartment where she had entertained Luigi. Sister Agatha, she said, also had keys of the outbuildings which surrounded the unused cloister, and the superior thought it likely she had found among these the key of the gate, which she herself had never seen open.

The superior was a woman of unexceptional moral and religious life, and possessed of great shrewdness. She found an additional proof of Sister Agatha's guilt when she saw and recognized the monk's body. She had once had occasion to suspect him of an improper regard for the nun, and the asceticism of her own frigid nature steeled her against any mercy. The post-mortem examination of Luigi's body showed that he had been poisoned, and the same poison was found in one of the bottles under Agatha's care. What punishment her crime received, is not recorded; probably she is kept in lifelong, hopeless surveillance in this or some other convent. Not long ago the main facts of this story were told me, near the scene of their actual occurrence, by one who stated that they were recorded in the police annals of the Eternal City.

Dublin University Magazine.

A SLAVE OF THE LAMP AND HIS LABORS.

It is possible that every embryo man of letters looks on the transformation of his handwriting into good print, and the correction of proof-sheets as the pleasantest and most interesting occupation in existence. Goldsmith found it otherwise when engaged at his early magazine labors. When he took up the scrubby-looking review published by Griffith,

and cast his eye over columns of ideas and combinations of ideas, which had lain unfelt in the chambers of his own intellect till his pen had given them shape, and, in some degree, existence, he could not but feel a certain complacency. "There," he would think, "is a little world; and I am, at least, its mould-der."

Very pleasant it must be, while youth and manhood are as yet only passing, and the world approvingly peruses a writer's productions; very pleasant, we repeat, to sit, with pen at work, transmitting bright or vigorous images from the brain to the paper. But ah! if our laborer does not enjoy independence, and begins to feel an indifference among his public to the literary fare he endeavors to provide for them, and gradually becomes sensible that his powers are on the decline, and sees, not far off, the close of profitable labor, then cease pen, paper, and type to afford him pleasure, and the future assumes a leaden hue and monstrous aspect.

No native of Great Britain in later times has transferred so much literary matter to printers' types as William Combe, though he did not begin to write till late in life, and but few living folk have read or heard of any of his works except the one mentioned below.*

Combe was not an author by choice. He took up the pen comparatively late in life, and merely wrote to support existence; yet, in the words of his editor and publisher, he wrote and edited, between the years 1773 and 1823, upwards of one hundred books, conducted or contributed to a score of journals, and furnished, if we may believe his own note-book, fully two thousand columns of matter to the newspapers and magazines of the time.

It was a difficult matter to collect or identify many of Mr. Combe's productions. He wrote in prison, within the rules of the King's Bench, and the mere fact of his name on the title-page of a book would deprive him or his publisher of any benefit from its sale.

Mr. Hotten, a man whose earthly happiness consists in exploring among the curiosities of literature, especially when they are of a bizarre character, has apparently collected everything collectable about the author of *Dr. Syntax*, and given them to the world in the preface of this new edition of the celebrated tours of the meagre and reverend professor.

William Combe was born in Bristol, in 1741, his father being a merchant in a respectable position. At Eton he had few school comrades, the future Thomas Lord Lyttleton, Charles James Fox, Bennet Langton, and William Beckford, author of *Vathek*, and builder of the famous "Folly." At Oxford, whither he repaired in 1760, he more affected the character of a young gentleman of fine appearance and expensive tastes than that of a diligent student. Of course he studied hard, when the eyes of his world were off him; but while the observed of his tutors and companions, he never exhibited the slightest inclination to draw the pale cast of thought over his brow by poring over books. When called on to acquit himself of any of the ordinary tasks of a collegian, he was always ready.

In a couple of years he contrived, by dint of fashionable amusements (hunting included), and giving entertainments to the sons of great people, to get himself considerably in debt. His uncle, Alexander, a rich London alderman, relieved him from the unwelcome visits of Christian and Hebrew creditors, by inviting him up to London, and paying his debts. Here the young fellow's good nature and agreeable manners completely won the affections of the old gentleman, the more readily as it appears he had loved his mother before her marriage.

The next we hear of him is his performance of portion of the "Grand Tour," in the course of which he made the acquaintance of that undesirable friend and philosopher, the Rev. Laurence Sterne. Mr. Hotten thus speaks of the inter-relations of the elder and younger voluptuary, giving the word its least harmful sense:

"Judging from what we know of the two characters, they must have been companions very well suited to each other. The disparity of their ages, and the great difference in their dispositions and natures, made them mutually attractive. Sterne was about fifty years of age, full of a cunning knowledge of the world; a keen observer of men and manners, and very fond of telling those little stories which are usually related in a low whisper accompanied by a sly wink. To a clever and brilliant young

* The Three Tours of Doctor Syntax, in Search of the Picturesque;—in Search of Consolation;—in Search of a Wife. Colored Plates after Rowlandson. London: John Camden Hotten.

man, whose powers of conversation had already become famous in the circles where he was known, his companionship must have been very attractive, especially when the good things said seemed to derive a license, if not full authority, from the clerical position and advanced age of their author."

Mr. Hotten conscientiously and honestly defends his hero's character from any love of uttering indecent or immoral expressions.

"Combe had no natural fondness for *double entendre*, and beyond the amusement of the moment, does not seem to have cared for a style of conversation which was then very popular; certain it is, that in all his numerous writings there is nothing of this kind. He had no vicious tastes, and the description given of him by a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1823,—a writer who reflects the true spirit of his time by a hearty contempt for cold water,—is no doubt a very true one. 'A love of show and dress, but neither of dissipation nor drinking, was the source of his embarrassments. He was, indeed, remarkably abstemious, drinking nothing but water, till the last few weeks of his life, when wine was recommended to him as a medicine. But though a mere water-drinker, his spirit at the social board kept pace with that of the company. He possessed musical knowledge and taste, and formerly sung in a very agreeable manner. His conversation was always entertaining and instructive, and he possessed a calm temper, with very agreeable manners.'"

Our editor is able to furnish but few particulars of the intercourse between Sterne and Combe. Ten years after the death of the Irish *Rabelais*, his friend published those "Letters of Yorick and Eliza," which were long believed to be genuine. Scandal says that he, not Sterne, was the loved of Eliza, and that he felt considerable complacency therefrom.

Soon after his return from the continent, his uncle died, and he found himself in possession of sixteen thousand pounds. He did not sit down at once, like a mere profligate, to eat and drink and spend this mighty sum on the respectable sinners of his acquaintance. He entered the office of a solicitor in the Temple; studied, was called to the bar,

and distinguished himself very creditably on one occasion before the Lord Chancellor Nottingham.

But a lawyer may have a soul above horsehair and bombazeen. Combe was to be seen seldom in the courts, disguised in unpicturesque wig and gown. He mixed in the best society of the day, distinguished himself by his good taste in clothes and carriage appointments; was on familiar terms with the Duke of Bedford, knew how to give parties as high-bred people only can, and the purse which had held £16,000 was becoming light and shallow. Here is an episode in his career furnished by a gentleman who was on terms of acquaintance with him a century since:

"William Combe, Esq., the author of 'The Philosopher in Bristol,' &c., came to the Bristol Hot-wells about the year 1768. He was tall and handsome in person, an elegant scholar, and highly accomplished in his manners and behavior. He lived in the most princely style, and though a bachelor, kept two carriages, several horses, and a large retinue of servants. He had resided abroad for many years. He was generally called Count Combe."

About this time, as Mr. Hotten tells us, he was commonly called Duke Combe. He furnishes an extract from a letter, in which the writer says:—"In his days of prosperity the splendor of his dress and *ménage* in general, together with his highly aristocratic deportment, gained him the appellation of Duke Combe, but," we quote the editor, "already his false position had become the talk of scandal-loving acquaintance, who saw very clearly that so much show could not be kept up without a purse much longer than Combe possessed."

Much pleasure as it must have given the Bristol merchant to see his son in such high repute in the great world, he saw well enough the goal to which his extravagance was hurrying him. He expostulated with him, but this served not to reclaim, but to offend the "Fine Young English Gentleman." He ceased his visits to the old-fashioned house, kept high company, indulged in high gambling, merely to support the fine gentleman's character, not from any infatuation, and at last, instead of £16,000, he was worth less than nothing.

In his present condition he did not apply to his father for relief. He resorted to his fashionable friends, many of whom he had himself accommodated. It was the old story of "Cogia Hassan," and finding him at last as low in pocket as the Heir of Linne, he enlisted as a common soldier. Being, after some time, drafted to Wolverhampton, a trifling improvement was effected in his fortunes, thus recorded by Mr. Hotten:—

"He was recognized by an acquaintance, crawling through the streets after a long march, dusty and lame, in search of his quarters. 'What!' exclaimed the acquaintance; 'is it possible I behold my old friend Combe, and bearing a knapsack, too?' 'Pooh!' said the fallen hero, 'a philosopher ought to bear anything.' This trifling *mot* exhibits that invariable good humor which never deserted him. Under every circumstance, he was always pretty nearly the same—a gentleman, happy and good tempered. At the public-house at which he was billeted, his literary acquirements excited such astonishment that the house was nightly filled with people, who came to wonder at the soldier who spoke Greek."

Roger Kemble, being at the time in Wolverhampton with his troupe, gave a benefit to Combe, which enabled him to purchase his discharge. Moreover, he would have him to instruct his daughter Sarah, the future Mrs. Siddons, in elocution; but, her mother foreseeing some danger to Sarah's peace in receiving lessons from a person of such romantic surroundings as poor Combe, would not consent. Our hero, though equable in temper, and uncensorious in conversation, was never known to say anything in praise of Roger's wife.

We do not believe the following anecdote: it would lower Combe in our estimation, and brand him as a narrow-minded, spiteful man. It certainly takes nothing from the moral worth of Mrs. Siddons, that she assisted her father in his humble way of entertaining his public, and thereby of supporting his family.

"He used to tell Rogers that he recollected having seen Mrs. Siddons, when a very young woman, standing by the side of her father's stage and knocking a pair of snuffers against a candlestick, to imitate the sound of a windmill, during

the representation of some harlequin piece."

Combe is next discovered by a clergyman tripping about as a waiter at a tavern in Swansea, the elocution scheme having been quickly abandoned. "You cannot be Combe!" said the gentleman, staring at him. "Yes, indeed, but I am," was the unabashed answer.

"Combe was never embarrassed by these salutations of old acquaintance, but took them in the best possible spirit, and with as much good-humor as if misfortune had never befallen him. It was only his family that he studied to avoid; and shortly after, hearing that they were in search of him, he crossed over into France, where, after numerous adventures, he entered the French army.

Samuel Rogers says that Fitzpatrick found him filling the office of cook in Douay College, much to the satisfaction of himself and the professors and students, all of whom would gladly have retained him for life, and relieved him of his Protestantism. However, instead of making omelets for the studious fathers or mighty transcripts from old MSS., Apollo willed that he should once more cross the channel, and live among paper, pens, and ink all the rest of his days. The transit was made in 1771.

The earliest of Mr. Combe's productions are "The Philosopher of Bristol," and "The Flattering Milliner; or, Modern Half-Hour," the latter drama performed at Bristol in 1775. He either wrote "An Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers," or assisted Mason with it. A work that brought him into more notice was "A Description of Patagonia and the Adjacent Parts of South America, from the Papers of F. Falkner, a Jesuit," published in 1774. It established him among the trade as a successful compiler and editor. His next literary attempt did not come out under good auspices.

Though Combe was not by any means a vicious man, his virtue could not be properly qualified by the French adjective *farouche*. Some relative of Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne, or that infamous nobleman pilloried by Hogarth, induced our man of letters, just beginning his career, to take to wife a woman in whom he himself felt no longer any interest. The argument used was a

handsome sum to be paid down after the performance of the ceremony. The disreputable nobleman did not perform his part of the engagement, and the incensed poet published "The Diaboliad" in consequence. It was issued in 4to, 1777. The dedication ran thus: "To the Worst Man in His Majesty's Dominions." Mr. Hotten does not give entire credit to the affair as just reported, and we would rather it were not true. That Combe's first marriage was an unhappy one all his biographers are agreed.

"The *Diabo-Lady*" succeeded the *Diaboliad*, and other satiric poems followed suite. All these appeared in 1777. Letters purporting to be those of Pope Ganganeli were translated from Italian to French, and Combe made a transfusion of these last into English. They were for sometime considered the genuine productions of the amiable churchman.

Our industrious writer would have been above human weakness if he had not shown up the vicious points in his former acquaintances in high life.

From 1777 to 1784 he continued a kind of second-class chronicle in the "Royal Register," in which unworthy members of society, many of them his ancient intimates, were held up to contempt. He addressed one heroic epistle to Sir James Wright, "whose trading propensities and weaknesses as a groom of the bedchamber to George III. had become the gossip of the fashionable world." He accused him of having sent cargo on cargo of trashy *Vertu* to the King from Venice, and of having worn his Majesty's cast-off lace and small-clothes. "I have been present," says Combe, "when a slave of St. James's glowed with importance from an impudent exposure of the tail of his shirt, to show the astonished company the Crown and G. R. worked on it."

In 1779 Combe produced the "Letters of Yorick and Eliza," a work unworthy of an honorable man. Sterne's standard in respect of conjugal and platonic love was low enough, but Combe should not have made a detailed application of what might have been only a bit of sentimentality not kept under control.

In the same year appeared his poem "The World as it Goes." Neither production pleased Horace Walpole, but

that far from rigid moralist was not well pleased with some remarks on Strawberry-hill, and the gin-crack spirit which ruled it, and

"Its passages that led to nothing."

Combe probably contributed what he could to pay his creditors, but we find him occupying the King's Bench Prison some time before 1780. He was allowed to live at 12 Lambeth Road, within the rules of this prison, soon after, and there he abode till his death, fifty odd years later.

His next work was the letters attributed to George Lord Lyttleton, that eccentric and profligate nobleman, with whom Combe had been acquainted in his days of dissipation, and whose style he so well caught up that, even in 1831, a writer in the *Quarterly Review* asserted that they were the genuine composition of the professed author, merely interpolated here and there by Combe. Shortly after, Mr. Robert Cole inserted in the *Gentleman's Magazine* Combe's own autograph notes, which claimed their undivided authorship for himself.

This disreputable nobleman, now remembered only by his supposed vision, had once been practically corrected for an outrage on the gentle demeanor which should characterize the intercourse of ladies and gentlemen. The incident is related by Thomas Moore and Thomas Campbell. We prefer the narrative of the latter gentleman.

"Some of the most exclusive ladies of fashion had instituted a society, which was called 'The Coterie,' to which gentlemen were admitted as visitors. Among the favored members was Duke Combe. One evening Lady Archer, who was a beautiful woman, but too fond of gaudy colors, and who had her face always lavishly rouged, was sitting in the coterie, when Lord Lyttleton, the graceless son of an estimable peer, entered the room, evidently intoxicated, and stood before Lady Archer several minutes, with his eyes fixed on her. The lady manifested great indignation, and asked why he thus annoyed her. 'I have been thinking,' said Lord Lyttleton, 'what I can compare you to in your gaudy coloring, and you give me no idea but that of a drunken peacock.' The lady returned a sharp answer, on which he threw a glass

of wine in her face. All was confusion in a moment, but though several noblemen and gentlemen were present, none of them took up the cause of the insulted female, till Mr. Combe came forward, and, by resolute behavior, obliged the offender to withdraw."

So far the "Bard of Hope:" the paragraph that follows is taken from the text of the work:

"Combe seems to have retained a lively recollection of his lordship's peculiarities, and to have thrown into the letters the full strength of his imitative power. The family, of course, denied their authenticity, but they were such admirable imitations of the peer's style, and contained so many good things, that fully one half of the literary world believed them to be genuine productions, and they found such a ready sale, that a second edition was published in 1782, and a third some time afterwards."

Except articles for the periodical press, Combe produced nothing of importance till 1789, except "The Origin of Commerce," professedly by Adam Anderson, a valuable work in four volumes.

About the date mentioned he seems to have been subsidized by Pitt's party. The King's malady, the Prince of Wales' hasty acceptance of the regency, and the recovery of his father, were disturbing elements in the great political machine, and required judicious treatment. Combe's "Letter from a Country Gentleman to a Member of Parliament," was answered by two or three pamphleteers of the day, and finally by Combe himself.

In 1790 appeared his "Meares' Voyage from China to America," and "The Devil on Two Sticks in England," which went to six volumes, and was exceedingly popular. Alas for the permanence of literary reputation! What infinitesimal fraction of living readers has perused "The Diable Boiteux in England"? and is a similar fate to attend many of Mudie's most-called-for novels in eighty years from this time? A contemporary of Combe remarked of this satirical novel:—"If we may judge from our knowledge of the history of some of the individuals whose portraits are transferred to the pages of Mr. Combe's novel of 'The Devil upon Two Sticks in England,' that work may be taken as conveying his view of the characteristics of

the circle of society in which he was an actor, with no common resources for writing a fashionable history of his own time."

Omitting his political pamphlets for the next few years—pamphlets in which the prince was not spared, and his "Word to the Traders," in which he exhibited sound notions on political economy—we come to his "Critique on the Royal Academy," which brought him under Alderman Boydell's notice, and procured him employment in furnishing the descriptive text to Farington's beautiful "Views on the Thames."

Till 1803 Combe's hands were kept busily employed on voyages, travels, and even the Asiatic Register. His wife, with whom he had never enjoyed much happiness, became insane in 1801, and lingered out the remaining thirteen years of her life in an asylum.

In 1803, the Pitt party being no longer in power, and his pension of £200 being suspended, he accepted a position on the *Times*, and thundered away as "Valerius," on the exciting topics of Buonaparte and Gallic enmity to the British lion. In 1804, Pitt being restored to power, he again touched his income, as the French say, but did not long enjoy it. The great minister died in 1806, and with him perished Combe's pension, notwithstanding some vigorous appeals to Lord Mulgrave.

In 1808 Combe's finances seem to have been very slender, for we find him writing sermons for well-to-do clergymen. About seventy-three of these were written, and some arrived at the honor of publication. It may be judged that our author had not led the life of an anchorite during all these years of literary activity. He must have got much during the past thirty years, but it evidently was spent as fast as it was gained. Perhaps he was but poorly recompensed for much of his labors.

It was at this low point in his affairs that Ackermann, desirous to illustrate his Poetical Magazine with colored plates by Rowlandson, proposed to him to furnish a poetical narrative to one of these plates which should be furnished to him each month, and which in succession were intended to illustrate the whimsical adventures of an elderly clergyman in search of picturesque scenery. The offer was eagerly accepted. Rowlandson's design

being furnished, he studied it, wrote on, of course, making his narrative increase in interest as it approached the given dramatic scene. The next month the process was repeated, the poet and the artist all the time seeming to have had no communication with each other. It need not be told how ill-calculated such a no-plan was to produce an illustrated poem worth public attention. Yet the public was pleased with the poem and pictures, the publisher was pleased with the sale, and the writer and artist with their portion of the prize money for the 10,000 lines and the very odd illustrations.

Public taste having either improved, or at all events considerably changed within a half century, we can scarcely account for the enthusiasm excited by Dr. Syntax and his Rosinante.

It is known that *Pickwick* originated much in the same way, Mr. Dickens being engaged to illustrate poor Seymour's etchings. The artist's early death, however, left the writer to follow a design of his own, and the world need not be told with what result.

"The tour proved a capital hit, and soon formed the main attraction of the magazine. The good-natured, moralizing Syntax at once became a public character and a general favorite. His distinctive portrait was quite as well kept up by the author as by the artist, and his singular features, as drawn by Rowlandson, were as unmistakable as his perpetual good humor in the midst of troubles and mishaps, described by Combe. The creation was a success; and as *Paul Pry* gave a name to all sorts of objects ten years later, so Syntax was the popular title in his day."

Ackermann was so well pleased with his poet that he employed him to write the letter-press for the third volume of his "*Microcosm of London*," the first and second having been written before their satisfaction with each other had been established. He also entrusted to him the text of an illustrated work on the Thames. This was published in 1811, and was soon followed by the *Life of Arthur Murphy*, with the assumed authorship of Jesse Foot.

In 1812, the tour, illustrated by 31 plates, was published at a guinea, and in the course of one year it passed through five large editions.

His next works were poems to illustrate the Princess Elizabeth's designs, and the text of a large history of Oxford illustrated.

In 1815 was issued "*The Dance of Death*," and, in the following year, "*The Dance of Life*," neither very successful, though the poet's and the artist's duties were carefully executed. In 1816 also appeared an illustrated *History of Public Schools*, the text by the same indefatigable hand.

Having completed MacLeod's "*Loo Choo*," and the "*Antiquities of York*," publisher, poet, and artist, brought out "*Dr. Syntax in Search of Consolation*," in 1819, and "*Dr. Syntax in Search of a Wife*," in 1821. Both met with a fair share of success; but now annoyances rose on every side in the shape of imitations, and the poor poet was obliged to announce in the most public manner the names of the only poems produced by him.

His *History of Madeira* came out in 1821, and his *Johnny quæ Genus*, the last and weakest of his poems, in 1822. He felt that his powers had quitted him after having discharged severe duties for upwards of fifty years, and he wrote no more.

The last week of our writer's life was strangely occupied. Having no child, he late in life adopted a young man, to whom he intended to leave, among other things, the MS. of his autobiography. Being displeased, however, by the marriage of his protégé with the daughter of Olivia Serres, the *soi-disant* Princess Olive of Cumberland, he employed his last days in burning at a candle, leaf by leaf, the intended legacy. His death occurred on the 19th of June, 1823, in the 82d year of his age.

Mr. Combe's second wife was the sister-in-law of Mr. Cosway, the artist. Writers give very different accounts of this second union, some asserting that it was a most unhappy one, while Thomas Campbell, in his *Life of Mrs. Siddons*, gives much praise to the lady for her efforts to repair the evils caused by her husband's improvidence. It is nearly certain that the two sisters, Mrs. Cosway and Mrs. Combe, lived apart from their husbands, and that Combe's last days were uncheered by the presence of wife or child.

We have no sketches by any contemporaries of how the versatile writer spent life within doors. His days chiefly passed at his lodgings, Lambeth Place, within the prison rules, which, as a judge facetiously remarked, seemed to extend to the East Indies. The amount of literary labor he got through must have left him little time for social recreation, and, it is probable, that as his drink was the liquor afforded by the Thames pipes, literary satellites who patronize alcohol in its various phases were not frequent in their visits. Coupling his quiet, unassuming manners with his industry and general ability, we fancy that Thackeray had him in mind when the projector of the *Pall Mall Gazette* paid a visit to the Marshalsea, to get the programme written by the quiet-mannered and society-loving man of letters.

There seemed a sort of poetical justice, Nemesis, rather, in the fact of Combe's letters to Mariamne being published after his death. He once boasted that Eliza had preferred himself to Yorick in reference to his letters between these personages. The letters were fabricated by himself, but in retaliation his own undoubted correspondence with Mariamne were given to the world after his own death by the person for whom Mariamne had jilted him. We are not going to call this connection by a worse name than Platonic. The brain of a literary man of 70 must possess more energy than his heart. His first wife was still alive, and the little episode was a mixture of three parts of imagination with one of sentimentality.

Perhaps the peculiar relation in which Combe stood to moral or religious influences could not be better expressed than in the words of his editor: "Although Combe had been dissipated in his youth, and up to his last work gave no evidence of any particular seriousness, he always believed himself to be a good Christian, and in the long preface to his *Syntax* is careful to impress the reader, that though on a first view of some of the prints it may appear as if the clerical character was treated with levity, he is confident in announcing a very opposite impression after a perusal of the work."

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* testified to the reliance which

Combe placed in the divine origin of the Christian religion and a future existence, and to the fortitude and resignation with which he supported the near approach of his final release from all sublunary troubles.

That Combe's inclinations all tended to the enjoyment of the refined amenities of high life is evident from the sketch of his early career. His subsequent laborious application to mere literary drudgery, constant and unceasing, exhibited in a strong light his self-command and powers of application to uncongenial tasks. For even literary occupation must be most unwelcome to one whose darling maxim was practically this: "Enjoy all the agreeable things attainable in your intercourse with society. When old age brings incapacity of enjoyment in its train, we shall consider what is to be done." That a refined voluptuary such as he should have left behind him so little that is morally objectionable, speaks much for his subjection to some form of moral or religious training.

In his *Dr. Syntax* he had for coadjutor a man whose pictorial works were of a coarse and sensual character. Many of the illustrations to *Syntax* would be better adapted to such poetry as *Virgil* travestied. It was nearly impossible to him to present in outlines and colors a truly estimable maid or matron. Rowlandson was in his glory depicting the ludicrous whims and freaks of the British tar when on shore and seeing life among his peculiar circle of acquaintance; but many of the quiet scenes in which the good-hearted, but rather susceptible Doctor played a part, were above him. He could not seize the quiet manner and refined spirit by which the intercourse of gentle-nurtured men and women is imbued. Combe, to be sure, had only one picture to embody in some hundreds of lines, and therefore could, in a great degree, follow out his own ideas. He was, however, in some manner obliged to chime in with the tastes of the general body of his publisher's patrons, to whom adventures of sportsmen, and those of the fast society of town and country, were the cream of such enjoyment as was to be found in books. Admirers of the *Tom, Jerry*, and *Bob* literature of the generation now fast dying out would scarcely welcome

fictions in prose or verse of a thoroughly healthy tone. Taking these things into account, and considering the likes and dislikes of the patrons of the *Poetical Magazine*, it is surprising and gratifying to find so little that is objectionable in the poetical illustrations to the colored mezzotints of Thomas Rowlandson.

A great part of Combe's work consists of words arranged in rhythm and rhyme, without a flash of poetry. Indeed, the subjects generally, and the pointless conversations, were impossible to be elevated to the region of that divine art; and people of good taste would prefer to have the ludicrous, and frequently most common-place incidents related in the prose of Monsieur Jourdain. There are, however, scattered all through, agreeable descriptions of scenery and trains of thoughtful reflections which we are content to find in any shape, and which testify that Combe was not unequal to descriptive or didactic poetry.

There is scarcely a measure in which the mere jog-trot doggerel so soon and so disagreeably exhibits itself as the octo-syllabic selected by our versifier. It is little to be wondered at that after the first three or four poems of Sir Walter Scott were published, the public had no cordial welcome for any more, the world of letters had been, in the meantime, so deluged with imitations in which nothing was attained but the dismal monotony and tiresome pounding of the accented syllables. The native strength and vigor, and picturesqueness of Scott's poetry kept these disagreeable adjuncts out of sight—even as the outer texture of the human figure disguises the meagre and angular outlines of the solid supports within. But in nearly all the poems—Byron's excepted—which appeared within the first thirty-five years of the present century, bones were most awfully prominent, scarcely kept in their place by the dry skin and muscle.

We subjoin some couplets of Mr. Combe's better mood:

"Along the ground the brambles crawl,
And the low hyssop tops the wall;
The bullrush rises from the ledge,
The wild rose blossoms in the hedge.

* * *
Thus throughout Nature's various state
Of living or inanimate,
In every different class we see
How boundless the variety.

What playful change in all we know
Of this mysterious world below;
In all where instinct motion gives,
In what by vegetation lives.
But these are trivial when we look
Through the first page of Nature's book;
When, half-inspired, we're taught to scan
The vast varieties of man."

These are Syntax's reflections within Covent Garden Theatre:

"I think," said Syntax, looking round,
'Tis not good this vast profound:
I see no well-wrought columns here,
No attic ornaments appear
Naught but a washy, wanton waste
Of gaudy tints and puny taste;
Too large to hear, too long to see,
Full of unmeaning symmetry.
The parts all answer one another,
Each pigeon-hole reflects its brother;
And all, alas! too plainly show
How easy 'tis to form a row.
But where's the grand, the striking whole?
A theatre should have a soul."

Rowlandson was a good draughtsman, save when a respectable human figure was in question. His interiors of theatres and assembly-rooms were correctly and yet freely delineated; and if the general colored composition was at times gaudy and meretricious, the contrast and harmony exhibited were calculated to please every but a fastidious eye. There was no sparing of rich and mellow hues, and the general effect was pleasing and harmonious. The taste of the young and the mere general lover of fiction is uniformity for a series of slightly-connected adventures, and hence the interest which *Gil Blas* and other books of its class will always continue to excite, even in readers who are not sensible of its value as a picture of national manners and character. So the popularity of "*Dr. Syntax's Tour*" is not to be wondered at. The mere sensational had not thoroughly vitiated public taste, notwithstanding the terrible hold taken of many imaginations by a few works of the kind published between 1806 and 1820. The *Waverley Novels*, and those of Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen, and the historic romances of the Misses Porter kept the moral atmosphere of the circulating libraries in a healthy condition. Lovers of mere adventure relished the endless succession of accidents and mishaps which befell the worthy Doctor, and the sight of some of the plates induced

favorers of loose literature to read through the poem for passages of an objectionable character, which happily they did not find.

In the present edition, the three journeys of the Doctor are given, accompanied by colored fac-similes of all the original plates, 79 in number. Mr. Hotten has given as full an account of the life of the author as is now attainable. (We would gladly see some interior scenes of his prison house-keeping.) This we have freely used in the beginning of our article. He has also furnish-

ed as complete a list as is now possible to make out of the works of his author, who, as must have already appeared to our readers, was a remarkable man in more ways than one, and exhibited such a command over a refined and indolent disposition, and such industrial energy, as few other literary voluptuaries have done. Mr. Hotten has reproduced a book worthy of the trouble, even if the introduction was its only good feature, and has issued it at a most moderate price. It is only an exceedingly large sale that will cover his expense.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE FRENCH STAGE.

THERE is an obsolete journal of fashion called *La Belle Assemblée*, which contains descriptions, not only of various and elaborate modes of costume—delightful to ladies—but also of the favorite forms of diversion of its time; and in one of the numbers for the year 1800, the curious reader may find an article on the recreations of Paris, which gives an account of the Théâtre Français, and especially of the demeanor of the audience at the rise of the curtain. The passage is worth transcribing, as an illustration of some national characteristics of the French people which have not caught the infection of change amongst all the changing fashions brought forth in the course of the last seventy years.

"The moment the curtain is seen to rise," says the writer in the old periodical, "that instant confusion turns itself into order. Unlike our countrymen, who call for silence by the word itself, the French express their wish for attention by a noise which may be described as a prolongation of the syllable *ish*. After the curtain is once up, it is expected that no person should interrupt the performance; the established rule of a French audience is universal attention."

This attitude of attention is the same at the Théâtre Français now, as then. There is the same order, the same absolute silence observed, the same complete sympathy with the progress of the drama. Any casual interruption is instantly suppressed: silk dresses are not

allowed to rustle, fans must not flutter, no whispers must circulate; the audience is expected to exist, for the time being, only for the actors, as the actors exist only for the audience. Between the acts of the piece comes the relaxation. Then most of the spectators leave their seats and throng the antechambers of the theatre, where the imagination still finds a stimulus in art. Grand statues of dramatists, players, and poets have their dwelling-place here, giving dignity to the amusement of the hour, as they suggest the immortality of genius. The hour passes; the play is acted out when the curtain falls; but the creative power which brings a noble drama into existence remains a treasured memory for a great nation. The marble statue of the man is the symbol of his genius carved out for unborn ages. The player who intensified the passions and realized the beauty which the poet conceived, stands by his side in sculptured glory, and shares his immortality.

An author or an actor, passing through these halls, feels the stir of ambition within him, and a spectator entering them, full of the emotions which the stage has excited, feels satisfied that these are not vain things, and returns to the next lift of the curtain with a deepened interest. When audiences and actors are in such a condition of mutual sympathy, the actors are impelled to great efforts. An audience so attentive does not overlook excellence in the smallest performance—even in the delivery

of a message—and therefore every player has a sufficient motive for doing his best.

A complete harmony—which is justness of proportion—an adequate skill in all the parts and in their combination, result from these influences, and an acted drama at the Français is a work of high art. When such players and such an audience are dealing with the work of a great author, the excellence produced is of that kind which makes a permanent impression of delight upon the mind.

There is a dramatic poem by Alfred de Musset, little known in England, called "La Nuit d'Octobre." It is not a play; it is a dialogue which takes place between the poet and his muse. The poet—who is the victim of a fatal passion, whose soul is stained, whose life is corrupted by the poison of a misplaced love—is sitting by his deserted hearth in gloomy meditation when his muse addresses him with tender reproach. Why has he neglected her? why has he abandoned the dominion of beauty and truth which she had opened to him? In reply, he tells the history of his betrayal and his great despair; she answers with compassion and with an exhortation to return to her, and in her pure embrace to soothe his bruised heart, to accept the bitter past as a wholesome medicine, to slake his burning thirst at the sweet waters of the stream of Helicon, to take her hand again and suffer her to lead him to the region of eternal glory. The poet listens, throws off his consuming lethargy, worships, and is reconciled; and so the piece concludes—a piece depending for its interest exclusively upon the poetry of its passion and upon the truth with which this poetry is rendered in recitation. The dialogue is confined to two persons, one of whom is a visionary being behind a veil, and there is no movement but that of inward passion. No stir from without, no interruption even for a single instant to the seclusion of the poet's study, no scenic effect, no action beyond the gestures of one unhappy man. There is probably no stage in the universe but that of the Français where such a representation could attract and satisfy an audience; there it does both satisfy and attract, and when Mlle. Favart and M. Delaunay are playing in it the pit is in-

conveniently crowded, and yet the silence of the throng is like that of a single rapt listener, while Favart's rich tones pour forth in tender music those delicious lines:

"C'est une dure loi, mais une lois suprême,
Vieille comme le monde et la fatalité,
Qu'il nous faut du malheur recevoir le baptême,
Et qu'à ce triste prix tout doit être acheté;
Les moissons pour murir ont besoin de rosée;
Pour vivre et pour sentir l'homme a besoin
des pleurs:
La joie a pour symbole une plante brisée,
Humide encoro de pluie et couverte de fleurs."

And the same throng trembles with the fever of a great passion, while Delaunay's exquisite art fills every syllable with anguish in the poet's anathema:

"Honte à toi ! femme à l'œil sombre,
Dont les funestes amours
Ont enséveli dans l'ombre
Mon printemps et mes beaux jours.
C'est ta voix, c'est ton sourire,
C'est ton regard corrupteur
Qui m'ont appris à maudire,
Jusqu'au semblant du bonheur;
C'est ta jeunesse et tes charmes
Qui m'ont fait désespérer,
Et si je doute des larmes,
C'est que je t'ai vu pleurer."

No one who has heard Delaunay's tones, rising and falling in the rapid utterance of impetuous invective or the caressing languor of fond remembrance, following the alternations of tenderness and abhorrence, of yearning and of loathing which mark the progress of this great tragic poem—no one who has heard the soft persuasion of Favart's muse pouring sweet melody into the poisoned chalice of her disciple—no one who has heard the music of the two voices mingling in their final reconciliation can ever lose the sense of Beauty thus stimulated to the highest point by the poet and his interpreters.

But where is the English pit, gallery, or dress circle which could tolerate these revelations of the poet's mind with no other aid from without than that of the muse at the back of the scene, veiled, following his steps with slow, floating movement, extending her arms compassionately towards him, but never meeting his eye?

It would be less impossible to find

tragedians in London capable of performing, than auditors capable of listening to such a scene; indeed, throughout the whole of our great metropolis we cannot at the present day assemble a full audience willing to listen with undivided attention to a dramatic poem or a poetical drama. We have, indeed, no established drama, no playhouse where the manager can afford to wait. The Français and the Opéra Comique, the Odéon, the Châtelet, and the Grand Opéra, all the houses in Paris where the performances are the most finished and where the best pieces are produced, receive support from Government. In London every play produced is a money speculation, and must therefore address itself to the immediate gratification of the masses; and the mass is generally vulgar, and prefers the lowest and coarsest food. Audiences require to be educated by the drama before they can appreciate it. The Français, not depending for support solely on the immediate applause of the public, has had time to direct and improve its taste, and in this way every first representation at this house is sure of assembling a circle of instructed critics. A considerable degree of importance is attached to representations which make a portion of the national pride of the people, and the study of the tragedian is that of an artist whose skill is well understood and appreciated in all its details. A piece which has gone through forty-eight rehearsals is still announced as "in preparation"; they are continued till there is no flaw in the performance. At the Opéra Comique "*La petite Fadette*," and "*Le premier Jour de Bonheur*," are as remarkable for exquisite finish and smoothness as the "*Nuit d'Octobre*," or "*Il ne faut jurer de rien*," or "*Paul Forestier*," or "*Le menteur*," at the Français. The performances at the unendowed theatres are not equal to these in completeness and harmony. Where there is a French company there will generally be found some talent and often some genius; but it is not the cleverness of one or two players which produces a perfect work of art, but the indefatigable drilling of a company, and the careful cherishing of every germ of ability and the proper distribution of every part. Wherever a playhouse is a mere speculation, such an amount of care be-

comes impossible, and the best ambition of the player is at an end, and is replaced by a restless vanity or a greed for gain. The minor theatres of Paris excel those of London, inasmuch as they have models of excellence in the endowed playhouses, with the hope, for the superior artist, of being engaged in the higher regions of his art, where, be it remembered, not only all the best skill of modern Paris is concentrated, but where also the traditions of its past classical drama have their home, and where the retired genius enjoys his well-earned pension, and makes it his pleasant task to train the rising talent of the day. Those who have read that delicious dramatic poem by François Coppée called "*Le Passant*," will accept the fact of its great and prolonged success at the Théâtre de l'Odéon, as a sufficient proof of the refined taste of Parisian playgoers. For the beauty of the piece consists in its poetry, without any kind of spasm or sensational effect. The French writers, casting off the pedantic trammels of their classical drama, have developed a quantity of poetry of which they were supposed to be incapable. Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset are acknowledged by all nations in their different ways as eminent dramatic poets, and M. Coppée for that one production of "*Le Passant*" deserves to be named in the same category.

Clever writers of comedy and romantic drama are too abundant for any satisfactory selection, but Augier, Sardou, and Feuillet are the names which the most immediately present themselves for distinction in that long list. But as some evil is wont to be associated with the good of this world, we find that the new freedom which has opened a way for the imagination of the dramatic poet has also given admittance to the vagaries of unsound thought, which substitutes the abnormal for the true, and puts fever in the place of force. The danger that the genius of France incurs at present consists in the spasm and contortion which the romantic school has encouraged, and which writers of such extraordinary gifts as Victor Hugo and Octave Feuillet ought to have had the strength to renounce. M. Octave Feuillet's last tragedy, called "*Julie*," is a case in point. It is a domestic tragedy; a painful, fatal passion

absorbs the unhappy woman who is the subject of it, from the first to the last scene, culminating in her death. She dies of her internal anguish. The play, though the plot is of a disagreeable nature, is not an offence against morals, but it *is* an offence against art. No human being could take any touch of pollution from this drama. The penalty of the transgressor is very bitter, and there is no scene of alluring tenderness to soften its effect. But young authors desiring to imitate M. Feuillet would be likely to enlarge the sphere of bad art by working with such a model before them—for it is only the intensity of the emotion which atones for the manner of its development. That intensity of passion, reached by the master's hand, absorbs all the feeling and suspends the judgment of the spectator; but the slightest shortcoming would make it revolting to the taste. Indeed, the least failure of strength in the actress would be fatal to the piece, even as it stands, and M. Feuillet would hardly have ventured upon his concluding scene if he had not known the peculiar genius of Mlle. Favart. So much regard for the special talent of an actress is not good either for author or player, and a beautiful drama is rarely produced under such an influence. The great fault in the construction of M. Feuillet's "Julie" consists in its monotony of pain—in the absence of that relief which beauty gives, or should give, to the severest tragedy. Such a relief is afforded in the terrible tragedy of "Lear" by the tenderness of Cordelia and the devotion of the fool to his master; and no perfect master of his art would allow any great tragic work to be complete without some touch of beauty of this kind. The true poet will not be content merely to lacerate the imagination; he will also elevate and soothe it. The scourge is too much in use in the modern French romantic school, and the imaginative faculties of the reader or spectator are in danger of being blunted or stunned by a long course of this savage treatment. It is to be found in many of the late productions of the French dramatists, and in some works of the most distinguished poets, as in Victor Hugo's play of "Le Roi s'amuse," which is in some respects a grand production, and which would have taken its place among the master-

pieces of creative genius if the poet had used more restraint; if he had paused in the whirlwind of his passion, and had tempered the horror of his situations with some alternations of repose and sweetness. If such writers as Victor Hugo, Feuillet, and Augier throw off the restraints of true art, and, in order to obtain violent and startling effects, abandon decorum and dignity, the players will come by degrees to follow their example, and instead of such finished artists as Favart and Delaunay we shall have shriekers and grimacers. Things have not yet arrived at so bad a pass as this; but the tendency of the modern school of fiction in France (and in England also) is in this direction, and it is the business of the honest critic to speak words of warning while there is yet time. The English acted drama is past hope—it is dead, without a chance of resurrection; but the French stage lives yet, is still vigorous, is still fresh, and still maintains the elements of beauty within it uncorrupted. It runs the risk of descending to a lower, but it has the means of rising to a higher life.

Critics still watch over it, poets still nourish it; and if only the genius of the dramatist can be brought to recognize the great responsibilities of his calling, he may make the Parisian stage the focus of true imperishable art and the promoter of intellectual progress. The French people are remarkable for the swift and vividness of their sympathies; they are quick to feel and to express feeling; that is to say, they are an essentially dramatic people, specially subject to the immediate influences of eloquence, and to the shows of passion. Their impulse is not less prompt for good than for evil, and therefore the dramatic poet in France holds a most important office. He has the emotions of an emotional people at his command, and may rouse their brutal instincts by scenes of physical force, or lift them by the sense of beauty into the region of spiritual thought and lofty emotion. It is never the proper function of the dramatist to preach; but by the show of noble passion and the sweet harmonies of true poetry, he may imperceptibly educate the æsthetic instincts of his audience, and with the growth of purity of taste a refinement of the moral

sense will advance. *Æsthetic* development will not take the place of moral and religious training, but it will assist their influence. When Mr. Phelps directed a series of classical dramatic performances at Sadlers' Wells, the public-houses were for the first time deserted; and at the eating-houses, where working men refreshed themselves at the close of the evening entertainments, discussions on the Shakespearian characters replaced coarse jests and indecent talk. The gradual improvement of audiences, who at the beginning of this undertaking were riotous and ill-behaved, manifested the good effect of these well-regulated performances, and this improvement became every day more marked, while drunkenness and street brawls rapidly diminished. The effect was a very marked one; the case was worthy of official consideration; and a grant from Government to the theatre of Sadlers' Wells, to promote the representation of the legitimate drama, might have produced a salutary and permanent effect upon the population of the north of London. But English governments will not condescend to notice the national drama.

The proper production of the Shakespearian drama is a costly undertaking, and it happened to Mr. Phelps, as it has happened to other lessees, that he found himself unable to cope for long with the expense involved in this classical entertainment, and having no assistance from without, he was forced to abandon his project.

At Dresden the drama is no less artistic than at Paris. The harmony is not less perfect between the players, and the pieces habitually performed are

even of a higher order than those at the Français; but here again we have the support of Government afforded to this fine national entertainment, and at this theatre actors are engaged for life. It is further to go, however, for a play to Dresden than to Paris, and also the German language is less universally understood than the French. For this reason it is to the endowed playhouses of Paris that the stranded English playgoer directs his hope, welcoming with enthusiasm every new work of excellence which appears at the Français. A piece just now produced called "*Les Ouvriers*" is to be mentioned with satisfaction as a step in the right direction. It is slight in construction, but graceful, agreeable, and blameless; and it is written in finished verse. It has been very favorably received. Let authors assure themselves that the best works will command, if not the most immediate enthusiasm, certainly the most permanent success, and let those who have the immortal gift of genius work for immortality. Let them reject the tricks which startle a public into temporary attention. Let them abjure the spasm and the convulsion which has more in it of artifice than art; let them renounce the abnormal for the true; let them beware of taking monsters for models; let them apply the precious gifts of imagination and eloquence to the interpretation of nature's eternal harmonies and endless beauties; let them invest their genius with the highest attributes of humanity, so that their works may not merely endure for the fashion of a period, but outlive the prejudice of nationalities and the vicissitudes of time.

REV. SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D.

FROM the commencement of the work we have sought to make the *ECLECTIC* a kind of portrait gallery, which should contain carefully engraved likenesses of men eminent in the world of letters, and others filling high positions in Church and State. Thus in our past seventy-four volumes may be found a larger collection of the portraits of eminent persons than

in any other work of the kind. To the portraits we add brief biographical sketches, both intended for permanent record. In accordance with this rule, we embellish our present number with the portrait of a man long and well known as an industrious laborer in the field of journalism. For nearly a quarter of a century we have been neighbors, almost

within speaking distance of each other. The portrait has been admirably engraved by our artist, Mr. Perine, which we are sure will gratify the numerous friends of the veteran Editor, who, pen in hand, appears in the engraving still engaged at the work which he has done so well. The following brief biographical sketch, prepared at our request by a friend of the Doctor, will form an appropriate accompaniment to the portrait.

Samuel Irenæus Prime is the son of the late Rev. Nathaniel S. Prime, D.D., an eminent and learned divine of the Presbyterian Church. His grandfather was a physician in this city, and the author of several stirring patriotic ballads of the Revolutionary War, which are preserved in Griswold's Appendix to Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature." The taste of this family for literary culture and pursuits has been marked in many generations. A single fact will illustrate this hereditary tendency. A son of the subject of this sketch is a clergyman, and reads the identical Greek Testament which his father read, and his grandfather, and his great-grandfather, and his great, great-grandfather; making five successive generations of classical students, and all clergymen but one, he being the physician before spoken of, who wrote readily verse or prose in the ancient classics, and in several modern tongues.

S. Irenæus Prime was born in Ballston, Saratoga County, New York. He was prepared for college in Cambridge, Washington County, New York; and was graduated at Williams College, in 1829, before he was seventeen years old; receiving one of the highest honors of his class. He pursued the study of theology at Princeton Seminary, and, after a successful ministry of five years, owing to failing health, relinquished pulpit labor, and came to New York, in 1840, where he entered the office of the *New York Observer* as an assistant editor. He was at that time twenty-seven years old, and before long the principal burden of the editorial department was laid upon him. With only a brief interval of two years he has discharged these duties with unremitting ardor and steadiness of purpose till the present moment.

The distinguished founders of the *New York Observer*, Sidney E. and Richard

C. Morse, retired from the paper in 1858, after a long career of honorable usefulness, and Dr. Prime, purchasing the interest of S. E. Morse, Esq., is now the senior editor and proprietor of that well-known religious weekly. Its circulation, though largely among Presbyterians, has never been confined to them; but being established upon a broad and unsectarian basis, it finds ready acceptance among Christian people of all denominations.

The subject of this sketch, though contending with feeble health till within a few years past, is one of the most accomplished and prolific writers on the press. Overflowing with humor and good spirits, delighting in his work, which he pursues as if it were a pastime, he accomplishes a greater amount of labor in a given time than any man with whom we are acquainted. A philanthropist in the widest sense, he is an active working member of the principal benevolent and religious institutions: he is prominent among the Directors of the American Bible Society; the American and Foreign Christian Union; the American Colonization Society, and others; he is Corresponding Secretary of the United States Evangelical Alliance, President of the New York Association for the Advancement of Science and Art, Trustee of Williams College, President (elect) of Wells College for Young Ladies at Aurora, New York, and a working member of other institutions too numerous to mention. Not a week passes without applications being made to him to advocate in the pulpit, or on the platform, some benevolent or religious object; and he is not allowed to be idle, even if he wished it.

No small portion of his time is consumed by persons from far and near, who are attracted by the kindly and sympathizing nature of his writings to apply for advice and assistance; and his correspondence with men of the age in the Christian Church, at home and in foreign lands, would fill volumes.

Dr. Prime has been one of the most active and influential promoters of the Reunion of the Presbyterian Church. The *Observer* having a wide circulation, and perhaps equally wide among both branches, its editor was able to exert a direct and favorable influence in the direction of reunion. From him came the

proposition to appoint the "Joint Committee" of the two assemblies to negotiate terms of reunion, whose deliberations resulted in the consummation of the union last November.

Dr. Prime has also been a traveller in many lands, having at different times made extensive journeys over the European continent, the Levant, and Egypt; and his books of "Travel in Europe and the East" have been popular for many years. Few, if any American clergymen, have formed so extensive an acquaintance with men abroad, or made themselves more familiar with the social manners and customs and internal condition of European countries. Besides his letters and constant contributions to the periodical press, and his multitudinous editorial labors, Dr. Prime is the author of more than *thirty* volumes, most of them published without his name, and all of them, we believe, have had a wide circulation. Some of them have been reprinted abroad, and in several languages. More than one hundred thousand copies of his work entitled "The Power of Prayer" were sold in Europe, and his "Thoughts on the

Death of Little Children" carried comfort to thousands of sorrowing hearts. A rough estimate of the amount of his published writings shows that they would easily fill a hundred fair sized volumes of 400 pages each. And all that he has written and done has been prompted by the single and evident purpose to *do good*—to make the world better and happier.

In the midst of this life of literary labor, Dr. Prime can always find time for the enjoyment of social converse with his friends; he is a frequent guest as well as a generous host, and his inexhaustible fund of anecdote and story enlivens many tables, and his wit brightens numerous assemblies. Possessed of a tender and deeply sympathetic nature, he is also frequently called to give consolation to the afflicted; and though not a pastor, he does a large amount of pastoral work. He is now 57 years old, and fresher than when he came to this city thirty years ago. The portrait of him in this number of the *ECLECTIC* shows him at his pen-work, and is a happy representation of his intellectual head and characteristic countenance.

POETRY.

"AFTER MANY DAYS."

I.

In autumn's silent twilight, sad and sweet,
O love, no longer mine, alone I stand;
Listening, I seem to hear dear phantom feet
Pass by me down the golden wave-worn strand:
I think of things that were and things that be,
I hear the soft low ripples of the sea
That to my thoughts responsive music beat.

II.

My heart is very sad to-night and chill,
But hush'd in awe, as his who turns and feels
A mournful rapture through his being thrill,
When music, sweet and slumb'rous, softly steals
Down the deep calm of some cathedral nave;
Then swells and throbs and breaks as does a wave,
And slowly ebbs, and all again is still.

III.

And is it only five years since, O love,
That we in this old place stood side by side,
Where in the twilight once again I move?
Is this the same shore wash'd by the same tide?
My heart recalls the past a little space,
The sweet and irrevocable days;
I knew not then how bitter life might prove.

IV.

I lov'd you then, and shall love till I die;
Your way of life is fair, it should be so,
And I am glad, though in dark years gone by
Hard thoughts of you I had; but now I know
A fairer and a softer path was meet
For treading of your dainty maiden feet:
Your life must blossom 'neath a summer sky.

V.

The twilight, like a sleep, creeps on the day,
And like dark dreams the night creeps on that
sleep;
If you should come again in the old way
And look from pensive tender eyes and deep
Upon me, as you looked in days of old—
If my hand should again of yours take hold,
How should I feel, and what thing should I say?

VI.

Ah, sweet days flown shall never come again,
That happy summer time shall not return
When we two stood beside this peaceful main,
And saw at eve the rising billows yearn
With passion to the moon, and heard afar,
Across the waves, and 'neath the first warm star,
From ships at sea some sweet remember'd strain.

VII.

I can recall the day when first we met,
And how the burning summer sunlight fell
Across the sea; nor, love, do I forget
How, underneath that summer noontide spell,
We saw afar the white-sail'd vessels glide
As phantom ships upon a waveless tide,
Whose shining calm no breezes come to fret.

VIII.

And shall I blame you, sweet, because you chose
A softer path of life than mine could be?
I keep our secret here, and no man knows
What pass'd five years ago 'twixt you and me—
Two loves begotten at the self-same time,
When that gold summer tide was in its prime:
One love lives yet, and one died with the rose.

IX.

I work and live and take my part in things,
And so my life goes on from day to day;
Fruitless the summers, seedless all the springs,
To him who feels December one with May:
The night is not more dreary than the sun,
Not sadder is the twilight, dim and dun,
Than dawn that, still returning, shines and sings.

X.

Fed with wet scent of hills, through growing
shades,
To the white water's edge the wind moans down;
The lapping tide steals on, while daylight fades,
And fills the caves with shells and seaweed brown.
Ah, wild sea-beaten coast, more dear to me
Than fairest scenes of that fair land could be
Where warm Italian suns steep happy glades!

XI.

Farewell, familiar scene, for I ascend
The jagged path that led me to the shore;
Farewell to cliff, cave, inlet—each a friend;
My parting steps shall visit ye no more:
Dear are ye all when soft light steals through
gloom;
Here had my joy its birth—here found its tomb—
Here love began, and here one love had end.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

MEDUSA.

ONE calm and cloudless winter night,
Under a moonless sky—
The gracious golden sunset light
Was dead, I saw it die—

I stood alone a little space,
Where tree nor building bars
Its outlook, in a desert place,
The best for seeing stars.

No sound was in the frosty air,
No light below the skies,
I looked above, and unaware
Looked in Medusa's eyes:

The eyes that neither laugh nor weep,
That neither hope nor fear,
That neither watch nor dream nor sleep,
Nor sympathize nor sneer;

The eyes that neither spurn nor choose,
Nor question nor reply,
That neither pardon nor accuse,
That yield not nor defy;

The eyes that hide not nor reveal,
That trust not nor betray,
That acquiesce not nor appeal;
The eyes that never pray.

O love that will not be forgot!
O love that leaves alone!
O love that blinds and blesses not!
O love that turns to stone!

ROBERT WEEKS, in the *Galaxy*.

THE LAST WISH.

COME when I am dead, love,
On a day to me;
I shall not feel you tread, love,
Tenderly!

Come not very soon, love,
To the quiet place;
Let it be in June, love,
In the grace

Of a summer day, love,
Very calm and fair,
Let our Mabel play, love,
Merry there!

Look between the trees, love,
Into airy bloom,
When the summer breeze, love
Wafts the fume

Of many a summer flower, love;
Songs from near the nest;
My memory shall have power, love,
To invest

Earth with subtler grace, love,
And a rarer joy,
Who knew me face to face, love,
From a boy.

I would not have thee weep, love,
Hopeless in thy woe;
Only from my sleep, love,
Let there flow

Through the summer light, love,
Shadow of a loss,
Mellowing delight, love,
In my moss.

For the land revealed, love,
All her heart to me,
Nor will keep concealed, love,
Aught from thee.

Now my fault may stain not
Cheek of thine with tears,
Bloom of love may wane not
Enviied of the years!

Yet, oh! for warm embracing
Thine upon my breast!
And oh! for interlacing
Fainting into rest!

But gaze into the distance;
Mellow lies the earth;
God with sweet insistence
Held our hand from birth,

Led us from the far light,
Where He only knows,
From the silent starlight
Where the souls repose.

He from everlasting
Led us docile here,
Joined our hands unlasting,
Now recalls me, dear!

Darling, He is yonder
Wheresoe'er I go,

Life nor Death may sunder
From His heart I know.

Therefore do not weep, love,
He is calling home;
Still the day is deep, love;
In the evening, come!

RODEN NOEL.

EVENING.

THE long crow-lines push woodward string on string,
And whirling to their willow-beds away,
The dusky starlings beat with burnished wing
The golden air of the declining day.
Low down, the sun sets grandly; and the fields,
The rocks and trees, and the still pools, are dashed
With shifting showers of gold. The twilight steals
Up from the plain anon; anon, abashed,
As fearing to be seen, a star or two
Steal out faint, timid lights. One dear day more
The gluttonous Past, that, hungering ages through,
Is never filled, unto her monstrous store
Hath safely added; and another time
Stern Night fulfils her mystery sublime.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Among my Books. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

With the exception of the recent volume of Matthew Arnold's essays, it may be questioned if any literary criticism has been contributed to our language since the time of Hazlitt, at once so solid, so clear, and so comprehensive, as these (too few) sheaves which Mr. Lowell has gleaned from among his books. Lowell (for we "dignify by curtailing him of the 'Mr.,' and reducing him to a bare patronymic, as being a kind by himself")—Lowell is not the writer to produce mediocre work in whatever field he undertakes it,—whether in poetry or criticism, or in creating a character scarcely less genuine and typical, though less fortunate in historical circumstance, than that of Don Quixote; and his happy individuality, the wide range of his reading, and his wonderful powers of assimilation have never shone to more conspicuous advantage than in some of the papers in the present volume. Were not literary criticism so narrow a field in itself—too narrow, in fact, in its influence to monopolize a genius which has illustrated itself so nobly in a wider and higher one—we could almost wish that Lowell would devote himself to supplying the most conspicuous deficiency in our literature,—the branch of it which Sainte-Beuve in France, and Schlegel and Gervinus in Germany, have in their respective languages raised to the dignity and precision of a fine art. That Lowell is the one of all our writers most capable of performing this work, can scarcely be questioned. His intellect, though masculine and somewhat rugged, is essentially analytical, as may be seen even in his poems; his fancy is graceful and copious; the

range of his sympathy and reading broad as humanity and its literature. There is scarcely an author who uses the English language as a medium of expression whose intellect is so comprehensive and so subtle, and whose imagination is at once so powerful and so disciplined, as that of Lowell; and these are the qualities which must go to the making of criticism which shall become a permanent element in literature. As this narrowing of his field of work, however, is not to be expected of him, even if it were desirable, we may be thankful that he makes an occasional incursion into it, and brings back fruit of such flavor as our palates are not often made acquainted with.

"Among my Books" contains six essays: "Dryden," "Witchcraft," "Shakespeare Once More," "New England Two Centuries Ago," "Lessing," and "Rousseau and the Sentimentalists." Of these the papers on "Dryden," "Rousseau," and "Lessing" will probably be most satisfactory to students, though comparison is invidious where all are so good. Lowell does not seem to us to be quite so superior to his brother essayists in such esoteric themes as Witchcraft, and New England Two Centuries Ago, as in those which are more purely literary and personal. Moreover, early New England is so tangled a subject, and so saturated with partisan feelings, that the author who ventures into it had as well reconcile himself to the fate of immolation on the altar of somebody's prejudices; and indeed Lowell has not escaped. More than one critic, or rather, more than one writer, has made that essay the text for a noisy onslaught upon the whole book.

We doubt if Pope's great rival has ever re-

ceived such appreciative and satisfactory, and yet such just treatment since he became legitimate prey for the critics. There are many points of resemblance between Dryden and Lowell, and our faults and merits, if personified in another, never find a truer and juster critic than ourself. Young men will doubtless still prefer Dr. Johnson's ponderous antitheses and rolling periods; but Lowell is far more comprehensive and subtle, and brings us much nearer to Dryden's actual personality. Dr. Johnson had a way of holding his subject at arm's length, both from himself and the reader, while he photographed with wonderful exactness every of its external features; Lowell, on the other hand, has a way of getting into the heart and brain of his author, and forcing us, as it were, to assist him in his fine and tireless analysis. Such work is not the kind in which we participate for transient amusement, but when properly assimilated, it becomes an appreciable contribution to our knowledge, not only of literature, but of man.

The same remarks will apply to the essay on "Lessing," himself almost incomparably great as a critic; and to the one on "Rousseau and the Sentimentalists." Even the disciples of "poor Jean Jacques" will accept almost as a revelation the acute analysis of his character, and of his influence upon contemporary and subsequent thought.

The only thing in "Shakespeare Once More" that is not good is the title, which seems to hint that after this nothing more remains to be said upon the subject. Doubtless many of us have thought that nothing really did remain to be said, but Mr. Lowell has himself managed to say so much that is new, suggestive, and thoroughly good, that he should be the last to intimate that the subject is exhausted. The principal features of the essay are a searching examination of Shakespeare's language considered philologically, a comparison of Shakespeare with the Greek drama, and an acute analysis of the play of Hamlet. The originality, nice discrimination, and vigorous thought of this essay alone would stamp the author as a critic of the first order.

Mr. Lowell's general conception of Shakespeare's character is quite similar to that of Mr. Whipple, which was recently elucidated in these pages; and we will content ourselves with a single extract, which gives a better conception of the immortal dramatist, of his position in the world of thought, and of the character of his work, than whole volumes of platitudinous eulogy:

"We admire in Homer the blind placid mirror of the world's young manhood, the bard who escapes from his misfortune in poems all memory, all life and bustle, adventure and picture; we revere in Dante that compressed force of lifelong passion which could make a private experience cosmopolitan in its reach and everlasting in its significance; we respect in Goethe the Aristotelian poet, wise by weariless observation, witty with intention, the stately *Geheimerrath* of a provincial court in the empire of Nature. As we study these, we seem in our limited way to penetrate into their consciousness and to measure and master their methods; but with Shakespeare it is just the other way: the more we have familiarized ourselves with the operations of our own consciousness, the more do we find, in reading him, that he has been before-

hand with us, and that, while we have been vainly endeavoring to find the door of his being, he has searched every nook and cranny of our own. While other poets and dramatists embody isolated phases of character and work inward from the phenomenon to the special law which it illustrates, he seems in some strange way unitary with human nature itself, and his own soul to have been the law and the life-giving power of which his creations are only the phenomena. We justify or criticize the characters of other writers by our memory and experience, and pronounce them natural or unnatural; but he seems to have worked in the very stuff of which memory and experience are made, and we recognize his truth to nature by an innate and unacquired sympathy, as if he alone possessed the secret of the 'ideal form and universal mould,' and embodied generic types rather than individuals. In this, Cervantes alone has approached him; and Don Quixote and Sancho, like the men and women of Shakespeare, are the contemporaries of every generation, because they are not products of an artificial and transitory society, but because they are animated by the primeval and unchanging forces of that humanity which underlies and survives the forever-fickle creeds and ceremonials of the parochial corners which we who dwell in them sublimely call The World."

In this volume, as in his late poem *The Cathedral*, Lowell has awakened the ire of the critics by certain syntactical eccentricities, and by the manufacture of strange verbal compounds decidedly Germanesque in character; but however objectionable the practice is generally, yet the manner in which they always concentrate his meaning seems to us to vindicate their use. Moreover it is precisely these which give flavor and individuality to Lowell's style; and who would exchange that for the smooth and dainty commonplaces of polished mediocrity? Finally, whatever eccentric polysyllables these sentinels at the outposts of our literature may succeed in intercepting in their passage, no one can rise from "Among my Books" without having acquired much food for thought, and having the range of his sympathies immensely widened by contact with one whose intellect and whose sympathies are so cosmopolitan that he can "include intolerance even among the things to be tolerated." It is this broad humanizing influence, more marked as the influence extends, which is the noblest result of Lowell's writings; and it has never been manifested more characteristically and pervasively than in this collection of casual essays.

Mauprat. GEORGE SAND. Novels. Boston: Roberts Bros.

That George Sand, who is incomparably the greatest novelist that France has ever produced, if not, as Edmond About pronounces her, "the noblest mind of our epoch," should have remained for so long comparatively unfamiliar to American readers, while scores of noisay scribes have made universal if ephemeral reputations, must be looked upon as a most singular literary phenomenon, and one which it is not easy to explain. Why is it that we, who have become remarkable for the warm and enthusiastic appreciation extended to every great literary genius of the century, have remained indifferent to the claims of the most con-

mopolitan and intensely human of them all, the one which is in most profound accord with the political and social tendencies of our national life, and one of the greatest champions that true democracy has ever had in Europe?

In looking about for an answer to this question the only one which suggests itself, and which may or may not be adequate, is the fact that Madame Dudevant has been peculiarly unfortunate in the manner of introduction to our public. The first, and, for a long time, the only of her books which were translated were "Indiana" and "Consuelo"—books written in all the unrestrained fervor and passionate voluptuousness of youth, before thought, and experience, and knowledge of its powers had harmonized the grand proportions of her nature. The result which might naturally have been expected followed. "Indiana" and "Consuelo" were themselves eminently successful. Among one class of readers they obtained recognition from the splendor of the genius which illuminated them, and by another class they were devoured, as prurient literature is always devoured. But they shocked too deeply the conservative prejudices of respectable people to permit of a calm appreciation of the author's qualities, and a reputation established upon any other basis is of course ephemeral and worthless. Yet these, together with the tempest of criticism, or rather pietism, which their appearance stirred up, were for a long time almost the only material from which the public could form a judgment, and subsequent attempts have had to contend against firmly settled prejudices and suspicion. Nothing, in fact, could be more unjust. It is as if Shakspeare were known to a nation of readers only through the medium of "Venus and Adonis" and the "Rape of Lucrece." There is not in any great novels of the day a more bracing and healthy moral atmosphere, a larger benevolence, a more generous philosophy, or a more uncompromising loyalty to Truth, than in the maturer works of George Sand; and there are none which can compare with them in furnishing food for thought.

We are thus earnest and emphatic in combating the too general misconception of Madame Sand's characteristics as a writer, because Messrs. Roberts Bros. have two or three of her works in press, and we understand that it will depend upon the reception extended to these whether they complete the series. "Mauprat" has been selected to "feel the public," and is a very fair specimen of the author's later style. It is by no means one of her best and most satisfactory works, but it is interesting as one of her first productions after she had passed the stormy period of her earlier life; and is strong, moreover, with her peculiar strength, and characteristic of her ideas, her art, and her style. Edmée, the heroine, seems to us an impossible character, or only possible in a world evolved from the depths of George Sand's large, logical, and passionate nature,—but the story is fascinating and moves forward from the first page to the last, and the dramatic development of character proceeds with the firmness and precision of a sculptured figure. The object of "Mauprat" is to "paint an eternal, exclusive love,—a love inspired before and continuing during and after marriage;" but there is no preaching, no rhetoric, no moralizing, and none of the mechanical contrivances of inferior

writers for welding together fiction and ethics. Madame Sand's didactic conceptions mould her characters as naturally and inevitably as circumstances mould individual life.

The majesty and perfection of that style which has awakened the enthusiasm of such widely different minds as John Stuart Mill, Heine, Michelet, and Thackeray is of course lost in a translation; but Miss Vaughan's rendering of "Mauprat" is good, even exceptionally so. She and Miss Preston, who we suppose will assist in the work, ought to give us as satisfactory a series of the novels as we can expect to have in an alien tongue.

The style of binding selected by the publishers is neat, tasteful, and convenient, and the mechanical part of the work is thoroughly well done. We commend "Mauprat" and the succeeding volumes to the attention of all who desire to study the most characteristic and influential literary productions of our century.

The Rule of the Monk; or, Rome in the Nineteenth Century. By GENERAL GARIBALDI. New York: Harper & Bros.

THE only thing which entitles "The Rule of the Monk" to the slightest consideration is the fact that it comes from the pen of a man so famous as General Garibaldi, whose name will insure it a hearing throughout Europe and America, and wherever else the story of Italy's struggle for freedom has been told. As a novel it is simply nothing. There is no vestige of anything that can be dignified by the name of plot, no characters, no movement, no local coloring, nothing to convince our reason or engage our sympathies. Even as a political manifesto it is deficient in method, precision, vigor, concentration, and every other element of force, except that of uncompromising, fanatical hatred. Yet it is from this latter point of view only (as a political manifesto) that it can be considered as of any importance, and considering the character of the Italians and the hold which General Garibaldi has upon their imaginations, if not their affections, there can be little doubt that, notwithstanding its deficiencies, its influence in this direction will be very great. It is one long, bitter, uncompromising attack upon priestcraft and the Papacy, and an impassioned exhortation to his countrymen to rebel, to commit crime even, in order to throw off this intolerable yoke and the influences which have upheld it. Among the Italians of to-day there is not much danger of such seed falling upon stony or barren ground, and it will undoubtedly give a powerful stimulus to that spirit which is already manifesting itself, and which will ultimately render it impossible for the priests to remain in Italy, except in the same relation to the body social to which they have been reduced in every other civilized country of the world. This was obviously Garibaldi's object in writing his book, and however crude his instrument may appear to an alien, it is probable that it will not be ineffective.

The most interesting thing in connection with "The Rule of the Monk" is the revelation which it affords of Garibaldi's own character. The born revolutionist, who mistakes his own passionate restlessness for patriotism, who has no conception whatever of political necessities, who

will violate the laws himself, and encourage others to violate them, in order to carry out his private conception of public policy, who will encourage brigandage because brigands have assisted him, whose passionate impatience cannot brook the long delays which he himself perceives are, in the very nature of things, inevitable,—his whole volcanic and dangerous, yet simple-minded, earnest, and hopeful nature is brought before us with a distinctness and precision which could only come of a self-revelation. Outside of Italy this will be the principal, and, in fact, the only value of the work.

The translation of the book is thoroughly bad, which in conjunction with the other defects is peculiarly aggravating. The exceeding bad taste of the translator's preface prepared us for inferior work, but though bad begun worse remained behind. Moreover, if our memory serves us, there were only two references in the text to the five notes at the back of the volume, and these were wrong,—No. 1 referring to No. 2, and No. 2 to No. 3.

A Day by the Fire, and other Papers. By LEIGH HUNT. Boston: Roberts Bros.

Or all the English essay-writers there is probably none who has so high a reputation, whose influence has so extended with the years, and who has inspired such a tender personal interest in the breast of his readers, as Leigh Hunt. Though one of the first, if not the very first, to popularize that branch of literature in England, yet the essay in his hands attained a degree of perfection both in form and substance which has rarely or never been equalled, either before or since. His scholarly culture and extensive erudition, the broad range of his sympathies, his exquisitely graceful and lambent style, and the genial, sunny temperament which he brought to all his literary work, give him a peculiar place in literature, more nearly approaching that of "the gentle Elia" than any other English writer. Like Lamb and Hazlitt, and others of his contemporaries, he was fond of delving among the old Elizabethan and anti-Elizabethan poets; among the mythologies of the ancients, and old Scandinavian legends; wherever the fancy and the imagination of man have flowered into that quaint lore, half religion and all poetry, which is found in all early literatures. And it may be questioned if any of them has brought so much pure gold to the surface. For Hunt was a poet as well as critic, and, besides the culture which would enable him to discriminate, had the genuine poetic instinct for the beautiful and the true in Nature and in Art. This predominating propensity of the author for the quaint and the antique is as conspicuous in the present volume as in the others which have preceded it; and the papers on the "Heathen Mythology," "The Genii of Antiquity and the Poets," "The Genii of the Greeks and Romans," and on "Fairies" are in Hunt's most scholarly and happiest vein. Those who have met him in his other collections will appreciate the nature of the treat which awaits them in this one, and those who have not can here make acquaintance with him in one of his most genial and satisfactory moods. The series on Nymphs, Satyrs, Mermaids, Giants, Genii, Fairies, &c., were

intended by Hunt to form part of a book to be entitled "The Fabulous World." He was to "complete what was wanting to it . . . and to add the miraculous goods and chattels belonging to any fabulous people, such as Enchanted Spears, Flying Sophas, Illimitable Tents that pack up in nutshells, &c.," but unfortunately the plan was never carried out, and the articles are here for the first time collected into consecutive order. Literature missed something by the failure of this scheme, and what we have here stimulates regret as well as affords gratification.

The other papers in the volume extend over the whole period of Hunt's literary life, and while hardly the choicest collection of his remains, we can cordially hope with the Editor (to whose industry, by the way, we owe a debt of gratitude) that it "will be acceptable to the old admirers of Leigh Hunt, and introduce him to many new and appreciative readers."

Journal of Social Science. No. 2. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1870.

THE *Journal of Social Science* is the organ of the American Social Science Association, and contains the transactions of that body, together with other matter pertaining to the general subject. The first number was issued last August, but the *Journal* will hereafter probably make its appearance quarterly. This, however, will depend upon the interest awakened and the response made by the public; and it will certainly be a disgrace to American readers if a publication so valuable, so indispensable in fact to a proper study of the social organism, is allowed to languish for want of support. It is said that No. 1 of the *Journal* obtained a wider circulation in Europe than here, and this fact, if true, is more than humiliating when we reflect that nowhere is an authoritative organ of enlightened and scientific opinion more necessary than in our own country. The peculiar value of the *Journal* arises from the fact that it is the production of specialists working in their special fields, and this kind of discussion is not so common with us that we can afford to treat with indifference any agency however inadequate which promises to furnish it. The vast importance of Social Science in itself, co-extensive as it is with the multifarious interests of human society, should carry a copy of the *Journal* into every cultivated household in America.

The present number contains the papers which were read at the General Meeting of the Association held last autumn in this city; and as we desire to give an idea of its scope, and have not the space for a critical examination, we will simply enumerate the subjects treated of, appending the names of the authors. A most suggestive paper on "Immigration," by Friedrich Kapp; "The American Census," by James A. Garfield, M.C.; "The Mode of Procedure in Cases of Contested Elections," by Henry L. Dawes, M.C.; "The Public Charities of the State of New York," by Theodore W. Dwight; "The Science of Transportation," by Joseph D. Potts; "Vaccination," a Report presented by Francis Bacon, Wm. A. Hammond, and David F. Lincoln; "The Election of Presidents," by Charles Francis Adams, Jr.; "Life Insurance," by Sheppard Homans; "The Administration of Criminal Justice," by George C. Bar-

rett; "Health Laws and their Administration," by Eliza B. Harris; and "An International Code," by David Dudley Field. Besides these there is a comprehensive summary of Home and Foreign Intelligence, and a list of works relating to Social Science published in 1869.

There is enough suggestive matter in these papers to furnish even the most cultured reader with ample food for thought until the appearance of the next number later in the spring.

Loring, of Boston, has just issued three or four interesting pamphlets with which we believe he begins his Spring campaign. "*Tales of European Life*" comprises five stories, in which the author, believing that a description of Italy, "her customs, manners, and monuments, would be less hackneyed in the form of tales than of tracts," has "created purely fictitious characters to occupy familiar scenes; embodying in this way the memories of a residence of some years." They are interesting enough to while away an hour or so, and it will not take longer to read them. "*Farming as a Profession*," is a practical treatise on the subject by a Western Editor; "*Sorrento Wood Carving*" tells "what it is," and "how to do it;" and "*Rational Temperance*," by Henry G. Spaulding, is a calm, thoughtful, and temperate essay upon a question which has not been too remarkable in this country for judicious treatment by our "great moral reformers."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage prepaid, on receipt of price.]

History of the American Civil War. By JNO. W. DRAPER, M.D., LL.D. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, cloth, pp. 701. Maps.

A Brave Lady. By the author of "*John Halifax, Gentleman*." New York: Harper & Bros. 1 vol. 8vo, cloth, pp. 176. Illustrated.

Hand-Book of the Sulphur-Cure, as applicable to the Vine Disease in America. By WILLIAM J. FLAGG. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo, paper, pp. 99.

The Bible in the Public Schools. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co. 18mo, paper, pp. 214.

Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1870. Edited by J. TROWBRIDGE, S.B. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, pp. 354.

The Hohensteins. By FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, pp. 584.

Glass-Making in All Ages. By A. SANZAY. Illustrated Library of Wonders. New York: Scribner & Co. 1 vol. 16mo, cloth, pp. 325. 63 engravings.

The Sublime in Nature. By F. DE LANOYE. Illustrated Library of Wonders. New York: Scribner & Co. 1 vol. 16mo, cloth, pp. 344. 50 engravings.

Thackeray's Miscellanies. Vol. 5. Household Edition. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 681.

History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. Popular Edition. Vols. VII. and VIII. New York: Scribner & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp.

The Sun. By GUILLEMIN. Illustrated Library of Wonders. New York: Scribner & Co. 1 vol. 16mo, cloth, pp. 297.

Journal of a Visit to Egypt. By the Hon. MRS. WM. GREY. New York: Harper & Bros. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, pp. 209.

So Runs the World Away. By MRS. A. C. STEELE. New York: Harper & Bros. 1 vol. 8vo, paper, pp. 145.

The American Catalogue of Books for 1869. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 8vo, paper, pp. 103.

A Battle of the Books. By GAIL HAMILTON. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 288.

SCIENCE.

The Sun and the Aërial Currents.—To what cause, indeed, can we assign the aerial currents,—those regular and irregular movements which we observe in the gaseous matter of the atmosphere? Evidently to solar heat, that only slightly warms the layers of our atmosphere, but which darts upon the soil of the tropical regions and raises them to a higher temperature than other latitudes. The lowest layers of air in contact with the soil are thus heated and dilated, the rarefied air thus produced ascends and flows to the north and to the south towards the higher latitudes, whilst it is replaced by masses of colder air supplied by the temperate and polar regions. Thus are formed those regular currents of air known as *trade-winds*, the directions of which are, however, modified by the rotation of the earth.

Two aerial rivers flow incessantly in each hemisphere, from the equator towards the poles: the higher one flowing towards the north-east in the northern hemisphere, and towards the south-east in the southern hemisphere; the other, or lower current, taking precisely the contrary direction, and forming a stream from the north-east or south-east. "Thus are produced the great winds of our atmosphere, which are materially modified, however, by the irregular distribution of earth and water. Winds of minor importance are produced by the local action of heat, cold, or evaporation. There are winds, formed by the heated air in the valleys of the Alps, which rush with destructive violence through the gorges of the mountains. There are agreeable puffs of breezes which descend from the glaciers on the heights. There are land-breezes and sea-breezes owing to variations of temperature upon the coast during the day and during the night. In the morning the heat of the sun upon the soil causes a vertical ascension of air which the cooler air of the sea comes in to replace. In the evening the soil is sooner cooled by radiation than the water of the sea, and the circumstances are reversed: it is then the cooler and heavier air of the coast that flows towards the sea."—Tyndall.

We see, then, that the circulation of water, like that of air,—those incessant motions so indispensable to the maintenance of life on the globe,—acquires the mechanical force which gives rise to it, partly from the mechanical power of the sun and partly from gravitation at the earth's surface.

Other liquid currents, those which furrow the seas from the equator to the poles, are produced in the same manner; unequal temperatures give rise to unequal dilatations, to ascending and descending currents in the waters; evaporation produces a reverse effect, by increasing the saltiness of the sea where the solar heat causes this evaporation to be most considerable,—that is, in the regions of the equatorial zone: hence arises a difference in the specific gravity of the waters and motion (or currents) which is the consequence of it.

The quantity of motion thus unceasingly produced by solar heat upon the surface of our globe is immense. It is not confined to the aerial, fluvial, or oceanic circulations; or, in other terms, these circulations themselves give rise to incessant modifications in the solid crust of the earth. A slow but continuous degradation of rocks and strata, transport of sand, gravel, and mud, from year to year and from century to century, change the form of our coasts, the shape of our hills and mountains. And it is still the mechanical power of solar heat which is the prime cause of all these transformations.—From *"The Sun,"* by GUILLEMIN, published by CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co.

Solar Radiation on Mountains.—It results from some experiments made at different altitudes by the late Professor Forbes, by the German meteorologist Kaemtz, and afterwards again by M. Martins, of Montpellier, that the intensity of solar radiation is much greater on the mountains than in the valleys. The reason is, in the first place, because the layer of atmosphere which the rays pass through is less extensive; and next, because the air above the mountains is much drier, much less charged with vapor, than the air of the plains. Nevertheless, we feel it colder the higher we ascend, so that there is an apparent contradiction here, which is not difficult to explain. The objects which receive directly the influence of the solar rays get heated, whilst the air absorbing only a small quantity of heat remains cold. "Never," says Professor Tyndall, "did I suffer so much from solar heat as when descending from the corridor to the grand plateau of Mount Blanc, on the 13th of August, 1857; whilst I sunk up to the waist in the snow, the sun darted its rays upon me with intolerable fierceness. On entering into the shade of the *Dôme du Gouté* these impressions instantly changed, for the air was as cold as ice. It was not really much colder than the air traversed by the solar rays; and I suffered, not from contact with warm air, but from the stroke of the sun's rays, which reached me after passing through a medium as cold as ice."—From *"The Sun,"* by GUILLEMIN, just published in CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co.'s *Illustrated Library of Wonders*.

Photography and Science.—Of all the useful labor which photography has done for man there is, however, no one feat which she has accomplished more extraordinary than that by which she records the results of the philosopher's investiga-

tions. The story of Aladdin's lamp,—that glorious tale of the "Arabian Nights,"—which used so to excite our boyish emotions, told us of no greater wonders than those of photography. The mysterious "genius of the lamp,"—that strange being whose powers were so unlimited,—was but the prototype of another spirit—actinic force—which promises even greater marvels than those achieved by its Eastern predecessor. When we inform our readers that the night-work at the Greenwich Observatory is now abolished, and that through the long dreary hours when the human world is at rest photography is silently and steadily recording the phenomena of the physical universe, our Spirit of the Lamp ceases to be mythical. It would be impossible in the limited space at our disposal to enter upon a description of the immense variety of contrivances employed in the "Observatory" for recording the variations in the movement of the several instruments which such an institution possesses; but we shall give an account of the means by which the movements of the magnetic needle are handed down to us by photography. The needle is so suspended that the apparatus suspending it carries a small concave mirror of long focus, which moves uniformly with the needle itself. Placed opposite to this is a lamp (gas or photogen), through a narrow slit in which a bright spot of light falls on the mirror. At a distance of about twelve feet from the latter there is a piece of mechanism, comprised of a cylinder bearing photographic paper, and attached to a strong time-piece, so that it revolves slowly in twenty-four hours. The light which passes from the lamp travels to the mirror, and is reflected by it (the rays having previously been made parallel by a lens) on the slowly-revolving cylinder. As the magnet moves slowly to the east or the west, so does the mirror, and so also does the spot of light upon the paper; and the consequence is, that at the end of the twenty-four hours the paper, when removed from the cylinder, contains a series of curves which pass to the right or left of the centre, and thus indicate with the utmost exactness the movements which the needle has performed. In the case of the barometer a somewhat similar device has been employed; but in this case the mirror has been dispensed with. The light is allowed to traverse the barometer before passing on to the prepared paper, and as it can only pass at a point above the level of the mercury, the elevation or depression of this fluid is thus made to register itself. Thus in the case of these several instruments does photography all the night long perform its useful office, and confer benefits on mankind which only those who know the value of accurate scientific statistics can appreciate.

An improved Seismometer or Earthquake Measurer.—Lieut.-Col. Ramstedt, of Helsingfors, has constructed a new form of seismometer, for which he proposes the descriptive name—Telegraph of the accidental movements of the earth. Considering that these movements are much more frequent and continuous than is commonly supposed, and that the greatest number escape notice through want of proper observation, he suggests that his instrument should be placed in the principal magnetic observatories of Europe, and other parts of the world, where, being self-recording, it would

note the occurrence of every shock or movement, however slight. If, as Lieut.-Col. Ramstedt remarks, there are tremblings of the earth nearly every day, it seems desirable that some notice of them should be taken; and, perhaps, established observatories would be the best places for the investigation. As all the records would have to be sent to one central office, the localities in which shocks and tremblings are most frequent would be discovered; and, in course of time, some conclusions might be drawn as to whether the movements are periodical, or form part of some intermittent system of vibrations by which the earth is affected. The seismometer is so constructed as to indicate, by lines traced with a pencil, the time at which a shock takes place, and its force and direction.

Skulls of Man and Anthropoid Ape.—At a meeting of the Zoological Society, held on Tuesday, Nov. 7th, Professor Huxley read a very important paper upon the resemblance which exists between the crania of the children of certain races of man, and those of the higher apes. There are certain osteological features by which both the higher and lower apes resemble man, but there are also certain characters by which the lower forms more closely approach the human type than the higher ones. It is necessary, therefore, in estimating the value of the anatomical indication of relationship, to exclude all those characters of approach to human kind which are exhibited by creatures whose general characters point clearly to their degraded position in the animal scale. On doing this it will be found that the more important points which demonstrate the relation of the higher apes to man are the altitude of the cranium, the position of the nasal bones, and the character of the maxillæ. Professor Huxley's examination of the skull of a child from one of the islands of the South Pacific Archipelago has led him to believe that the approximation of the human to the quadrumanous is more strongly marked than has heretofore been supposed. Apparently there is an objection to this conclusion upon the ground that the skull examined having been that of a child ten years old, the ethnological characters could not have been developed; but this difficulty Mr. Huxley meets by asserting that in the cranium in question the race characters were so decidedly marked that it would have been quite impossible to have mistaken the specimen for a Caucasian cranium.

Restoration of Life in Warm-blooded Animals.—A most valuable essay, from the pen of one of our ablest practical physiologists (Dr. B. W. Richardson), has appeared on the above subject. The writer proceeds to describe the various recognized methods of restoring animation,—artificial respiration, exciting the circulation, and heat,—and shows that even when the heart has ceased to supply blood to the pulmonic capillaries, during the period previous to coagulation, the blood may be driven or drawn over the pulmonic circuit; may be oxidized in its course; may reach the left side of the heart, may be distributed over the arteries, and that thus distributed it possesses the power of restoring general muscular irritability and the external manifestations of life. In one of his experiments upon a dog, the writer, by introducing blood heated to 90° Fahr. into the coronary arteries

(pumping it in by the rhythmic movement of a syringe piston), succeeded in making the heart (which till then was still, cold, and partly rigid) pulsate perfectly for at least twenty minutes.

The Luminosity of Phosphorus.—Herr W. Müller, of Perleberg, gives an explanation of the well-known luminosity exhibited by phosphorus in the dark. It depends on slow combustion or combination with oxygen; but does not take place in pure oxygen, except when it is diluted by other gases, as is the case in the atmosphere. In other atmospheres, as hydrogen or nitrogen, the phenomenon does not occur.

Diamonds.—Professor Tyndall has just succeeded in igniting a diamond in oxygen by the concentrated rays of the electric light. He has no doubt of his ability to ignite it by the purely invisible rays from the same source. It is interesting to know that a new locality for diamonds is reported by Herr Gustav Rose, of Berlin, which may be considered the first in Europe, if the western slope of the Ural is placed out of the question. The stone referred to was found in the granite quarries of Count Schönborn in Bohemia, and has been unquestionably identified as a diamond, both by the combustion of a splinter into pure carbonic acid, and by its physical and mineralogical properties. Its weight is 57 milligrammes; it is cubical in shape, and is of light yellow color, and is probably not the only one to be discovered. Prof. Wöhler, of Göttingen, has also discovered minute diamonds in a piece of platinum from Oregon.

Cinchona Cultivation.—We learn from a report just issued by Mr. C. B. Clarke, officiating superintendent of the Botanic Garden at Calcutta, and in charge of the Cinchona cultivation in Bengal, that the cultivation of cinchona is greatly extending in India, the Government plantation at Darjeeling being especially prosperous, where three distinct species of the Peruvian bark are cultivated with success, and nearly 1,000 acres are under cultivation. A plantation has also been established at Nunklow in the Khasia Hills. The cultivation of the cinchona has now been successfully introduced into St. Helena and the Azores.

Anthropophagi.—We learn from the *Institut* of the 24th of January that M. Quatrefages has presented a note to M. Garrigou on certain bones of man that he has found in a cave, and which have been split longitudinally, apparently to permit them to be used for various domestic purposes. He cites them as constituting an additional proof that the pre-historic races, who were dwellers in caves, were anthropophagous.

A New Electro-typographic Machine.—The French have been more speedy than ourselves in putting into operation the modern inventions in telegraphy. Hughes' American machine, which delivers the message in long printed strips, like a tailor's measure, is employed on all the great railway lines in France; and the delicate apparatus of M. Meyer, which faithfully transmits autographs, drawings, Oriental characters, or whatever the sender may fancy to trace on the metallic paper, is now used on the Lyons railway. A new electro-typographic machine, the invention of M.

Henri Fontaine, a French barrister, is now at work in one of the public offices in Paris. The object of this machine is to print off with economy and rapidity the quantity of short papers required in law courts, public and private offices, or commercial houses, now executed by the longer and more expensive processes of printing or autography. The machine of M. Fontaine, like the electric telegraph, is on the principle of substituting fixed for movable types, one type only being employed for the same letter; thus dispensing with the ponderous and bulky movable types of the printer. Steel types, representing the different characters used in printing (capitals, small letters, italics, &c.), are ranged round two horizontal disks, placed one over the other. Above these is another metallic circle divided into notches corresponding with the type below. By a very simple machinery, as the handle or bar in the centre presses against the notch representing the letter required, an electric shock lowers the type upon a sheet of paper rolled round a cylinder placed beneath, prints the letter, and again returns to its place. The operation is so rapidly performed that a hundred letters may be easily printed in a minute. When completed, the paper is transferred to the lithographic stone to be worked off. The great recommendation of Mr. Fontaine's machine is its great simplicity, the ease and rapidity with which it is worked, its convenient size (about 3 feet by 2), and its moderate cost. The typography is remarkably clear and distinct, from the employment of finely engraved steel types.

The Ass.—Upon two nights during the past few weeks the learned Academicians of France fell to discussing the periods at which the horse and the ass became domesticated animals. Professor Owen, after a late study of the tablets and inscriptions illustrating Egyptian life and usages some six thousand years ago, had stated that horses and asses are absent from these careful—and no doubt reliable—representations; and his inference had been, that the founders of Egyptian civilization immigrated at an epoch anterior to the subjugation and impressment of these animals. To this statement a later Egyptologist, M. Lenormant, demurred, in so far as the ass is concerned: for he had accumulated a fund of evidence, from pictorial records, to prove that the meek beast was a bearer of men's burdens as far back as the most antique mural paintings carry us—some six thousand years, at least; an age that ought to make us reverse the donkey. Not so the horse; there is no evidence of his service to men before the days of the shepherd kings, or some sixteen centuries before our era. This was M. Lenormant's case; whereupon M. Faye—whose reputation, by the way, is astronomical, and not archaeological—uprose, and stated that, inasmuch as *mules* are mentioned in Genesis xxxvi. 24, there must have been horses in Canaan long before M. Lenormant's assigned period. This brought a caution from M. Milne-Edwards against accepting the Scriptural translation, inasmuch as the translators were not naturalists, and the mules, by them so called, were a distinct species. The Biblical mule must remain a doubtful animal: there is more confusion about its history than it would become us to plunge into. A Hebrew scholar who is also a naturalist might

unravel the mystery; but the combination is not probable—

Hebrew roots
Do flourish most in barren ground.

The Solar Prominences.—Dr. Zöllner has taken some remarkable views of solar prominences observed by aid of the spectroscopic—with an open slit. Perhaps the most interesting of the series are six taken within the course of twenty-three minutes. The prominence observed changed figure in a most remarkable manner. Its height varied from about thirty-five to about forty seconds, or from about 14,000 to about 16,000 miles; but the changes of figure were most singular. At first the prominence was bowed towards the right, the centre of its apparent mass lying some 2,000 miles from an upright drawn through the centre of the narrow base. Ten minutes later the prominence had not only changed in figure, but had become perfectly upright. It resembled at this time a tree, with an upright stem occupying about one-third of its total height. Only two minutes later the greater part of the stem had vanished and the mass of the prominence had passed over towards the left. Three minutes later a complete change had passed over the figure of the prominence; it now resembled an A, the left-hand stroke representing what had been the stem, and the down stroke abnormally thick. Eight minutes later it had again changed totally in aspect; now resembling a camel's head turned towards the right. When the enormous real volume of the prominence is considered, these changes cannot but be looked upon as highly significant. We may feel convinced that processes of enormous violence must be in action to occasion movements so rapid. Mr. Lockyer's estimates of the rate at which the solar cyclonic storms sweep on their course, are fully justified by these observed motion of displacement.

Buried Alive.—A paper lately appeared in the pages of *Scientific Opinion*, entitled the Physiology of Trance, by Dr. T. E. Clark, in which some very curious facts were stated. The following case of a native Indian, who was buried for a whole month, is quoted from Braid, and in these days of Welsh fasting girls may be of interest. In the floor of the house was a hole, about 3 ft. long, 2½ ft. broad, and the same in depth, or perhaps a yard deep, in which he was placed in a sitting posture, sewed up in a linen shroud, with his knees doubled up towards the chin. Two heavy slabs of stone, 5 or 6 ft. long, several inches thick, and broad enough to cover the mouth of the grave, were then placed over him so that he could not escape. The doors were closed with masonry, and a guard placed around the building. At the expiration of a month the grave was opened, and after certain processes had been gone through the Indian revived.

The Iron Age in Egypt.—The researches of the German Egyptologist, Lauth, have established that the iron age in Egypt belongs to a much more remote period than was hitherto supposed, on the faith of the Greek historian, Agatharchides. The word *ba*—the Egyptian name of iron—has been met with in documents dating about four

thousand years before our era. Some mention it with the qualification, *ne peu, i. e.*, celestial. These are, no doubt, the aërolites, whose frequent incandescent condition may have suggested to the ancients the idea of smelting minerals. Moreover, the aspect of the well-wrought stones of the Pyramids should have led to the presumption that the Egyptians knew the use of iron. In Greece and Italy, the use of this metal only commenced about the seventeenth century *n. c.*; in Gaul, in the eighth century; and in the Scandinavian North only at the commencement of our era.—*Cosmos*, Aug. 1, 1868.

The Stone Age in Egypt.—A letter has been addressed by Messrs. Hamy and Lenormant to the Académie des Sciences, to prove that Egypt has had its stone age as well as Europe. Their letter is dated from Luxor, and they write to the Secretary of the Academy:—"We beg you to communicate to the members a discovery we have just made, in the course of a journey to Upper Egypt, undertaken under the auspices of the Khedive, which will not be devoid of interest to that learned body. The existence of an age of stone in Egypt has often been the subject of controversy. The facts we are about to relate will, we think, give some information that will exercise an influence on the opinions entertained hitherto on that question. On the elevated plateau which divides the celebrated valley Biban-el-Molouk from the escarpments which overlook the Pharaonic edifices of Deir-el-Bahari we have ascertained the presence of an enormous quantity of wrought flints, lying on the surface of the ground to the extent of upwards of a hundred square yards. These wrought flints, which are of the well-known type designated arrow-heads, lance-heads, lanceolated axes, knives, scrapers, etc., evidently constitute the remains of an ancient manufactory, according to all probability pre-historic, and exactly resembling those known in France under the denomination of "factory of the neolithic period." MM. Ballard, Quatrefages, Wurtz, Jamin, Broca, Berthelot, with whom we had the good fortune to be travelling, were witnesses of the discovery, and authorize us to declare that they verify the origin of the specimens collected by us, and their similitude to those found in Europe. The best of them we propose to deposit in the Museum of St. Germain, where they can be inspected by connoisseurs in antiquarian subjects."

Pre-historic Man.—A somewhat remarkable discovery of human and animal remains has been communicated by Professor Capellini, of Bologna, to the *Gazzetta dell' Emilia*. The Professor, on his return from Denmark, whither he had gone to be present at the International Pre-historic Congress, was rendered so zealous by what he had heard there, that he was induced to make many excursions in the neighborhood of Spezzia. In the course of these excursions he visited many caverns, and in one of these he was successful in discovering traces of pre-historic man. This was in a grotto in the island of Palmaria, the access to which was difficult and dangerous. Here he caused excavations to be made; and the result was the discovery of numerous flint and stone implements, the workmanship of which showed they belonged to the earliest period of the stone

age. Besides these wrought implements and various other objects brought into the cavern by its human occupants, he found a considerable quantity of bones of animals mingled with bones of human beings. The condition of these latter bones, he says, "would justify the inference that the grotto had been inhabited by anthropophagi, and that the Italians of that epoch were cannibals, like their contemporaries in Belgium, France, and Denmark. Among the human bones, I found those of women, and part of the jawbone of a child some seven or eight years of age. Some of these bones were entire; others were partially calcined. In the centre of the cave it was possible to discern traces of a fire-place. Whoever has busied himself in pre-historic researches, whoever has read Spring's excellent work on the Chauvaux cavern in Belgium, and the writings of other authors on the subject of the caverns in France, will not hesitate to admit that the discoveries in the island of Palmaria prove that the Italians were, as I have said, man-eaters. For the present it will be sufficient for me to direct the attention of naturalists to the subject. The Cyclopeans spoken of in the fable were probably these cannibals."

A Nebula suspected to be nearer to us than certain Fixed Stars.—Mr. Le Suour has studied the celebrated nebula around α Argus with the fine four-foot reflector by Grubb, recently sent out for the Melbourne Observatory. He finds no reason to suspect that any of the stars mapped by Sir John Herschel have changed either in situation or in brilliancy. But the nebula shows so many indications of change, that he has been led to the opinion that it lies *nearer* to us than the fixed stars seen in the same field of view. It need hardly be said that he expresses merely the view suggested to him by the appearance, and changes of appearance, of the nebula. There are no means whatever of determining whether the nebula is nearer to us or farther from us than the stars with which it seems associated. It is, however, possible, that if the nebula is really associated with those stars, the fact may be recognized by peculiarities in the apparent movements of the nebular masses. It seems difficult to study Sir John Herschel's pictures of the irregular nebulae without being led to the opinion that stars and nebulae are actually mixed up together. It will be interesting to learn whether Mr. Le Sueur's pictures of the great nebula cannot be explained as due to motions of the nebular masses around the stars. His present opinion is, however, that we have mentioned above.

The discovery is interesting, coming, as it does, so soon after the enunciation by Mr. Proctor of the theory that nebulae are not external galaxies, but belong to, and fall within, the sidereal system.

Sir John Herschel, commenting on this view, remarks that possibly the nebulae may be miniatures of our galaxy within its limits.

Expansion of Water in Freezing.—Herr Rüdorff, of Berlin, makes the expansion of water in freezing very evident by the following experiment, which was performed at a meeting of the Chemical Society. Strong cast-iron tubes were filled with water, closed with a close-fitting screw, and placed in a freezing mixture. In a few

minutes the water freezes and shivers the tubes to pieces with a loud report. It appears, however, from the No. of the *Rivista Contemporanea* for Jan., 1870, that M. Barthélemy, professor in the Lycée of Pau, attacks the theory, universally adopted by physicists, that water expands in the act of freezing, and attributes the bursting of a bottle containing water which is allowed to freeze, to a development of gas from the water at the moment of its congelation. In the Jan. No. of the *London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Philosophical Magazine*, however, Rev. Canon Moseley reviews, in an article "On the mechanical properties of ice," the evidence in favor of the theory, showing that, in the winters of 1845 and 1846, three independent observers, Schumacher of Copenhagen, Moritz of Dorpat, and Pohrt of Pultowa, investigated the subject, and arrived at an almost identical result for the coefficient of linear expansion, viz., about .000065 for 1° R.

ART.

Mr. Jarves on the Influence of Art Museums.—The educational advantages of galleries and museums, and their conservative and refining influence on society, in teaching respect for the past, and affording the means of estimating the actual progress of manners and ideas of various races, are less notably considered. In America the popular notion of them is simply as depositories of curiosities to amuse an idle hour, but not of sufficient importance to be critically examined. The general impression of their contents is that they are well enough for those who made them, but we have got beyond all this. Even for no higher purpose they deserve to be multiplied; for they beguile many from haunts of vice, and in the end will assuredly come to be esteemed on more rational if not æsthetic grounds. As it has taken several centuries to reduce the sense of beauty in us as a race to a mere negative state, probably it will take as many more of culture and encouragement in the opposite direction to make it a vital force again.

Few persons have any conception of the crowd of visitors a gallery attracts. A conjecture of the number that visit the Louvre and Versailles museums may be hazarded from the fact that more than three hundred thousand francs are received annually from the sale of catalogues, which are probably not bought by one visitor in twenty. Before canes and umbrellas were admitted with their owners, one hundred thousand francs were taken in one year from their deposit at the doors. At the current fee of two sous each this sum would represent one million persons who brought these articles with them. Undoubtedly there were very many more who did not thus encumber themselves. It is notorious that the inhabitants of any city are less disposed to enjoy their own sights than those who are obliged to journey to see them. Hence it is reasonable to compute that one million Parisians do not furnish one-tenth part of the frequenters of their galleries. The statistics of the British Museum give corresponding results. They exhibit indirectly the pecuniary advantages conferred on those

communities which possess artistic attractions of sufficient interest to draw to them vast concourses of sight-seers, independent of the instruction and enjoyment they proffer to the inhabitants themselves. Indeed, not a few towns in Europe may be said almost to live on their old art, which really, especially in Italy, constitutes for the whole country a productive capital of untold value, supporting a large number of people. As is natural in America, we think more of establishing railroads and other channels of commerce. But were one of our towns to own a great museum, visitors would flock thither from all parts of the Union in such numbers as would soon repay its outlay, and leave it, as it were, a free gift to posterity, with a prolific income for the benefit of the citizens at large. The pecuniary gain would be none the less because chiefly flowing in from indirect sources. Providence so regulates cause and effect that the best things morally, intellectually, and æsthetically are certain of the best consequences, in not merely these respects, but ultimately in material well-being. To use an expressive Americanism, Central Parks "pay." So do national museums, as that city will discover which is the first to found one on a Central Park scale of organization and administration.—*Art Thoughts.*

A History of Engraving.—An interesting collection of prints, produced by various processes, and recently brought together at the House of the Society of Arts, in London, is of an historical character. In arranging it the object has been to illustrate the results attained by each of the processes employed, rather than to point attention to the works of any particular masters of schools of art. The series begins with examples of prints from wood or metal blocks, either simple or compound, and of plain as well as colored impressions obtained by their means, but by a single operation of the printing press.

A London paper, noticing this collection, says: "A set of impressions from the blocks cut by Bewick illustrate the degree of perfection to which wood engraving was advanced at the close of the last century, and examples of split prints from the pages of the *Illustrated News* show the means which have been employed to aid collectors in completing their series from the pages of periodicals and the literature of our own times. Prints from engraved copperplates follow, and they illustrate the results attained by simply cutting away portions of the surface of the metal plate by the engraver; the action of acids, as applied in the production of etchings; and the result of a combination of etching and engraving, as those arts were practised at the period when Hogarth began his career.

"The next set illustrates engravings upon steel, and lithography. Following the lithographic examples is a large series of prints in carbon obtained by a variety of photographic processes. It is curious to remark that the past, the present, and the future of our print-producing powers have each been based upon entirely distinct principles. As greater facilities for producing prints have been demanded, a weaker and apparently less durable source of production has been, and appears, in the future, to be still more resorted to.

Thus, in the past period, engravings were executed and prints obtained from copper and steel plates. At present wood-blocks and lithographic-stones are employed, but the future of our art-producing power appears likely to rest on what are apparently still less durable, viz., gums, resins, and gelatine.

"The series is brought to a close by juxtaposing the works of Doo, Cousins, Landseer, and others, engravers of our own times, as published by Mr. Graves, with the series of carbon prints obtained by means of gelatine, as in the photo-galvanographic process of Herr Paul Pretsch; prints in gelatine by Mr. Swan, of Newcastle, the Autotype Company of London, and Woodbury's process; and prints from gelatine as seen in the examples of M. Tossier du Motay, of Paris, and Herr Albert, of Munich. The collection consists of about 300 examples, and presents a sort of panoramic view of prints and reproductive art during the past century and a half, and it is interesting as showing the direction in which we must look in the future."

Kaulbach.—There is not in all Munich a more industrious worker than Kaulbach. Go to him as often as you may, you are sure to find him in his studio, in a loose coat lined with fur, standing before his easel, now working at this chalk drawing of some story from Goethe or Shakespeare, now at a cartoon, and, more rarely, at an oil picture. Drawing is his *forte*, and what he delights in. And a pleasure it is to watch him as, with a piece of charcoal, he draws with sure hand the outlines of a human figure. No workman under an overseer is more regular at his work than he. Now and then he gives himself a holiday, but it is very rarely, and there must be some circumstance which has led to the unusual occurrence. The cause generally is the completion of some task on which he had been long at work; and then he gives himself a holiday, and, if it be summer, stays at home in his shady garden, reading a volume of Scott or Shakespeare. If it be winter time, his pastime is to play with some bit of satire, political or other; and he enjoys the fun as this figure or that group grows into form, and a happy touch gives the character intended. One such cartoon, life size, I remember seeing a year or two ago. It was "Germania," a nobly-proportioned woman, with fine head and thoughtful countenance, armed too, with a mighty sword girded to her side to do battle should need be. Her commanding figure and strong limbs showed that, womanly as she was, she might be a leader in the fight, but all her attention was absorbed by an open book, marked "Philosophy," which she held in her hand; and so intense was her attention, she did not perceive that, as she walked on, the crown which clasped her head was falling down backwards, and would be lost.

A large cartoon, which Kaulbach began long ago in "holiday time," is now being exhibited for a charitable purpose, and has called forth attacks and reproaches from the Ultramontane party. It represents the Grand Inquisitor Arbes (whom the Pope canonized two or three years ago) going to the execution of an heretical family, who stand in the background. The stake with its pile of wood is seen further off, and a troop of monks in solemn procession are advancing to the fatal spot. Be-

side the Inquisitor, some servants of the Inquisition are collecting the moneys and valuables of which the condemned family have been despoiled. A day or two ago one of a party who had come to see the picture was explaining the subject to his friends, when a gentleman who was present grew so angry that a scene ensued. "It was the imperative duty of a good Catholic to destroy such a calumnious work," he said; and matters went so far that the police had to be summoned; and since then an extra policeman is in attendance at the Academy where the cartoon is exhibiting. Formerly there was perhaps no town as large as Munich where political questions were so little regarded, for what did not immediately concern local interests was not heeded, and the elections passed over so quietly that there was hardly a sign of their taking place. Now, however, a battle is fought at the hustings as exciting and determined as elsewhere. Over night, as it were, people have become politicians, and this change has been produced solely by the encroachments making, on the one hand, by Rome, and Prussia on the other.—*The Athenæum.*

The Sister Arts.—Music and painting are sister arts; but it is doubtful whether their relation has ever been established so thoroughly as it has been lately by Mr. Barrett, of the London International College. We know that artists are often musicians; we are constantly finding them exchanging terminologies; their vocabularies contain very many words in common. Then some people instinctively associate certain sounds with certain colors, like the blind man who was reminded of scarlet by the blast of a trumpet. But Mr. Barrett has shown us a physical analogy between tints and tones. You know the seven colors of the rainbow, or the solar spectrum? These have often been compared to the seven notes of the musical scale. Newton started the idea, and Mr. Barrett has brought it home to us. In this way:—Light and sound are wave motions. Light-waves are extremely small; sound-waves are larger. The colors of light depend upon the length of the luminous waves; the notes of music depend upon the length of the sonorous waves. For the rays of the solar spectrum, the wave-lengths have recently been accurately determined; similarly, though not recently, for the notes of the musical scale. In the latter, the undulations decrease in length as we ascend the gamut; and there is a like decrement as we ascend the chromatic scale, from red upwards to violet; and beyond, where there are some lavender rays not ordinarily perceptible. Now the curious fact is this—that the *relations* between one wave-length and another for the seven primary colors of the chromatic scale are identical with the *relations* between the wave-lengths for the seven notes of the musical scale. For instance, if we represent the wave-length for the note C by the number 100; then D is 89; E, 80; F, 75; G, 67; A, 60; B, 53; and the octave C, 50. (These numbers, bear in mind, are ratios, not absolute quantities. We do not want the *absolute* to represent the *relative*.) Turning to the color scale; if we call red 100, then the ratios for wave-lengths of orange will be 89; yellow, 81; green, 75; blue, 67; violet, 60; and lavender, 58. Compare the steps of the two scales, and you will see the all

but exact agreement. It follows, from the comparison, that for each combination of sounds pleasing to the ear there is a related combination of colors pleasing to the eye; and it requires no unreasonable stretch of the imagination to conceive an artist determining the coloring of his picture by harmonizing his tones upon the piano-forte.

Some months ago there were exhibited in one of the galleries in the South Kensington Museum, London, some thirty or thirty-five sets of designs submitted in competition for a premium of 300 guineas offered by the Art Union Society of London. The series to which the premium was awarded was found to belong to Mr. H. C. Selous, the subject illustrated being the story of "Hereward the Wake; Last of the English," by Canon Kingsley, which originally appeared in *Good Words*. The hair-breadth escapes and daring deeds of Hereward are strikingly illustrated by Mr. Selous. The twenty plates have been engraved by Mr. C. G. Lewis, and these, bound in a volume, will be the presentation book given to each Art Union subscriber of the present year.

In the Report just issued by the Directors of the National Gallery, the purchase of the following pictures during the year 1869 is recorded:—"The Courtyard of a Dutch Mansion," by De Hooghe; "A Man's Portrait," by Cuypp; "A Flower Piece," by J. Van Huysum. These three have already been hung in the Gallery. Further, there have been bought, but not yet placed, "An Altar Piece," by Marco Marziale; and a "Madonna and Child," by Bartolomeo Montagna. John Martin's "Destruction of Pompeii" has been bought and placed at South Kensington. So the galleries of the old world grow, while we sit supinely in our seats and permit opportunities to slip by, the like of which we shall probably not soon see again.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have, at their own expense, engaged Hiram Powers, the sculptor, to erect a suitable monument over the grave of the historian Hildreth, late American Consul at Trieste, who is buried in the Protestant cemetery at Florence. The Messrs. Harper are the publishers of all Hildreth's works, and this act of generous thoughtfulness is not less honorable to themselves than to the dead historian.

The sale of the famous "San Donato" collections of Prince Demidoff has been in progress during February and March, and has been chiefly remarkable for the enormous prices which have been paid for samples of the boudoir and pastoral art of the Louis XV. period, as compared with the sums realized from important Italian pictures of the best time.

VARIETIES.

Virginia.—The elasticity which follows the adjustment of political troubles is nowhere more manifest than in Virginia. Though but few weeks have passed since she was readmitted to her old place in the list of States, signs of the new energy, which shall yet make her mountains vocal and her valleys rich, are everywhere exhib-

ited. The wealth which Nature has stowed away in her hills will not much longer remain useless to man. Her exuberant forests will yield their tribute to the wants of civilization. Her exhausted soil will be revived by new appliances of agriculture, and by the better industry which will grow out of the inspiring hopes of a people who cannot fail to discern the dawn of a new era. The roads, which are little more than paths and horse-tracks, will give place to others which shall answer more properly the demands of transportation; and the old State will ere long fill wagons and cars and steamers with the contributions of her mines and the products of her soil.

Capitalists are not blind to these prophecies of the early future. The names of her towns and cities, made famous by old and by recent history, are becoming familiar in our financial marts; and enterprises, which recognize the needs of the present and anticipate the wants of the coming time, are not vainly laid before our people. Especially among her railroads is the spirit of rapid rehabilitation marvellously exhibited. The roads, disused and deserted during the war, are being refurnished and set in motion again. The Virginia and East Tennessee Railroad, thanks to the indomitable energy and enterprise of Gen. Mahone, has been equipped anew, and has taken its place as a most important link in the South-Western railroad system. The Richmond and York River Railroad has been rebuilt; the Alexandria and Fredericksburg road is being put under contract; and other railroads in various sections are in progress, or soon will be. Among these, none are more important to the interests of the State than the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, running from Charlottesville westward up the slopes and through the valleys of the Alleghanies, to the rich mineral lands of West Virginia, and the Fredericksburg and Gordonsville Railroad, which connects therewith at Charlottesville, and reaches the Potomac at Belle Plain. By the former road, the vast region of Central and Western Virginia will be opened up; while by the latter the route to tide-water will be shortened over sixty miles, and the distance between Virginia and New York more than twenty miles. The bonds of these two roads have been recently put upon our market, over the names of leading bankers of this city, and afford to capitalists a most desirable investment. Virginia is virtually a new and growing country. Her old habits have passed away with her old history. The days to come will see her moving rapidly forward to her proper place among the States. Her lands will yet bear the price which intrinsic value and admirable location justify, and her towns and villages will swell with the tide of immigration. To such fields, whose values are rapidly enhancing under the impulse of enterprise, there is a resistless attraction for capital, and unexampled promise of rich returns. Such a railroad as the Fredericksburg and Gordonsville, free from the competition of parallel lines, opening up a district of country full of commodities which the world needs, and destined, by its advantages of location and reduced distances, to become an important trunk line, must certainly command the attention of those whose means enable them to control such enterprises. As its bonds, advertised in our columns to-day,

by the well-known bankers, Drake Brothers, are based upon a completed road, costing double their amount, a better security would be hard to find; while the road itself and its connections, opening a new and expeditious route between the North, the South, and the West, must rapidly develop the productiveness and availability of a wide region, whose teeming wealth of Timber, Coal, and Iron has so long awaited the electric touch of Industry and Capital.—*Daily Tribune*.

Jerusalem.—A friend in Jerusalem writes:—"It may interest your readers to be informed that the Hospital of the Templars, in Jerusalem, which, ever since the last defeat of the Crusaders by the Moslems, has been defiled as a tanner's yard, was, on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Prussia, given to him by the Sultan; and that it is said to be the intention of the Prussian authorities to restore the building in its original style. The outer entrance gate and much of the basement of the inclosed edifice itself remain, and are superior examples of the architecture as practised by the Crusaders. It is hoped that these relics will be treated reverentially."—*Athenæum*.

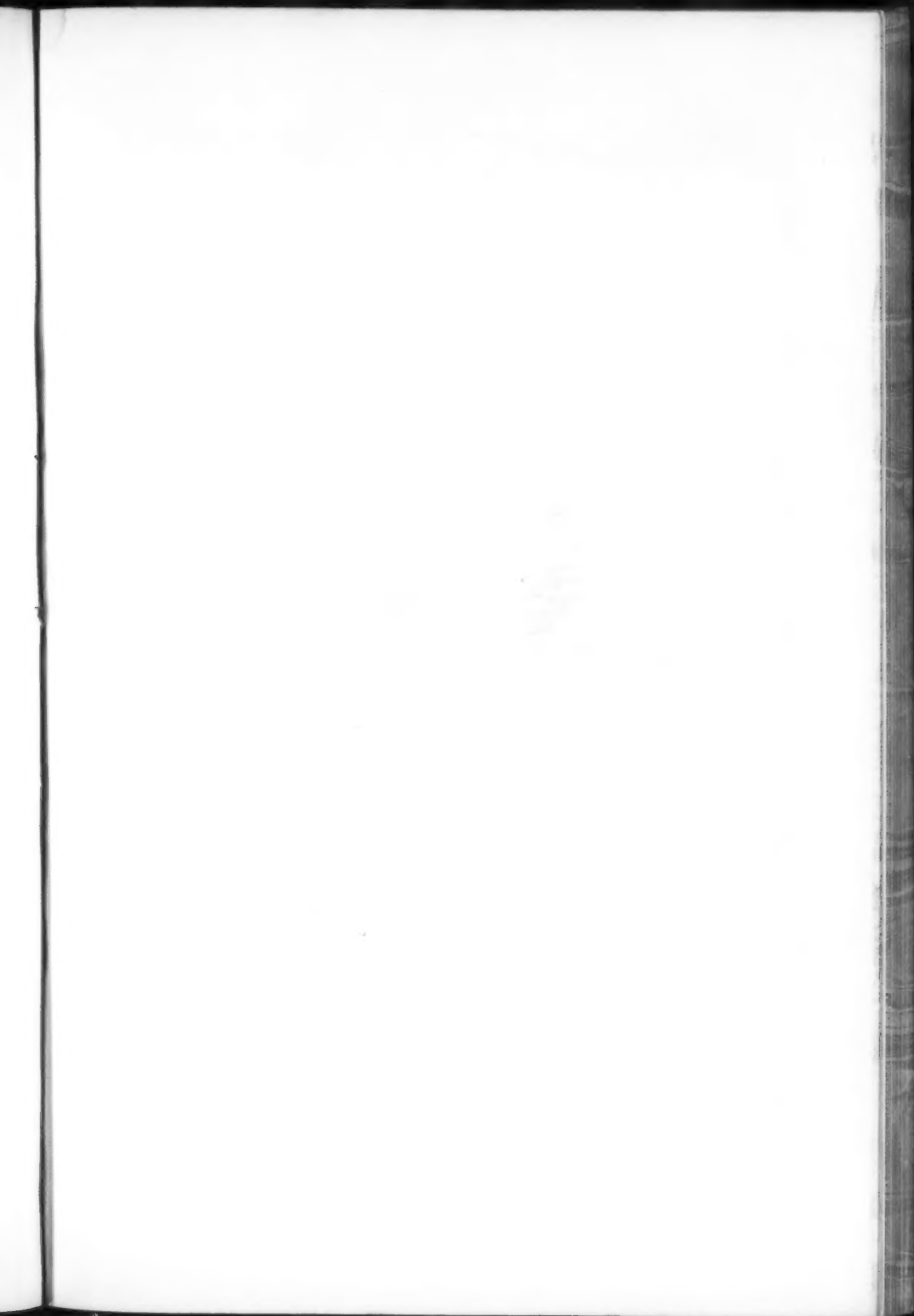
Difficulties in the Way of Marriage in France.—When a marriage is being "got up," a distant relative or friend of one of the parties says to the connections or friends of the other, that a young man or a young lady is to be heard of in the most eligible conditions, and offers to "negotiate" the whole. It is found that everything suits, and the preliminaries are arranged smoothly enough, when all at once some one suggests that the young man has been brought up in very indifferent sentiments of respect to the Pope personally, that he is a manner of "Protestant" indeed, or that the young lady has not had a Jesuit for her confessor. From this moment it is hard to describe all the difficulties that arise, and in many cases make a union impossible, which otherwise presented a plurality of guarantees. In the workings of this new species of religion the Jesuits have introduced a complete innovation, namely, the element of inquisitiveness. People dive into each other's secret chambers, and judge each other's thoughts. They will find out what their neighbor believes, and how he "professes," and how he stands towards the Pope's Temporal Power. This is fast destroying all the amenity and charm of Parisian intercourse, and bringing out the disputations and pedantic element which has lain dormant in the French character since the terrible sixteenth century.

Dr. Underhill's Croton Wine Vineyards.—These now celebrated vineyards deserve the renown they have acquired for the productions they have so long yielded of pure wines of the best quality. So inestimable for use as medicine, for communion purposes, for invalids, and for all the occasions which properly require a safe, pure, and healthful beverage, they are highly commended by physicians. They are needed in many cases,—decay of health and strength—as renovators of the system. In all these respects Dr. Underhill is a public benefactor, and would receive the thanks and patronage of all who would enjoy the benefits arising from the use of such pure products of the

grape, instead of the noxious and vile compounds sold in the shops, deleterious to both health and life. We have known Dr. Underhill for many years as a gentleman of high character and personal worth, and we commend his variety of pure wines of sufficient age. His depot is at No. 744 Broadway, New York.

The Giant Cities of Bashan.—The Pentateuch tells us that Bashan was once inhabited by giants, and it has been argued that the size of the stone houses shows that they were built by a race of abnormal stature, and proves the date of their construction. In reality, however, the private dwellings are the reverse of gigantic, and the rooms they contain are to modern ideas small. If gates are sometimes found eight feet in height, they are always in positions where animals, as well as men, had occasion to pass under them, and those found at the present day in similar situations are of the same dimensions. The stone doors guarding the entrances to the vineyards around Tabreez are larger and more massive than any we saw in Bashan. The extent and number of the ruined towns are used as an argument that they are the remains of the sixty fenced cities conquered and destroyed by Moses. Travellers are apt to forget that Syria formed a portion of the Christian empire of Constantinople, and that in the fifth century there were thirty-three Christian bishops in the Hauran alone. The population which built the churches and the theatres was quite numerous enough to have filled the ruined houses which now remain. If any buildings older than our era still exist in the Hauran, they are, I believe, exceptions, and do not disprove our conclusion that a false impression is given by describing these ruins as "giant cities." It is not of Og but of the Antonines, not of the Israelites but of the Saracenic conquest, that most travellers in the Hauran will be reminded."—*Freshfield's "Central Caucasus."*

How Mr. Peabody's Body was Embalmed.—The preservation of the remains of the late Mr. Peabody was intrusted into the hands of Dr. Perry. The process carried out consisted in injecting the whole body through the arteries with a strong solution of arsenic, containing also some bichloride of mercury. Twenty-four hours afterwards another liquid, consisting of a saturated solution of tannic acid, was thrown in with a view of effecting the gradual conversion of the gelatinous strictures into the tanno-gelatin or the basis of esther. None of the viscera were removed or disturbed, and before the opening into the chest required for the infection practised through the aorta was closed, an arsenical paste, or rather cream, consisting of arsenic, camphor, and spirits, was introduced into the thoracic cavity, also through an opening in the diaphragm into the cavity of the abdomen, and freely distributed about. Death had taken place about two days and a half before the process was commenced, and decomposition had set in, so as to produce great distension of the abdomen; but the process was found to check all this, and when completed, all signs of a tendency to decomposition were removed. We may add that under the silk shroud, and upon the floor of the coffin, there was placed a bed of well-burnt animal charcoal.—*Lancet*.





Engraved for the Edition by G. S. Perine New York.

Henry Ward Beecher

